6.22.86

Library of the Theological Seminary,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Presented by Frances Sea.

Division PA6003

Section S58

v. 2

LATIN LITERATURE

VOL. II.

A HISTORY

OF

LATIN LITERATURE

FROM

ENNIUS TO BOETHIUS

BY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX, M.A.

FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1883

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

PAGE

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE ix

PART IV.

THE CLAUDIAN PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

SENECA.

PAGE

Literary Position . . . 5
Moral Treatises 6
Letters to Lucilius . . . 13
Natural Questions . . . 16
Ἀποκολοκύντωσις . . . 23
Plays 24
Lucilius Junior 28
Panegyric on Piso . . . 33

CHAPTER II.

LUCAN AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

The Fashionable Poet . . 35
The "Pharsalia" 37
Statius 49
The "Thebaid" 49
The "Silvæ" 56
The "Achilleid" 57
Silius 63
Valerius Flaccus . . . 67

PART V.

ROMAN SATIRE FROM NERO TO HADRIAN.

CHAPTER I.

General Aspects 75

CHAPTER II.

Persius 80

CHAPTER III.

Petronius 87

CHAPTER IV.

Martial 103

CHAPTER V.

Juvenal 118
Sulpicia 139

PART VI.

PROSE LITERATURE FROM VESPASIAN TO HADRIAN.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Character of the Period . . 141
Pliny the Elder . . . 143

CHAPTER II.

Pliny the Younger . . . 161
Speeches and Official Letters . 162
Private Letters . . . 163

CHAPTER III.

Quinctilian 171

CHAPTER IV.

Frontinus 176

CHAPTER V.

Tacitus 179

PAGE

"Dialogue on Oratory" . . 184
"Agricola" 189
"Germania" 191
The "Histories" . . . 193
The "Annals" . . . 206
Doubts upon their Genuineness 216

CHAPTER VI.

Suetonius 220
"Lives of the Cæsars" . . 220
Other Works 231

CHAPTER VII.

Florus 233

CHAPTER VIII.

The Jurists 236

PART VII.

FRONTO AND HIS SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

Fronto 241

CHAPTER II.

Apuleius 248
"Apologia" 249
"De Deo Socratis" . . . 252

"De Dogmate Platonis" . . 254
"Metamorphoses" . . . 254
"Pervigilium Veneris" . . 262

CHAPTER III.

Aulus Gellius 264

PART VIII.

THE BARREN PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

Minucius Felix . . . 272

CHAPTER II.

Tertullian 275

CHAPTER III.

PAGE

St. Cyprian 289

CHAPTER IV.

MINOR WRITERS.

Julius Solinus 296

PAGE

Commodian 297
Nemesianus 298
Sammonicus 300
Dionysius Cato . . . 302

CHAPTER V.

Augustan Histories . . . 304

PART IX.

THE REVIVAL OF THE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

Rhetoricians 316
Arnobius 317
Lactantius 323
"De Opificio Dei" . . . 324
"De Ira Dei" 324
"Divine Institutions" . . 325
"De Mortibus Persecutorum" 328
The Panegyrists . . . 329
The Elder Mamertinus . . 330
Eumenius 331
Anonymous to Constantine . 332
Nazarius 333
Claudius Mamertinus . . 334
Drepanius Pacatus . . . 334

CHAPTER II.

THE HISTORIANS.

Sextus Aurelius Victor . . 337
Eutropius 338
Ammianus Marcellinus . . 339

CHAPTER III.

POETS OF THE REVIVAL.

Optatianus 350
Juvencus 351
Avienus 353
Ausonius 353
Prudentius 360
"Cathemerinon" . . . 360
"Hamartigenia" and "Apotheosis" 363
"Against Symmachus" . . 364
"Psychomachia" . . . 364
"Peristephanon" . . . 366
Claudian 367
Numatian 376
Merobaudis 378
Avienus 381

CHAPTER IV.

PAGAN CULTURE.

Firmicus Maternus (*a*) . . 383
Firmicus Maternus (*b*) . . 384
Julius Obsequens . . . 385
Dictys and Dares . . . 385
Victorinus. 386
Donatus 387
Charisius and Diomedes . . 387
Servius 388
Symmachus 389
Prætextatus 393
Macrobius 393

CHAPTER V.

THE FATHERS OF THE PERIOD.

St. Hilary 395
St. Ambrose 397
St. Jerome 406
Controversy with Rufinus . 411
Commentaries 414
Panegyrical Letters . . . 416
Historical Works . . . 416

	PAGE		PAGE
St. Augustin	418	Controversial Works	425
Early Writings	419	"De Trinitate"	426
"Confessions"	420	Correspondence	427
"De Doctrinâ Christianâ"	425	"City of God"	428

PART X.

LITERATURE OF THE DECLINE.

Paulinus	436	Vettius Agorius	442
Sulpicius Severus	437	Marius Victor	443
Vincent of Lerins	438	Sedulius	443
Cassian	439	Dracontius	443
Julian of Eclanum	441	Avitus	444
Prosper	441	Sidonius Apollinaris	445
Fulgentius	442	Faustus and Mamertus Claudianus	446
Martianus Capella	442	Salvian	448
St. Leo	442		

PART XI.

LITERATURE OF ITALY UNDER THE OSTROGOTHS.

CHAPTER I.

Boethius	449	Cassiodorus	460
Logical and Scientific Work	451	Gothic History	461
Consolations of Philosophy	451	Chronicle	462
		Commentaries and Treatises	462
		Letters	464

CHAPTER II.

Ennodius	459	Maximianus	468

INDEX 469

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

	A.D.	
	30	C. Masurius Sabinus, the founder of the Sabinian school, is admitted also to the equestrian order. C. Cassius Longinus, the jurist, is consul.
	34	Birth of Persius.
	35	? Birth of Quinctilian. Cyclopædia of Celsus (A. Cornelius), five books on
Death of Tiberius. . .	37	agriculture, eight on medicine, still extant; six on rhetoric, often criticised by Quinctilian, six on philosophy, principally an outline of the views of different schools. He also wrote after Corbulo's campaign one book on tactics. Julius Atticus writes upon the culture of vines.
Suicide of Silanus, the father-in-law of Caligula. Caligula marries Lollia Paulina, the heiress of M. Lollius . .	38	Cn. Domitius Afer, of Nîmes, is consul.
Caligula visits Gaul . .	39	Cn. Lentulus Gætulicus, a poet and historian (? historical poet), who had commanded for ten years in Upper Germany, is put to death.
Caligula invades Britain.	40	? Lucan brought to Rome. Execution of Julius Græcinus, the father of Agricola, who wrote on agriculture and followed Celsus. Birth of Statius?
Caligula is killed . . .	41	Exile of Seneca.
Servius Galba (afterwards emperor) invades the Chatti. Conspiracy of Annius Vinicianus and M. Furius Camillus Scribonianus,	42	Q. Asconius Pedianus flourishes. Most of the extant scholia on Cicero are ascribed to him; those on *Pro Milone*, *Pro Sestio*, *In Vatinium*, *In C. Clodium*, *De Ære Alieno Milonis*, *Pro Rege Alexandrino*, *Pro Archia*, *Pro*
proconsul of Dalmatia.	"	*Sulla*, *In Catilinam*, *Pro Murœna*, *Pro Ligario*, *Pro Rege Deiotaro*, *Pro Scauro* seem to be more or less genuine. Those on the Verrine orations hardly prove that the scholiast had Asconius before him. Death of the elder Arria.
Claudius invades Britain.	43	Martial born. Q. Curtius Rufus writes history of Alexander the Great in ten

	A.D.	
		books, of which the two first are lost. The only date is a rhetorical allusion to the accession of Claudius.
Censorship of Claudius .	45	
	46	Cn. Domitius Afer passes for a celebrated orator. Claudius rebukes the people for their levity during the performance of the tragedies of P. Pomponius Secundus.
Domitius Corbulo invades the Chauci . .	47	After the British triumph of Claudius, Pomponius Mela, of Tingentera, in Spain, writes his description of the world (ed. Parthey, Berlin, 1867).
Ostorius Scapula in Britain. Messalina marries Silius and is put to death	48	Q. Remmius Palæmon is celebrated as a grammarian. M. Antonius Liberalis, the rhetorician, is his rival.
	"	Crispus Passienus, the orator, and husband of Agrippina, dies.
Claudius marries Agrippina.	49	Recall of Seneca from exile; he is intrusted with the education of Agrippina's son, adopted by Claudius.
Foundation of Camalodunum	50	
Surrender of Caractacus.	51	
	53	Q. Haterius, the orator, is consul.
Death of Claudius . .	54	
Death of Britannicus, his son	55	Seneca (L. Annæus) is consul.
	57	Death of Aufidius Bassus, the author of an historical work which was probably carried to the death of Claudius. It was continued by the elder Pliny, and is only known by chance allusions and by the excerpt in Seneca on the death of Cicero, which leave it uncertain whether it included the work on the German wars, for which he is oftenest quoted.
	58	Exile of P. Suillius, a celebrated orator and declaimer.
Murder of Agrippina, mother of Nero . . .	59	Julius Africanus distinguishes himself by exhorting Nero to bear his good fortune with courage. Deaths of Domitius Afer in old age, after he had outlived his reputation, and M. Servilius Nonianus, who had almost an equal reputation and a higher character. He wrote a history of Augustus, besides his orations; both are lost.
The war of Boadicea. .	61	The bucolic poems of Calpurnius Siculus belong to this period (on the last
Victories of Corbulo in Armenia	"	four see M. Haupt, Berlin, 1854, and

	A.D.	
		Conington, Vergil, vol. i.). Ed. C. Glaser, 1842.
Banishment of Antistius for scurrilous verses on Nero, and of A. Fabricius Veiento for scurrilous writings and for trafficking in offices .	62 "	Death of Persius. The best MS. of his works is at Montpellier; it is of the 9th or 10th century, and a copy of one made at Barcelona 402 A.D. Best editions, O. Jahn, Leipsic, 1843, Prof. Conington, Clarendon Press, 1872.
Death of Burrus. Octavia, the wife of Nero, is put to death. Great earthquake	63 "	After Seneca's retreat L. Junius Moderatus Columella wrote twelve books, still extant, on agriculture, and the tenth, on gardening, is in hexameters, being meant for a supplement to the Georgics; we have also a book on arboriculture which belongs to the first edition.
Burning of Rome . . .	64	L. Lucilius Junior writes on Ætna; best edition, H. A. Munro, Cambridge, 1869.
Conspiracy of Piso, who is compelled to kill himself.	65	Banishment of P. Musonius Rufus, a Stoic philosopher, who wrote in Greek. Seneca is compelled to kill himself. His orations (principally composed in the name of Nero?) have been lost; so, too, the early works on earthquakes (quoted *Nat. Quæst.* VI. iv. 2). "De Lapidum Natura," "De Natura Piscium," "De Situ Indiæ," "De Situ et Sacris Ægyptiorum" (the aunt who brought him to Rome had a husband who was sixteen years governor of Egypt, and no doubt supplied the materials for the works on Egypt and India), and the following moral works: Exhortationes, "De Officiis," "De Immatura Morte," "De Superstitione Dialogus," "De Matrimonio" (which seems from the fragments and allusions to have been piquant), "De Amicitia," "Moralis Philosophiæ Libri," "De Remediis Fortuitorum" (to his brother Gallio), "De Paupertate" (uncertain), "De Misericordia," "De Vita Patris;" also ten books at least of letters to his brother Gallio and a suppressed panegyric on Messalina. The "Consolatio ad Marciam" was written before 41. In his exile he wrote some of his tragedies. The "Consolatio ad Helviam" was written A.D. 43, the "Consolatio ad

A.D.

Polybium" A.D. 44. The "De Tranquillitate Animi," "De Ira," "De Brevitate Vitæ" were published between A.D. 49 and 54. The Ἀποκολοκύντωσις was published anonymously just after Claudius's death. "De Clementia," "De Constantia Sapientis," "De Vitâ Beatâ," "De Beneficiis," date between 54 and 62. "De Providentia," "De Otio Sapientis," and the seven books "Naturalium Quæstionum" were written after his retreat in A.D. 62; so, too, were the bulk of the letters to Lucilius, though the series was begun as far back as A.D. 57. We have twenty books; the twenty-second is quoted. The later tragedies may be thought to date from 62, since Seneca was accused of writing in rivalry with Nero. The titles of the tragedies are Hercules Furens, Thyestes, Phædra, Œdipus, Troades, Hecuba, Medea, Agamemnon, Hercules Œtæus, 362 lines of an Œdipus Coloneus, and 302 of a Phœnissæ, run together in the MSS. under the latter title. The oldest and best MS. (at Milan, sæc. ix.) of the philosophical works contains all but the "De Beneficiis," "De Clementia," "Naturales Quæstiones," and the letters to Lucilius. The best edition is by Haase, Leipsic, 1869. Lucan (M. Annæus Lucanus) is also compelled to kill himself. Besides the ten books of the Pharsalia, of which the first three were published while Nero was still respectable, he wrote (? in Greek) "Iliacon," "Catachthonion" (the pure Latin titles would have been "Troicorum," "Inferorum"), ten books of "Silvæ," or miscellanies, fourteen "Salticæ Fabulæ," one tragedy, the Medea. In prose he wrote a speech for and against Octavius Sagitta, "De Incendio Urbis," and a book, "Epistolarum ex Campania," which probably dates from the time when he was forbidden to declaim at Rome. Everything has been completely lost but the "Pharsalia," the oldest MS. of which is a few palimpsest leaves

	A.D.	
		of the ninth century at Milan; the next are two of Voss's, which represent a Constantinopolitan recension of A.D. 674. In the latter books they omit many lines, probably interpolated. Best edition, Weber, 1821–1832.
Condemnation and death of Barea Soranus, and Pætus Thrasea . . .	66	Death of T. Petronius Arbiter, generally regarded as the author of the "Satyricon." The work as a whole was lost before the seventh century; our late MSS. are all based upon one collection of excerpts; the best edition is by Büchler, 1854.
Nero visits Greece. Recall and enforced suicide of the brothers Scribonius, who commanded in Germany, and of Corbulo, who commanded in Syria. Vespasian's campaign in Galilee .	67	
Nero returns to Rome. Vindex rises in the name of Galba; his troops come into collision with those of Verginius Rufus, the new commander in Germany. Galba rises, and Verginius Rufus declares against Nero. Nero kills himself . .	68 "	Galerius Trachalus, the orator, and C. Silius Italicus are consuls.
Galba assumes the consulate. Jan. 1, Vitellius is proclaimed in Germany; Galba adopts Piso. Jan. 15, Otho is proclaimed emperor by the Prætorian Guard; Galba and Piso are killed. April 15, Otho kills himself. Vespasian is proclaimed July 1 at Alexandria, 3 in Palestine, 15 in Syria. Towards the end of October Antonius Primus defeats the army of Vitellius. In December the Capitol is burned. Vitellius is killed, Dec. 21 . . .	69 "	Quinctilian is established as a teacher of rhetoric at Rome by Galba. Altercation of Helvidius Priscus with Eprius Marcellus. Cælius Sabinus, the jurisconsult, is consul. Serranus, an epic writer praised by Quinctilian for his genuine though immature talent, seems to belong to this period.

	A.D.	
Capture of Jerusalem early in September .	70	Salaries fixed for rhetoricians and philosophers. Helvidius Priscus is prætor, and is exiled and put to death for his turbulent independence; Julius Frontinus is prætor.
Consecration of the Temple of Peace	75	Alleged date of the Dialogue on Oratory. The philosophers are banished. Cluvius Rufus is consul; praised by Helvidius Priscus (Tac. Hist. iv. 43) as a rich and eloquent man, who did not rise by accusations. He wrote a history which was one of Plutarch's chief authorities for Galba and Otho.
Julius Agricola is consul	77	Sex Julius Gabinianus has an immense rhetorical reputation in Gaul. Tacitus says every schoolman prefers himself to put himself after Gabinianus.
Julius Agricola in Britain	78	? Quæstorship of Tacitus.
Death of Vespasian, June 23. Great eruption of Pompeii, Aug. 24 . .	79	Death of Pliny (C. Plinius Secundus) during the eruption of Vesuvius. He wrote "De Jaculatione Equestri," 2 books on the life of Pomponius Secundus, 15 of the "Wars of Germany," 3 books in 6 volumes called "Studiosi," 8 on doubtful points of language, 31 of histories "A Fine Aufidii Bassi," which were the principal source of the Histories of Tacitus, as the "German Wars" were of his "Germany." All have been lost, including the 160 volumes of select notes, which no doubt were largely embodied in the 37 books of "Natural History," which we still have. The best MS. is the Bamberg of the tenth century, which contains books xxxii.–xxxvii.; the next are Lipsius's Leyden MS. of the eleventh century, and Paris 1795 of the tenth or eleventh century. Best editions, Sillig and Schraeder, Gotha, 1851–1853; D. Detlefsen, Berlin, 1863–1868. ? Death of Cæsius Bassus, the lyric poet and friend of Persius, who, according to the scholia on Persius, died, like Pliny, in the eruption of Vesuvius (till lately he was always identified with Saleius Bassus, whom Quinctilian mentions as an

	A.D.	
		epic poet); a mutilated work on metre is generally ascribed to him.
Death of Titus, Sept. 13 .	81	? Death of Statius's father, who wrote upon the burning of the Capitol, and did not live to write, as he had intended, upon the great eruption of Vesuvius.
Agricola beyond the Forth	82	
Council of the Turbot .	83	Martial receives a piece of land near Nomentum.
Battle on the Grampians (?). Domitian's campaign in Hesse .	84	Paris, the actor, is put to death.
Domitian invades Dacia.	86	Institutes the Agon Capitolinus, a competition in music and poetry, to be held every five years.
Defeat and death of Cornelius Fuscus . . .	87	
	88	Secular games of Domitian; Tacitus is prætor.
False Nero	89	
Pacification of Dacia .	90	Death of Valerius Flaccus (C. Valerius Flaccus Balbus Setinus); Quinctilian speaks of him as a great and recent loss. Oldest MS., Vatican, 3277, sæc. ix., ed. G. Thilo, Halle, 1863.
Cornelia, the senior vestal, is buried alive . .	91	Turnus, the satiric poet, is influential under Titus and Domitian. Scævius Memor, the tragic poet, belongs to this period.
	92	Quinctilian begins his "Institutions;" receives the consular ornaments.
L. Antonius Saturninus, the commander of Upper Germany, rebels, and is put to death.	93	Quinctilian finishes the "Institutions" (MS. Ambrosian, sæc. xi.; Bern, sæc. ix., ed. C. Halm, Leipsic, 1868). Tutilius and Verginius Rufus also wrote
Agricola dies . . .	"	on rhetoric. Philosophers are banished from Rome. ? Satire of Sulpicia. ? Death of Curiatius Maternus; a Maternus was put to death under Domitian for denouncing tyrants in a literary exercise. Besides a tragedy against Vatinius, written under Nero or bearing his name, he wrote a Medea, a Domitius, a Cato, and a Thyestes before A.D. 75. Junius Rusticus Arulenus is put to death for too laudatory lives of Thrasea and Helvidius Priscus.
Acilius Glabrio and Flavius Clemens, the cousin of Domitian, are put to death	95	Statius dedicates the fourth book of his Silvæ to Victorinus Marcellus.
Domitian is assassinated, Sept. 23	96	Last consulate and death of Verginius Rufus, who played at poetry after defeating Vindex. Consulate of Tacitus.

	A.D.	
		The Silvæ contain pieces written from A.D. 80 (*e.g.* V. iii.) to 96 (the fifth book is probably posthumous). It is uncertain whether the twelve years which the Thebaid occupied are to be dated from 80 or 84; the former is more probable, as the change of manner in the Achilleid, which is still dedicated to Domitian, seems to prove a certain interval between the two. The best MS. (of some 70) of the Thebaid is Paris, 8051, sæc. x.; all the MSS. of the Silvæ are copied from one that Poggio brought from France to Italy, now lost. The best edition of the whole work is by G. Queck, Leipsic, 1857.
Nerva adopts Trajan in October	97	
Nerva dies, Jan. 25 . .	98	Pompeius Planta is prefect of Egypt; he subsequently wrote a history of the civil wars which followed the death of Nero, though he had the Histories of Tacitus before him.
Prosecution of Marius .	100	Consulate of Pliny the Younger; his panegyric on Trajan. Speeches of Tacitus and Pliny against Marius.
First campaign of Trajan in Dacia	101	L. Arruntius Stella, the friend and patron of Martial, and author of a poem on the war of the giants, is consul. Death of Silius at the age of 75. The MSS. of the Punica are all 15th-century copies of a St. Gall archetype. Ed. Weber, Corpus Poetarum, 1839.
Before this date Mucianus (M. Licinius Crassus), who raised Vespasian to the empire, publishes a collection of miscellaneous information which Tacitus quotes for old speeches, Pliny for odd facts in natural history. The rhetorical collection included 11 books of speeches and 3 of letters . . .	102 ?	Martial (M. Valerius Martialis) dies in Spain. The "Liber Spectaculorum," which perhaps is not all Martial's, dates from the first year of Domitian; xiii. and xiv. seem to have been published between A.D. 88 and 93. The remaining books were arranged in chronological order: i., ii. are written between 82 and 87, iii. must have been written just after, iv. dates from 88 and 89, v. from 90, vi. from 90 and 91, vii. and viii. from 92 to 93, ix., x., xi. from 94 to 96, x. and xi. were partially re-edited under Nerva in 97, xii. was issued in 101, and perhaps contains early poems. Best MS., Thuaneus, sæc. x. Ed. Schneidewinn, 1842. Second ed., Teubner, Leipsic, 1853.

	A.D.	
First triumph over Dacia.	103	Vestricius Spurinna at the age of 77 is still alive, and edifies Pliny by the elegant routine of his life and by his ingenuity as a versifier.
	104 ?	Pliny succeeds Frontinus as augur. Frontinus, ed. "Gromatics" in Lachmann, "Die Schriften der Römisch. Feldmesser;" "Strategematica," Oudendorp, Leyden, 1779; "De Cura Aquarum," Fr. Bucheler, Leipsic, 1858.
Dacia is reduced to a province	105	
	108	Death of M. Regulus, the orator.
	109	Fabius Rusticus still alive, whom Tacitus (Agr. 10) describes as the most eloquent of recent writers. His history is quoted twice as favoring Seneca.
	111	Javolenus Priscus, the jurisconsult, Neratius Priscus, Urseius Ferox, Juventius Celsus, Titius Aristo are celebrated.
Pliny in Bithynia . . .	112	Of letters to Trajan 15 (or 16)–121 date from the command in Bithynia, Sept. 111 to Jan. 113. Nothing later is known of him; his speeches were mostly delivered under Domitian, though the accusations of Marius, 100, Cæcilius Maximus, 101, and the defence of Julius Bassus, 105, and Varenus Rufus, 106, fall under Trajan. He seems to have begun the collection of his letters in 97, and kept more closely to chronological order than he cared to confess. The 1st book contains letters from A.D. 96 and 97; the 2d from 97 to 100; 3d, from 100; 4th, from 104; 5th was published 106; the 6th contains letters from 106; 7th, from 107?; 8th and 9th, from 107 to 109. Best MS. Medicean, sæc. x.; ed. G. H. Schæfer, 1868.
Trajan at Athens . . .	114	
Earthquake at Antioch. Invasion of Armenia to oust the Parthian candidate	115	Hyginus, Balbus, and Siculus Flaccus wrote under Trajan on land surveying.
	"	
Conquest of Ctesiphon .	116	
Jewish rising. Death of Trajan early in August	117	

	A.D.	
Hadrian in Britain . .	119	Terentius Scaurus is celebrated as a grammarian. We have probably a little treatise of his on orthography, pp. 2249–2264, Putschke. He also wrote commentaries on Plautus and Vergil, if not upon Lucan. The 51 declamations of Calpurnius, perhaps, belong to this period.
	119	? Death of Tacitus. The Dialogue written early under Domitian rests upon a 13th-century copy of a Fulda MS. of the 8th or 9th century, brought to Italy 1457, whence all extant MSS. are copied. The Agricola, written in A.D. 98, depends upon two Vatican MSS.; the Germania, written between 98 and 100 (the second and third consulate of Trajan), rests on the same MS. as the Dialogue. The Histories were still unfinished in 106 or 107, when Pliny sent him materials, and perhaps the books were separately published. The text rests on the Medicean MS. (sæc. xi.) of Monte Cassino, which contains the last seven books of the Annals and what is left of the Histories. The Annals were published, apparently, between 115 and 117, as the writer refers to the frontier established by Trajan's conquests. The text of the first part of the Annals rests upon an eleventh-century copy made at Corbey of a ninth-century MS. at Fulda, which last is sometimes regarded as the archetype of the Monte Cassino MS. It came to Florence 1508. Ed. Ritter, Cambridge, 1848; Leipsic, 1864; Orelli, Zurich, 1859.
Hadrian in Athens . .	125	? Death of Juvenal. Ed. Mayer, Cambridge, and Jahn, text and scholia, Berlin, 1851.
Hadrian in Alexandria .	131	Edictum Perpetuum drawn up by Julianus.
Revolt of Barcochba . .	? 132	Sex. Pomponius, the jurist, is prætor.
Adoption of T. Antoninus	133	
Death of Hadrian, July .	138	M. Vindius Verus, a disciple of Julianus, is consul. Sex. Cæcilius, a correspondent of Julianus, belongs to the same period; so, too, Terentius Clemens, Veruleius Saturninus, and L. Volusius Mæcianus, teacher of M. Aurelius.

	A.D.	
	140	Panegyric of Fronto on the British achievements of Antoninus.
Death of Faustina, wife of Antoninus . . .	141	Granius Licinianus, an annalist, who seems to have written 40 books, going down to the death of Cæsar, is assigned to the Antonine period on account of his mentioning the completion of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens under Hadrian, the preoccupation with Sallust, and the archaic spelling. We have fragments of books xxvi., xxviii., and xxxvi., from an Egyptian MS. of a Syriac version of St. Chrysostom, written over a Latin grammarian, written over Licinianus. The latest edition is by seven Bonn philologers, Leipsic, Teubner, 1858.
	146	Sex. Erucius Cassius, whom Pliny recommended to the quæstorship, who is praised for learning by A. Gellius, is consul.
	150	Proconsulate of Claudius Maximus, to whom Apuleius addresses his defence on a charge of magic.
	? 160	Birth of Tertullian. Death of C. Suetonius Tranquillus; he was recommended for a tribunate by Pliny the Younger about A.D. 100; asked to publish, A.D. 105; received the jus trium liberorum, A.D. 112; was apparently removed from office about 121 in company with Septicius Clarus, to whom the Lives of the Cæsars, in eight books, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, and the three Flavian emperors, making one book each, are dedicated. His work "De Viris Illustribus" does not seem to have been carried below Domitian. Besides the works mentioned in the text, he wrote a Guide to Officials (De Institutione Officiorum) and De Regibus, which treated of the most celebrated monarchs of each continent, beginning with the deities, who were treated on Euhemerist principles. All the remains of Suetonius, except the Lives of the Cæsars, have been edited by Reifferscheid, Leipsic, 1860; the Cæsars, C. L. Roth, Leipsic. Best MS. of the Lives of the Cæsars, Paris, 1115. Julius [An-

	A.D.	
		nius ?] Florus seems to belong to the same period as Suetonius. Best MS., Bamberg, sæc. ix. Ed. C. Halm, Leipsic, 1850. Justin, who excerpted Pompeius Trogus, is assigned to this period; also L. Ampelius, who used Florus, and dedicated his work (a Liber Memorialis, in fifty chapters, mentioning two events later than Trajan) to a certain Maximus, who may have been the emperor killed 218, at the age of 54. If so, the work cannot be earlier than 175.
Death of T. Antoninus .	161	Institutes of Gaius: only MS. Vienna palimpsest; Ulpius Marcellus, another jurisconsult, flourished under M. Aurelius.
Victories of Avidius Cassius. Capture of the Parthian capitals . .	162 "	Q. Junius Rusticus, a Stoic philosopher and teacher of M. Aurelius, is consul a second time.
	165	? Death of Aulus Gellius. The date of his work can only be detected by the fact that he speaks of Erucius (Cons. A.D. 146), and does not quote Fronto's writings, which were still unpublished. The MSS. contain either the first seven or last twelve books. Of the eighth book we have only the headings of the chapters. The best edition is by the Gronovii, Leyden, 1706.
Triumph of M. Aurelius and Verus over Parthia. Great pestilence	166	
Death of Verus . . .	168	
	169	? Death of Fronto. The greater part of the letters to M. Aurelius as Cæsar date between 139 and 143. Ed. Naber, Leipsic, 1867.
Victory over the Quadi .	174	
Revolt of Avidius Cassius suppressed by a mutiny of his own troops. Death of Faustina . .	175	
Death of M. Aurelius, March 17	180	Q. Cervidius Scævola, the tutor of Papinianus Paulus and Tryphonianus, is consul.
Perennis, the prætorian prefect, is sacrificed .	185	
L. Septimius Severus married Julia Domna.	186	? M. Minucius Felix writes his Octavius, using the Apology of Athenagoras, written A.D. 177. Ed. C. Halm, Vienna, 1867.

	A.D.	
Cleander is put to death.	189	
Commodus strangled, Dec. 31	192	
Pertinax is killed in a mutiny, March 28; Didius Julianus purchases the empire. Clodius Albinus is proclaimed in Britain, Pescennius Niger in Syria, Septimius Severus in Pannonia	193	
Death of Niger	195	L. Marius Maximus Perpetuus Aurelianus, the continuator of Suetonius (from Nerva to Elagabalus), is consul.
Surrender of Byzantium, which held out for him	197	
Plautianus, the prætorian prefect, is put to death, and succeeded by Papinianus	203	? Birth of St. Cyprian.
Severus goes to Britain .	208	
Severus dies at York. .	211	Papinianus publishes his work "De Excusationibus."
Caracalla, his son, murders his brother Geta. Papinianus is killed by the troops	212 "	Before this date Julius Paulus publishes his commentary on the edict, and his manual. Callistratus and A. Claudius Tryphoninus belong to the same period. Serenus Sammonicus, an exceedingly learned writer, is put to death. Helenius Acro, who really commented upon Terence and Horace and Persius; the scholia on Horace, under his name, are not genuine. We have quotations from the scholia on Terence, and perhaps fragments of the one on Persius, in the scholia ascribed to Cornutus and Porphyrion (whose scholia on Horace are still extant). Dositheus, a grammar master of the same date, is known from a MS. of St. Gall (sæc. ix., x.), which contains thirty-one leaves of his grammar with a literal Greek rendering.
Caracalla killed by Martialis, March 3, by the contrivance of Opilius Macrinus, the prætorian prefect, who succeeds	217	
Proclamation of Elagabalus, grandson of a	218	? Q. Serenus Sammonicus writes his work on medicine. Zurich MS. sæc. ix.

	A.D.	
sister-in-law of the late empress, and claiming to be the natural son of Caracalla	218	
Elagabalus adopts his cousin, Alexander Severus	221	
Is killed by prætorian guards in the interest of Alexander, March 16	222	The earliest date of the "Responsa" of Julius Paulus.
	223	Second consulate of Marius Maximus, the historian.
Ulpian, the prætorian prefect, is killed in a sedition of the soldiers	228	
Persian monarchy is restored	230	? Ælius Marcianus writes his six books of Institutiones.
Persian war	233	
Alexander Severus is killed, March 19, in a mutiny, and Maximin proclaimed	235 "	? Death of Tertullian. Of his works, Apologeticum (199?), Ad Nationes, lib. ii., De Testimonio Animæ, De Culto Feminarum ii., and its pendant, De Pallio, De Patientia, De Oratione (these are some of the earliest), De Baptismo, and De Pœnitentia (both late), Ad Uxorem ii., Ad Martyres, Adversus Judæos have little or no trace of Montanism. De Corona Militis (originally written in Greek), Ad Scapulam (212), De Exhortatione Castitatis, De Virginibus Velandis (also published in Greek), De Monogamia, De Pudicitia, even the De Præscriptionibus Hæreticorum, De Anima, De Carne Christi, De Resurrectione Carnis, Adversus Gnosticos Scorpiace, De Idolatria, De Spectaculis, are all more or less Montanist, as are the controversial works De Jejunio, Adv. Psychicos, Adv. Marcionem, which was in writing A.D. 237, Adv. Praxeam, Adv. Hermogenem, Adv. Valentinum, and the lost books De Ecstasi and De Trinitate. Ed. Oehler, in Gernsdorf's Patristic Series, Leipsic, 1854.
The Gordians, father and son, are proclaimed in Africa at the end of May, and suppressed		

	A.D.	
by the governor of Mauritania early in July. Maximus and Balbinus are proclaimed at Rome	237	
Maximin is killed by his own troops before Aquileia in April. Maximus and Balbinus are massacred July 15. Gordian the younger, the grandson of the elder Gordian, is left sole emperor	238 "	? Commodian's Instructiones, in Gernsdorf's Bibliotheca Patrum, Leipsic, 1847. Close of the History of Junius Cordus.
Gordian is killed in a military mutiny to the profit of Philip, his prætorian prefect . . .	244	Conversion of St. Cyprian. Herennius Modestinus, the jurist, is præfectus vigiliis.
Philip celebrates the Secular Games	248	St. Cyprian bishop.
Mutiny in Mœsia. Decius is sent to quell it; is proclaimed emperor	249	Commodiani Carmen Apologeticum; latest edition by H. Rausch, in Kahn's "Zeitschrift für Historische Theologie."
Decius appoints Valerian censor. Persecution of Decius	250	
He is defeated and killed by the Goths	251	
	253	Pestilence mentioned by St. Cyprian in his work De Mortalitate.
Gallus is appointed to succeed by the Senate, is deposed and put to death by Æmilianus, the governor of Pannonia, who is superseded by Valerian, August	256	
Valerian's persecution .	257	
First naval foray of the Goths	258	
	259	Martyrdom of St. Cyprian. Works, Ad Donatum (De Gratia Dei), De Oratione Dominica, De Habitu Virginum, De Bono Patientiæ, De Zelo et Livore, De Idolorum Vanitate (from Tertullian and Minucius Felix), De Lapsis, 251, De Mortalitate and Ad Demetrianum, 253, De Unitate Ecclesiæ, De Opere et Eleemosynis,

	A.D.	
		Testimoniorum adversus Judæos, lib. iii., De Exhortatione Martyrii, lib. iii., 86 letters. Ed. G. Hartel, Vienna, 1868–1871.
Persian conquest of Armenia	260	
Defeat and capture of Valerian	261	C. Julius Solinus, Collectanea, copied under Theodosius, A.D. 402. Ed. Mommsen, Berlin, 1864.
Second naval foray of the Goths	262	Marius Plotius Sacerdos writes on grammar in three books, still extant, using Juba, who used Heliodorus.
Aureolus invades Italy, is besieged in Milan; Gallienus, the son of Valerian, is killed in a night alarm, March 20. Claudius succeeds	268	
Victories and death of Claudius, who nominates Aurelian	270	
Victory over the Alemanni. Suppression of Seleucus	271	
War with Zenobia	272, 273	
Triumph of Aurelian. Birth of Constantine	274	
Assassination of Aurelian, January. Election of Tacitus, Sept. 25	275	
Death of Tacitus, April 12; in July, Probus, in the name of the Senate, deposes Florianus, the brother of Tacitus	276	
Probus clears Gaul of Germans	277	
Revolt of Saturninus in Egypt	279	
Revolt of Bonosus in Gaul	280	
Probus is massacred at Sirmium, and succeeded by Carus, his prætorian prefect	282	
Death of Carus, Dec. 25, in a campaign against Persia. Carinus and Numerian, his sons, succeed him	283	
Death of Numerian. His		

	A.D.	
army elect Diocletian, Sept. 17	284	Poem of M. Aurelius Nemesianus, which was still complete in the youth of Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims.
Carinus is assassinated in the course of a battle against Diocletian, May	285	
Maximian is appointed Augustus. He suppresses the Bagaudæ in Gaul. Tiridates regains the throne of Armenia	286	
Carausius rebels in Britain	287	
	289	First panegyric on Maximian.
	291	Second panegyric on Maximian.
Galerius and Constantius appointed Cæsars . .	293	
Death of Carausius . .	294	
Revolt of Egypt . . .	295	
Recovery of Britain by Constantius. First campaign of Galerius for the restoration of Tiridates, who had been expelled by the Persians	296	First panegyric of Eumenius on Constantius.
Victorious campaign of Galerius	297	Julius Valerius's translation of Pseudo-Callisthenes De Vita Alexandri Magni. Second panegyric of Eumenius.
Triumph of Maximian and Diocletian. First edict against the Christians	303	
Diocletian and Maximian abdicate. Galerius and Constantius succeed: the former nominates two Cæsars	305	
Constantius dies at York, July 25. Constantinus succeeds him. Maxentius, son of Maximian, is declared emperor at Rome, Oct. 28. Maximian resumes the empire	306	
Maximian receives the surrender of Severus (whom Galerius had appointed to rule in Italy after the death		

	A.D.	
of Constantius). Severus is put to death . .	307	
Galerius, after an unsuccessful campaign in Italy, creates Licinius Augustus in Illyricum, and promotes Maximin in Syria	308 "	Arnobius's Seven Books Adversus Nationes. Ed. A. Reifferscheid, Vienna, 1875. Best MS., Paris, 1661, copied in the beginning of the ninth century from a cursive in the hand which subsequently developed into the Lombardic. This was copied from an uncial written in a country where the language was full of corruptions.
Maximian is deposed by his son, and takes refuge first with Licinius, and then with Constantine, who puts him to death in February . .	310	Third panegyric of Eumenius.
Edict of Toleration. Death of Galerius	311	Fourth panegyric of Eumenius.
Maxentius is defeated at the battle of Saxa Rubra, and drowned in the Tiber, Oct. 20 . .	312	
Conversion of Constantine ? Edict of Milan; alliance with Licinius, Apr. 30; defeat and death of Maximin, Aug. 15	313	
Licinius declares war against Constantine .	314	
He loses the Danubian provinces, Greece, and Macedonia	315	Death of Lactantius. Of his works, De Opificio Dei (ad Demetrianum) was finished A.D. 304. Divinarum Institutionum, lib. viii., 307–310. De Ira Dei, De Mortibus Persecutorum, 313, 314. The Epitome of the Institutions published by Pfaff in 1712 from a Turin MS. may possibly be the same which St. Jerome ascribed to Lactantius. Edited in Gernsdorf's Bibliotheca Patrum, 1842.
Gothic War	322	
War with Licinius; after three battles he surrenders and is put to death	323	
Foundation of Constantinople	324	
Council of Nice . . .	325	
	329	? Death of Arnobius; it is in this year

	A.D.	
		that St. Jerome enters him as celebrated.
Dedication of Constantinople. Birth of Julian	330	Before the Gothic war C. Vettius Aquilinus Juvencus publishes his four books "Historiæ Evangelicæ." They have been edited, with the doubtful additions on the Old Testament, by Arevalo, Rome, 1792.
Gothic war	331	
Death of Arius . . .	332	
Baptism and death of Constantine, May 22. Massacre of Constantine's brothers and nephews with the exception of Julian and Gallus	337	
	338	Attius Patera is a celebrated teacher of rhetoric at Rome.
Civil war between Constans and Constantine II.; death of the latter	342	
Sapor's unsuccessful siege of Nisibis	346	
Magnentius murders Constans, and associates Vetranio, the commandant of Illyrium, in the empire	348	Birth of Prudentius.
Constantius compels Vetranio to capitulate .	350	
Battle of Mursa; defeat of Magnentius; Gallus declared Cæsar .	351	
Final defeat and death of Magnentius, Aug. 10.	353	Birth of St. Paulinus of Nola. Pasiphilus is appointed prefect of the city. Probably the 14 books of Palladius on husbandry are dedicated to him: the first is taken up with generalities; the next 12 are a monthly farmer's calendar; the last treats of trees in 170 elegiacs.
Disgrace and execution of Gallus	354	Birth of St. Augustin. Under this year St. Jerome marks in his Chronicle the reputation of Donatus's "My Professor." The work of Julius Firmicus Maternus dates from this year; so does, according to St. Jerome, the reputation of Marius Victorinus, who had a statue in Trajan's Forum. He translated the Isagoge of Porphyry, wrote comments on Cicero's Dia-

	A.D.	
		logues. We have an Ars Grammatica of his, which treats mostly of metre.
Julian at Athens, May; proclaimed Cæsar at Milan, Nov. 6 . . .	355	
Enforced rebellion of Silvanus, who is cut off by Ursicinus	356	Banishment of St. Hilary.
Constantius at Rome, April 28 to May 28. Battle of Strasburg .	357	Latinus Alcimus Alethius and Attius Piso Delphidius are orators at Arles.
Fall of Amid on the Tigris	359	
Julian proclaimed Augustus	360	Return of St. Hilary.
Death of Constantius; he is succeeded by Julian.	361	
George of Cappadocia slain in a tumult at Alexandria	362	C. Claudius Mamertinus returns thanks for the consulate to Julian at Constantinople.
Persian campaign and death of Julian. Jovian surrenders the conquests of Galerius . .	363	
Death of Jovian, Feb. 17; Valentinian succeeds. Partition of the empire between Valentinian and Valens, June 4	364	Rescript to L. Aurelius Avianus Symmachus, the father of the orator.
Rebellion of Procopius .	365	Symmachus, the orator, is appointed Corrector "Suediniæ et Bruttiorum." Publication of Codex Hermogenianus, which contained all the Imperial rescripts from 290 to 364.
Capture and death of Procopius	366	St. Damasus Pope. Death of St. Hilary.
Theodosius, the father of the emperor, pacifies Britain	367	
	368	Rufinus, the writer, in Egypt. Symmachus's speech on the third consulate of Valentinian.
	370	Symmachus is proconsul of Africa.
Theodosius suppresses the revolt of Africa .	373	
	374	St. Jerome in the wilderness of Chalcis. St. Ambrose Bishop of Milan. St. Optatus writes under Valentinian and Valens against the Donatists; works in Migne.

	A.D.	
Death of Valentinian; Gratian succeeds with his half-brother Valentinian II.	375	
The Goths take refuge on Roman territory .	376	About this date Proba Faltonia composes her Cento of Vergil.
Gratian at Rome . . .	377	Rufinus on the Mount of Olives.
Battle of Adrianople; defeat and death of Valens	378	St. Jerome at Antioch ordained priest.
Theodosius appointed emperor	379	
Council of Constantinople	381	
Submission of the Goths.	382	St. Jerome at Rome. Augustin at Rome. Death of L. Aurelius Flavianus Symmachus.
Maximus revolts; Gratian is killed	383	
	384	Death of St. Damasus; letters and poems in Migne's Patrology; the hymns ascribed to him for St. Andrew and St. Agatha are rather in the manner of Prudentius.
	385	St. Jerome and St. Paula in Egypt.
The Ostrogoths defeated on the Danube; are settled in Phrygia . .	386	
Maximus invades Italy, is defeated on the Save and put to death . .	387	Baptism of St. Augustin. Publication of the Codex Gregorianus, which contains all the Imperial rescripts known to the compiler up to A.D. 295.
Sack of the Serapeum at Alexandria	388	St. Augustin returns to Africa.
Massacre of Thessalonica	389	Panegyric of Latinus Pacatus Drepanius in Panegyrici Veteres.
Penance of Theodosius .	390	Relation of Symmachus.
	391	St. Augustin is ordained Presbyter. Death of St. Pacianus, who wrote on Penitence against the Novatians; works in Migne.
Murder of Valentinian II. by Arbogastes, who appoints Eugenius emperor	392	
Defeat and death of Arbogastes and his emperor	394	St. Paulinus at Nola.
Death of Theodosius; the empire is divided between Arcadius and Honorius; Rufinus is		

	A.D.	
minister in the East, Stilicho in the West. Rufinus is overthrown by the military party .	395	St. Augustin Coadjutor Bishop of Hippo.
Alaric invades Greece .	396	St. Augustin Bishop of Hippo.
	397	Rufinus, the theologian, returns to Italy. Death of St. Ambrose.
Gildo rebels in Africa; he is suppressed by his own brother at Stilicho's instigation . .	399	
Goths revolt under Tribigild (the Targibilus of Claudian). Downfall of Eutropius . .	402	
Alaric invades Italy and is defeated at Pollentia	403	
Triumph of Honorius .	404	
	405	Cassian at Rome. Aurelius Prudentius Clemens publishes his works; latest edition, A. Dressel, Leipsic. Of the hymns in the Cathemerinon, vv. 1–8, 81–84, 397–400 of the hymn "Ad Galli Cantum" are used in the Breviary for lauds; vv. 1–8, 38, 39, 52, 57, 59, 60, 67, 68 of the Hymnus Matutinus for prime; 25, 93, 94, 96, 97–100, 10–12, 19, 27, 109–111 of the Hymnus Omnis Horæ for compline; 125, 130, 93–102, 107–112, 117, 114, 113, 120, 133–136 of the hymn for Epiphany for Innocents' Day; 1–4, 37–44, 85–88 of the same for the Transfiguration; 77–80, 5–8, 61–64, 69–72 of the same for lauds in Lent; first ten lines of the Hymnus Jejunantium for compline in Lent; 125–152 of the Hymnus ante somnum, compline in Passion Week; 1–27, 25–28, 149–164 of the Hymnus ad Incensum Lucernæ for the benediction of the Paschal candle; 1, 51, 719, 720, 721–732 of the hymn for St. Laurence, and 545–548, 557–560 of the hymn for St. Vincent is used for any martyr; 117–120, 53–56, 33–44, 121–140 of the Hymnus in Exsequiis Defunctorum was used in Germany.
Invasion of Rhadagaise; he is defeated and dies; his troops invade Gaul	406	

	A.D.	
Constantine at the head of the British army conquers Gaul and Spain.	407	
Downfall of Stilicho. Death of Arcadius . .	408	
Alaric ransoms Rome .	409	St. Paulinus Bishop of Nola.
Alaric captures Rome, Aug. Death of Alaric	410	The capture of Rome is the last event mentioned by Orosius. Death of Rufinus. Besides the other translations mentioned in the text there was a translation of Sextius, whom the translators identified with Pope Sextus.
Ataulphus leads the Goths to Gaul . . .	412	
	415	Claudius Rutilius Numatianus, or Namatianus, writes on his return to Gaul in two books; most of the latter lost. The text depends on the Codex Bobbianus, discovered in 1492, and now lost.
	416	Ousius dedicates his Rivellas: Teubner, Leipsic, 1871.
	417	Cassian writes the first ten collations.
The Goths re-establish the authority of Honorius in Gaul and Spain, and found a kingdom at Toulouse.	419	
	420	Death of St. Jerome. Works in Migne reprinted from the Venice edition.
Death of Honorius . .	423	Paulinus of Milan settles in Africa and writes a life of St. Ambrose in imitation of Sulpicius Severus's Life of St. Martin.
Usurpation of John . .	425	
Valentinian III. Emperor of the West	426	
Revolt of Bonifacius, who invites the Vandals (who had moved from Gallicia to Andalusia) into Africa . .	427	
	428	Prosper of Aquitaine, first letter to St. Augustin.
Siege of Hippo . . .	430	Death of St. Augustin. Works, besides those mentioned, De Quantitate Animæ, at Rome, De Magistro, at Thagaste (a dialogue with Adeodatus, his natural son), De Bono Conjugali, De Sancta Virginitate, 363 sermons published from reports, De Cura pro Mortuis, on prayer for the dead, and

	A.D.	
		relic-worship and ghost stories, to Paulinus at Nola, De Mendacio and Contra Mendacium, De Divinatione Dæmonum, De Opere Monachorum, De Catechizandis Rudibus (400), De Doctrinâ Christianâ, begun 397, finished 427, Psalmus Abecedarius, 393.
Council of Ephesus . .	431	Birth of C. Sollius Sidonius Apollinaris. Death of St. Paulinus; his panegyrics on St. John Baptist in hexameters, which dates cir. A.D. 390, is addressed to Nicetes, Bishop of Dacia, like a sapphic ode on the martyrs, in eighty-five stanzas.
Defeat of Bonifacius; evacuation of Hippo .	432	
Death of Bonifacius (in a private war with Aetius).	434	Flavius Merobaudes has a statue in Trajan's Forum.
	435	? Vincentius of Lerins writes his Commonitorium.
Surprise of Carthage by the Vandals	439	
	440	St. Leo is Pope.
Third consulate of Aetius	446	
	449	? Commonitorium of Vincentius in distichs.
Battle of Chalons . . .	450	C. Claudius Marius Victorinus, a rhetorician of Marseilles, composes a commentary on Genesis for his son.
Council of Chalcedon .	451	
Attila dies after invading Italy , ...	453	
Valentinian kills Aetius.	454	The death of Aetius, latest event mentioned in Prosper's Chronicle.
He is killed by two of Aetius's guards. His widow invites the Vandals, who occupy and pillage Rome for fourteen days	455	
The Goths nominate Avitus, the father-in-law of Sidonius Apollinaris, to the empire. He is deposed, and for fifteen years Ricimer governs Italy in the name of various emperors. .	456	Philippus, an admirer of St. Jerome, dies, leaving a Commentary on Job (printed in Migne's Patrology). Sidonius Apollinaris's panegyric on Avitus.
	"	
	458	Sidonius Apollinaris's panegyric on Majorian. About this time Flavius Rusticus Helpidius Dormulus, who

	A.D.	
		edited MS. of Pomponius Mela at Ravenna, was writing at Arles.
Death of Majorian, the ablest of them . . .	461	Death of St. Leo. We have 98 sermons and 173 letters in Migne's Patrology.
Death of Theodoric of Toulouse	465	Paulinus of Pella, at the age of 84, composes a poem of thanksgiving in elegiacs for thirty years of good luck and fifty-four of bad.
Ricimer receives an emperor from Constantinople	468	Sidonius Apollinaris's panegyric on Anthemius.
	469	? Publication of Sidonius Apollinaris's poems. Idacius, a bishop in Gallicia, writes a chronicle.
A joint expedition against the Vandals fails . .	470	Paulinus of Perigueux, a poetaster, versifies Sulpicius Severus's Life of St. Martin in two books, 385. 717 hexameters. At about the same date Claudianus Mamertus Ecdidius dedicates to Sidonius his work De Statu Animæ. This, with his hymns, has been printed in Migne. It is uncertain whether he or Vincentius Fortunatus is the author of the Passion hymn "Pange Lingua gloriosi prælium certaminis."
Death of Ricimer . . .	472	Consecration of Sidonius Apollinaris as Bishop of Auvergne.
	473	Birth of Magnus Felix Ennodius.
Submission of Auvergne to the Goths? . . .	474	
Odoacer gives the barbarian troops lands in Italy, and deposes Romulus Augustulus; the Senate, with his permission, return the imperial ornaments to Zeno	476	
	477	Birth of Cassiodorus.
Clovis becomes the chief of the Franks . . .	481	Birth of Boethius and Jornandes.
Accession of Gunthermund in Africa . . .	484	
	485	Q. Aurelius Memmius Symmachus, the father-in-law of Boethius, is consul; he emends Macrobius's Somnium Scipionis with the help of Macrobius Plotinus Eudoxius.
Clovis defeats Syagrius .	486	Victor Vitensis writes his chronicle of the Vandal persecution: printed in Migne.

	A.D.	
	487	Death of Sidonius Apollinaris. His three panegyrics on Julius Cæsar, Avitus, and Majorian, his epithalamia, his descriptive poems on Narbo and the burg or fortified villa of Leontius, and most of the epigrams, are earlier than his consecration as bishop. The first two books of letters, though collected afterwards, were written when he was a layman. Ed. Simond, 1652; reprinted in Migne.
Theodoric invades Italy	489	
Battle of Tolbiac . . .	490	St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne.
Capture of Ravenna, and death of Odoacer . . .	493	
Death of Gunthermund .	496	Between 484 and 496 Blissius Æmilius Dracontius writes his Satisfactio, 158 distichs, and De Deo in three books, unintelligible, 754, 843, 699 hexameters. Ed. Arevalo, Rome, 1791; C. E. Gläser, Breslau, 1847, 1848. Dracontii Carmina, Vienna, 1870. About this date Gennadius, a presbyter of Marseilles, continued Jerome's De Viris Illustribus. He seems to have written just after the end of the pontificate of St. Gelasius, who died 496. Works in Migne's Patrology. The most considerable of the contemporaries he mentions are Pomerius, a continuator of Claudianus Mamertus, and Ruricius, Bishop of Limoges (484–507), a continuator and correspondent of Sidonius Apollinaris; remains of both in Migne's Patrology. About the same date Cœlius Sedulius composes his Carmen Paschale on the Gospel history, divided into four books, with an introductory book on the wonders of the Old Testament. Edited by F. Arevalo, Rome, 1794.
Submission of Western Gaul to Clovis . . .	498	
Theodoric visits Rome .	500	
Frankish conquest of Aquitaine	507	
	510	Boethius is consul.
	511	Ennodius is elected Bishop of Pavia.
	514	Cassiodorus consul.
Accession of Justinian as colleague to Justin .	520	
	521	Death of Ennodius; his works are ed-

	A.D.	
		ited in Migne. They include, besides those mentioned, a panegyric on Theodoric, and a defence of the Synod which absolved Pope Symmachus.
Death of Sigismund, last king of Burgundy . .	523	
Imprisonment of Boethius	524	
He is put to death ; so is his father-in-law, Symmachus	525	Death of St. Avitus. His works in Migne's Patrology.
Death of Theodoric . .	526	
Reconquest of Africa .	530	Death of Rusticus Elpidius, a physician of Theodoric, who wrote 149 hexameters on the benefits of Christ.
	533	Latest date of the 2d edition of the Chronicle of Marcellinus ; Comes's Continuation of the Chronicle of St. Jerome.
Death of Athanaric, grandson of Theodoric	534	
Death of Amalasentha .	535	Death of Avitus ; works in Migne.
Reconquest of Sicily. Witiges king of the Goths	536	
Belisarius takes Ravenna	539	Retreat of Cassiodorus.
The Goths renew the war under Totila	540	
Revolt of the Moors in Africa	543–558	
Narses conquers Italy .	552	
Narses defeats the Franks	559	
Death of Justinian . .	565	
Lombards invade Italy .	567	
	569	Death of Cassiodorus.

LATIN LITERATURE.

PART IV.

THE CLAUDIAN PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

SENECA.

SENECA is the patriarch of a whole literary revival, as Quinctilian acknowledges when he has to give a reason for not mentioning him in his place in the list of classics. He wrote in every style, both in prose and verse—orations, essays, dialogues, tragedies; and he was the favorite author of young men when Quinctilian undertook his educational reform, which consisted in a return to the classical tradition of the Augustan age. According to Quinctilian, Seneca was intolerant in literature, and would allow his admirers leave to admire nothing but himself. It is plain from his own works that he thought very badly of the literature of erudition to which most teachers of the time were devoted, and his constant insistence on edification would act as a disparagement of most contemporary writers.

He was born apparently about the beginning of the Christian era, in Spain; but came early to Rome with his aunt, who nursed him through his delicate childhood. All his life he seems to have been more or less of an invalid, and when

growing old he suffered severely from asthma.[1] He was smitten with a passion for asceticism in his youth, thanks to the teaching of a certain Attalus, and became a water-drinker and vegetarian, till Tiberius took measures to expel the rites of Egypt and Judæa from Rome, when his father, who disapproved of philosophy, was glad of the pretext to induce him to resume the use of flesh-meat, lest he should be suspected of abstaining upon superstitious grounds. However, he persistently renounced the two great dainties of the time, mushrooms and oysters, because both served not to nourishment, but to appetite. He seems to have distinguished himself by his eloquence as early as the reign of Caligula, for that perverse and acute observer remarked that he did nothing but put together librettos, and his style was mere sand without lime. Suetonius mentions this as a proof that Caligula disliked a smooth, highly finished style, and perhaps his criticism may give us some idea of Seneca's early manner before his earnestness had become strong enough to be a torment to him. The comparatively early work on Anger is smooth and easy in a sense; the writer is not so familiar with his thoughts that he refuses to do more than allude to them. Such as they are, he puts them quite clearly and pointedly; and, at the same time, it is quite true that he seems to be playing with commonplaces, and to have no thought or information to communicate; and this explains Caligula's second criticism. From first to last Seneca is a very incoherent writer; he never succeeds in having a plan in any of his longer works; he is at the mercy of the association of ideas and of the way in which one topic suggests another. He generally seems to hold that a plan is a good thing in itself, and the arid method of Stoical text-books would naturally supply him with a framework more than sufficient, if only he could keep to it. In fact, one might almost admire the agility with which he dances round his argument, never quite losing sight of it, and coming back to it for a moment, without apparent effort, when he wishes to make a fresh start. The weakness of his method is that it is impossible to summarize one of his trea-

[1] Sen. "Ad Lucil." Ep. liv., lxxv. 6.

tises, and therefore impossible to remember more of it than fine phrases and passages; and a conscientious editor who undertakes to trace the connection of the whole is soon reduced to suspect his MSS. Apart from this want of lucid order, the treatise on Anger is easy reading. Every word and syllable is kept in place; there is nothing tumid or rough or tedious; the writing seems to be pointed only that it may be entertaining and clear; there is no effort to be sublime or startling or impressive.

As was natural, considering his delicate health and his education, Seneca was in early life a ladies' man, visiting matrons of rank very much as the better kind of French abbé did in the seventeenth century. A Roman of rank who took an interest in his character kept a philosopher, as in later times serious nobles kept chaplains; but, as it was not etiquette for Roman ladies to study, they were dependent upon philosophical friends. An ambitious man might hope to make his way by feminine protection; a kind-hearted man might feel he was doing good by introducing a little method among the fine feelings of high-born, high-souled, uninstructed women. His success was all the easier because society was still very much divided by sex, and a man who mixed in ladies' society found himself in the enviable situation of a solitary phœnix. But his position had its temptations and dangers. When a Roman lady compromised herself, she commonly compromised all her intimates. Julia, the daughter of Germanicus, was accused of adultery and banished, and Seneca was banished to Corsica too. According to Suetonius, he was supposed to have been one of her paramours; according to others, he was supposed to have known of her intrigues and to have aided them; and in the minds of Messalina and Claudius the two charges would hardly be distinguished. He remained in exile for eight years, and was then recalled by the influence of Agrippina to superintend the education of Nero. After the death of Claudius, he and Burrus, the prætorian prefect, governed the Roman empire for five years. As neither had any independent authority, it is not surprising that their government was studiously popular, and it was so intelligent that it was quoted as a model long after.

It was necessary to humor Nero, not only in his private vices, but in his family crimes. Seneca composed the speech in which Nero apologized for the death of his mother, as we learn from the quotation[1] of the opening sentence in which he assured the senate that he could not yet believe or rejoice in his safety. It is possible that, if Nero had continued to respect the senate, senatorian historians might have used Agrippina's memoirs with less confidence, and have entertained the question whether, when she found it impossible to reign in her son's name, she did not pass into a formidable conspirator against his authority and even his safety. Seneca was certainly a less disinterested judge of the question than Tacitus or Suetonius, or the authors of the pasquinades which compared Nero to the matricides of Greek tragedy; on the other hand, he was much better informed. It is only fair to his memory to remember that, if Agrippina was really dangerous, the safest and easiest precaution was to put her to death. It is easier to prove that no perfectly virtuous man in Seneca's situation would have condescended to be an accomplice in a perfidious matricide, than to guess what course a perfectly virtuous minister ought to have recommended to an excitable boy whose mother—a clever, energetic woman, still in the prime of life—was conspiring against him.

Seneca was always a comparatively wealthy man: when Nero came to the throne his wealth rapidly became enormous. Nero himself gave him large sums, and every one who wished to do business with him doubtless was ready with presents. Even if Seneca had been so scrupulous as to refuse these, he would not think of refusing legacies. He appears also to have had investments in Egypt, which would become much more profitable when he was in power. When he retired, we find that he had put them on a footing which protected him against all fluctuations of profit and loss. Even if he made more moderate use of his opportunities of enriching himself than other ministers, he would still have enriched himself faster; for he clung for a long time to simplicity of food and dress, and even furniture, and these things were the largest

[1] Quinctilian, iii. 5.

items of the expenditure of most of the rich. Seneca had admirable villas and gardens; we even hear that he had a set of five hundred dinner-tables, all mounted on ivory—which was not an excessive number, as he probably entertained his clients by hundreds in his gardens. He was one of the last prominent Romans who gave away considerable sums to his dependants when in difficulties; but he had large sums out at interest in all the provinces, including Britain, and when he desired to retire he provoked a rebellion there by calling in all his investments at once. Some time before his death, he vainly endeavored to propitiate Nero by resigning all his property, which Nero judiciously refused to accept. But when information came of a mysterious message to Piso,[1] although Seneca would have had a perfectly good defence if he could have had a fair trial, it is not surprising that Nero believed the evidence, and concluded that Seneca was at least privy to the conspiracy of which he was the latest victim. He died in character, with a great deal of philosophical eloquence, and left a high, though not an uncontested, reputation behind him.

The real significance of his career is that he brought declamation into literature, and that he brought philosophy into literature too, at a time when literature was languishing for the want of something new. Cicero's philosophical treatises, though they often have more substance than Seneca's, have too much the appearance of school-books, as if philosophy required a great deal of introduction to Roman society. Seneca always has the air of discussing a familiar matter of practical concern. He always appears to have something to say which wants saying; and this was a great advantage at a time when literature practically consisted of three things—orations, which were a great deal too pretentious for the cases tried; histories, which dealt with events too recent for impartiality, and were deficient even in the attraction of novelty; and poetry, which was mainly a series of variations upon too familiar themes. The great intellectual interest of

[1] Seneca had sent word to Piso that it was better they should not meet so often, but that Piso's safety was the guarantee of his own.

the day had been supplied by declamations on imaginary subjects. It was a great change to have declamations on general and permanent interests; and the public, used to satisfy themselves for a time with a display of ingenuity about nothing, were reasonably fascinated with a display of ingenuity on the regulation of the temper. Seneca's weak health was probably an advantage to him in two ways: it forced him to write instead of speaking, and it threw him forcibly upon the inner life. It is important to notice throughout that his philosophy deals with temper, and not with conduct, or only with conduct so far as it is connected with temper. There are two treatises, on Anger and on Benefits, which refer more or less to behavior; the first is the expression of his disgust at the feverish tyranny of Caligula; the second is a theory of how he and Nero ought to exercise their patronage. There is a treatise on Clemency, which is meant to encourage Nero in his sentimental dislike to inflicting extreme penalties. But the main current of Seneca's teaching flows elsewhere, especially in its latest form. The letters to Lucilius, which are really a philosophical diary, turn upon cheerfulness and fearlessness and self-possession, and say nothing about external duties. It is remarkable that Seneca, as soon as he wishes himself to withdraw from power, begins a vigorous though intermittent polemic against the Stoical doctrine that the wise man will take part in the government of the state. He observes that the celebrated Stoical sages, Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, and the rest, remained private teachers all their lives; and therefore, if they were consistent, must have intended the precept to take part in the common weal in some other sense, or have attached some condition or other as to its performance. Either they abstained from public affairs because they had not sufficient station to make their virtue and wisdom of use to their fellow-citizens, and then their example would justify any philosopher who thought he was precluded by circumstances from public life; or they considered that they did their part of the public service by forming the characters of those who would be called to undertake it in their own persons; or they thought chiefly of the great com-

monwealth of the universe, and in practising and teaching virtue they were certainly active citizens of this. Such versatility in explaining away one of the most distinctive tenets of Stoicism prepares us to find that Seneca was not a very strict Stoic. He wishes to be the disciple of truth, and not of men: he professes to think it desirable that there should be different schools of philosophy to suit different temperaments, and to prefer Stoicism for himself, as the manliest; because all schools practically recommended very much the same course of behavior, while the Stoics professed most confidence in the sufficiency of their recommendations. No philosophy undertook to guarantee its disciples against the undesirable accidents of life; but Stoicism undertook to prove that they were not real evils, and the conviction might be bracing or consoling when they could not be honorably avoided. Not that Seneca asserts the absolute indifference of prosperity and adversity; in his early writings he dwells by choice on the glory which is only to be won by difficult heroism, on the need that every courageous nature will feel to prove its strength, on the glory and gladness of God in beholding of what the lesser spirits which have communion with his are capable. It is quite of a piece with the rest of the discussion of such subjects in Seneca that he expects his readers to be edified by the example of gladiators who were disappointed if kept long without a chance of being killed.

Later on, in the letters to Lucilius and the essay 'De Otio Sapientis,' there is another feeling: the wise man will always rejoice in any call to exercise his virtue; but there are calls of different kinds, and it is permissible to prefer a call to the virtue which is least laborious; for in prosperity virtue is shown by self-control, which is easier than the efforts which are required in adversity. This casuistry reminds us of the better aspects of the casuistry which Pascal criticised without much study, with a little carelessness of the facts of an old and complex society. In such a society it is difficult to get many people capable of large practical success to move far from the conventional standard of action: if so, it is something gained to get them to conform to it in a higher than the conventional

temper, which is what Pascal's adversaries meant by their doctrine of directing the intention—a doctrine which, with other phraseology, is as familiar to Epictetus as to Seneca. This may serve as an explanation of the contrast, which at first appears so glaring, between Seneca's ethical fervor and his political career. There is no reason to think that he had to do much, if any, violence to his conscience in his position as Nero's minister: he thought more of the good he did than of the evil he condoned. He had been used to having his sense of personal dignity offended from his first connection with the court, when he was put in charge of Nero's education, and reconciled himself to the trial as one of the things that are frequent in life. After all, he seems to think that there is very little more to be required than usefulness and fearlessness.

The *honestum* which is so prominent in Cicero has retired into the background with Seneca: the habitual sense of looking well in men's eyes, respecting one's self and being respected, counts for little in his scheme of life: self-applause at the abiding victory over the world seems to be part of the happiness of the wise man, and the enthusiasm of great moments seems to be the portion of all who are sincere. But Seneca is aware that self-complacency is dangerous to moral progress, and is too much tormented by introspection to be much tempted to it. He begins his treatise on "Mental Tranquillity" by a piece of self-accusation. When he sees the splendor of the world, he finds it difficult to keep to his ideal of simplicity; he is dazzled, and finds it easier to rouse his spirit to resist temptation than his eyes. When he resolves to keep himself to himself, to do nothing for the judgment of others, he will occupy himself with instructive writing, which exacts less labor than what is meant to be immortal; but even here his infirmity besets him. "As soon as the mind is lifted up with the greatness of its thought, its ambition runs loose; it pants for a higher speech to match its higher spirit, and the language mounts to the dignity of the subject. Then I forget my rule and my chastened judgment: I am borne aloft, and my words are no longer mine." [1]

[1] "De Tranquillitate Animæ," i. *ad finem*.

He holds that there is no danger in his state of unrest: he compares it to the unsteadiness of the nerves of convalescents, and apparently considers the malady general. Those are best off who profess nothing, and look down upon everything; they have not to keep a character which they hardly care for, and are ashamed to give up. Others are always changing, always best pleased with what they were doing a little while ago; others, again, change till they are tired, and only settle down to whatever they happen to be doing when they are old; others are too lazy, not too resolute, to change; they live not as they choose, but as they happen to have begun living. All these are forms of one vice, with one end—discontent. "This arises from an ill-tempered mind and fearfulness of desire, or ill-success therein, when men dare less than they covet, or come short of what they seek, and so lose their balance on a hope, and always are unstable and in suspense. While they are waiting and hoping they teach themselves and force themselves to everything that is hard and shameful; and, when they have no reward for their labor, they are tormented by their unprofitable disgrace; and even then lament, not that their choice was shameful, but that it was barren. Then comes regret of old undertakings and fears of new; and they feel three things creeping over them—the unrest of a mind which finds no way open, since it can neither command nor fulfil its desires, and the slow pace of an undeveloped life, and the rust of a spirit sinking into lethargy among disappointed purposes." And outward rest only aggravates the evil; they have no resources within. "They complain of being unemployed, and their envy is the bitterest enemy of others who are thriving. They would have all men pulled down, since they have not been able to come to the front themselves, and so, out of disgust at successes of others and despair of their own, their mind waxes wroth with fortune, and complains of the times, and withdraws into a corner to brood upon its own affliction. For the sores of the mind are like those of the body—they itch to be handled, though it keeps them from healing."[1] Then Seneca changes the subject without letting us or himself

[1] "De Tranquillitate Animæ," ii.

quite know it: he goes off to the ordinary innocent restlessness that can attempt to relieve itself by travelling, and remarks shrewdly on the fancifulness that can turn from the dainty trimness of Campania (which was then all farms or gardens) to the wild forest pastures of the far south, where the solitude was relieved by the romantic stateliness of the deserted and unruined cities of Magna Græcia.

Then he comes back to Lucretius's observation that even travel palls, since no man can fly from himself, and returns to the high tragic vein. "We are too weak to bear labor or pleasure: we are past serving our own turn or other men's. This has driven not a few to death, because they had changed their aims so often that they found themselves coming back to the same as before, and had left no room for anything new. They began to despise their life and the very universe, and they feel the sting of self-indulgence run mad. 'Is it to be always the same?'" Elsewhere Seneca quotes the same saying with approval, as if everything were good which makes men willing to die. After the disease comes the remedy—unselfish exertion; and here we see that Seneca has been copying Athenodorus, who recommends public life in theory, and, despairing of the republic, falls back upon a recommendation of the exercise of moral influence in private. Seneca puts his own eloquence at the service of Athenodorus, in order perhaps to have the credit of refuting a worthy antagonist. He adds something to the statement of the view he is going to correct. It is important that the retired sage should work in earnest at his own improvement and that of others, or he will waste his time on outward trifles, putting up buildings and pulling down, banking out the sea, and carrying water uphill. The truth is, Athenodorus gave up the game too soon: if there is no room for the sage in the army, he may look to civil office: if he must remain in private life, he may be an orator; if forced to silence, he may still stand by his friends in court; if forced to forsake the forum, he may still be good company at table and at play. Rome is not all the world: wherever you are banished you may be at home and of use. Besides, a private Roman who cannot put himself forward in

any way may still be a good soldier of the state. "If he is forced into the rear rank, still there he can shout and exhort and set a soldier's example and show a soldier's spirit. Whatever happens, you ought to keep your stand, help with your war-cry; if your mouth is stopped, keep your stand and help with your silence. A good citizen always does good service: to see him, to hear him, does good; his look and gesture, his silent steadfastness, his very going by, does good. The example of one who keeps quiet well has its use."[1] And then comes the example of Socrates under the Thirty, without any mention of his resistance to an illegal order of theirs. Seneca goes on to his execution under the restored democracy as a proof that all circumstances are equally favorable or unfavorable to the wise man; and that as they help or hinder him, he will expand to his full dimensions or draw in; but, either way, he will be moving, not rusting in the bondage of fear.

Among other remedies of discontent, Seneca mentions friendship and economy, which he bases upon a deliberate adherence to old fashions, a preference for use rather than for ornament, and the avoidance of unnecessary business. Here Seneca gets into confusion with his eclecticism: he sees the force of Democritus's recommendation to keep free from business, but he is too much of a Stoic to refuse business which had a claim upon him, or to contemplate arranging his life so as to be free from many claims. Consequently he shuts his eyes to the point of Democritus's precept, and represents it as a protest against the useless round of salutation and "that worst of vices," an itching ear and inquiry into everything public and secret, and the knowledge of many things which it is not safe to tell nor safe to hear. He escapes into some edifying remarks upon the impossibility of disconcerting the wise man who is prepared for whatever can happen to him. And so he will be free from attachment to his plans and meet everything cheerfully, like Julius Canus, who received a sentence of death under Caligula with thanks, and was playing chess when summoned to execution, and discoursed by the way on the question whether the soul would be conscious of its departure from the body.

[1] "De Tranquillitate Animæ," iii.

But there are impersonal sources of trouble: Seneca sees all that is to be said for pessimism, the only resource is to laugh at it all. Even the misfortunes of the good are not worth a tear: if they bear them well, what need to pity them? if they pity themselves, they deserve no pity. And, in order to maintain this cheerful temper, we must amuse ourselves, like Cato and Scipio and Asinius Pollio. Apparently Seneca agrees with Plato that it is well to drink occasionally up to or beyond the verge of sobriety; partly because the younger Cato (an exceedingly dull person) took that means of putting himself into high spirits, and partly because there is a great deal of Greek authority for connecting madness and inspiration. Here Seneca winds up abruptly with a caution that diligent practice is more important than precept.

The treatise on the "Shortness of Life" is a sort of pendant to that on "Tranquillity of Mind." It is full of earnestness, which many will find disproportioned, drawn from the familiar topic that the shortness of life makes it a very important question how it is spent. Granted that life is important, it is easy to prove that it is more important for being short, and not difficult to maintain that it is too important to be wasted on any or all of the things for which men naturally and spontaneously care. The particular way in which Seneca puts the doctrine is that life is too short and too uncertain to be spent, according to a fashionable Roman theory, as a preparation for an easy and luxurious old-age. When will you live, Seneca asks, if not now? and waxes eloquent on all the business which keeps people from realizing the present and recalling the past, while all their desire is taken up in an abortive effort to forestall the future. He glorifies the sage whose perfect self-possession makes him as God; for to him the past and the present and the future are united in every moment of his contemplation. This is the reward of giving his whole attention to each hour, and doing nothing that he would not think worth doing forever: but this felicity he shares with the crowd of plain, wholesome, commonplace folk who have no plans and no aspirations, and live contentedly from one day to another. The dilettante was the typical

man of leisure, but Seneca sees nothing in his occupations but undignified fuss. Yet he had less peace than some "who passed their days in arranging Corinthian bronzes" or "sorting droves of useless slaves by colors and ages." It was pleasant to watch them brawling, and pretend that one was superintending their exercises. A man occupied with his toilet, who "would rather have the state in confusion than his hair disarranged,"[1] is not so much more unreasonable than a philosopher who would rather let everything go wrong than risk his temper in rebuking it. The philosopher is occupied with perfection, and so is the amateur who nurses his voice: if the voice is best when left alone, as Seneca says, most ascetics find that the same holds of the temper. It is no reproach to anybody to give good dinners, or to train the waiters to behave better than the guests. What seems to provoke Seneca most of all is the useless learning which had become fashionable at Rome, which consisted in a mere *memoria technica* of superficial trivialities; as, Who was the first to induce Romans to go to sea? Who was the first to exhibit lions loose? Who was the first to lead elephants in triumph?[2]

All the time which is given to this information, which has no effect upon the character, is so much lost to the study of philosophy, and all the time that is spent on philosophy is true life. It is a great privilege to be adopted at will into a great house, and take not only its name but its heritage; and it should seem that, in Seneca's judgment, to be a serious philosopher of any school is all that is required. He has a hearty dislike to the pettifogging logic of the earlier Stoics, and spends the best part of a letter to Lucilius on refuting an unlucky syllogism of Zeno:[3] a drunken man is not trusted with a secret; a good man is trusted with a secret; therefore a good man is not drunken. First of all, he scolds Zeno for saying a drunken man if he meant a drunkard, and then he quotes several noted drunkards of the late republic and the early empire who held high office and knew great secrets and kept them. In the letters to Lucilius throughout he quotes Epicurus by preference, because Lucilius supposed himself to

[1] "De Brevitate Vitæ," xii. [2] Id. xiii. [3] Ep. lxxxiii.

be an Epicurean, and because Seneca was delighted to prove that Epicurus was as unworldly and as abstinent as any of the rest, though every now and then he insists that the Stoics are always at the level which Epicurus only reaches sometimes. Another attraction of Epicurus may have been his retired life; for the love of retirement certainly grew upon Seneca: he says that he never returns from company or business in as good a frame of mind as he entered upon it. He urges Lucilius, as the first step to improvement, to shake himself loose from the cares of this world, and not to believe that he is entangled against his will because he finds the entanglement irksome; he could relieve himself at once, or very soon, if he could only renounce the objects for which he undertakes so much irksome business. He rejoices when he finds that he can resist distractions himself, when he can lodge near the baths and not be disturbed by the different noises; and triumphs when he can arrive at one of his villas and simply lie down to rest from his journey without a bath and a shampoo. The conception of progress is very prominent; it is more to him than it could be to a strict Stoic, who consistently divided the world into the two classes, the wise and the mad. Of course the first class was practically non-existent, and the worldly were fond of dwelling upon the weaknesses and inconsistencies of the classical philosophers whom their earnest disciples wished to canonize. We see traces of this in one of the most interesting episodes of the correspondence with Lucilius. A certain Marcellinus made Lucilius and Seneca anxious by showing increasing signs of a resolution to live for the world, and using his cleverness to disparage philosophy.[1] He relieved their anxiety by suicide, at the advice of a Stoic, who told him that life was too unimportant to be worth the anxiety of recovering from a tedious illness, which would require a long and troublesome course of treatment; and advised him not to ask one of his slaves[2] to kill him, but to abstain from food; which he did for three days, with such

[1] Ep. xxix.

[2] It would have been difficult for the slave to prove that he had orders and was justified in acting on them. Ep. lxxvii.

effect that he rather enjoyed the sensation of dying in a warm bath. Seneca supports his testimony by his own experience of the pleasure of fainting.

There are not many such pieces of realism in the correspondence. Mostly Seneca is enforcing the commonplaces of his school or clearing up little puzzles of such an order as this: whether the virtues are animals, and, if so, whether each of them is an animal; whether irrational animals have a sense of the harmony of their own nature, which he decides in the affirmative; whether we apprehend the chief good by reason or by sense. Although Seneca feels very strongly that philosophy is to be practical, and not a mere compendium of abstract truths, he is always entangling himself in casuistry, for scruples grow up fast when people insist on suppressing the strongest of their natural impulses, and the artificial estimate of life on which the Stoics laid so much stress as a guide to right conduct required to be guarded by an immense apparatus of distinctions. Seneca distrusts his own weakness too much to be independent: though he is always fretting at the bondage of system, he never emancipates his favorite conception of *Bona Mens* from the paradoxical trammels of Zeno and Chrysippus. He is fascinated, besides, by the liberal side of their teaching. He is delighted to recognize the brotherhood of man in slaves, which was a more important chapter in Roman Stoicism than in Greek, because the Roman Stoic had, for the most part, a large household of slaves; and it was a practical question whether he would treat them as members of his family, or keep them at a distance, and enforce discipline by mechanical severity.

Another side of Stoicism which Seneca develops with great zeal is the thought of the God within, and of the unity between the spirit of the wise and the spirit of the Most High, who inhabits the world and embraces it within his own being; although this is not yet so prominent as in Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. On the other hand, he is more occupied than we have reason to think his predecessors were with the physical side of philosophy. He seeks communion between the spirit of man and the higher spirit of nature in knowledge: he echoes

the tone of Lucretius in this, and he anticipates the modern sentiment of the bounty of nature when he bids us despise earthly riches that we may be like the gods (the spirits of the stars and the personified forces of nature), who possess nothing and give all things. It is a sign of discontent with his school that his seven books of "Natural Questions" are based upon Aristotle; and even when the Stoics are right in their isolated opinions, he shrinks from following them. So he narrates with patronizing scepticism a shrewd suggestion that the cold winds of spring in the south are due to the break-up of ice in the north, and the sound observation that half-melted snow chills the feet more than snow that is crisp and hard. And the whole tone of the book is rather sceptical. The author has no steady hold upon the elementary truths of physical science; telling us, for instance, as one of the glories of his study, that the earth is part of the subject of astronomy, which has to discuss whether the earth is round or flat, whether there is air all round, and, if so, what keeps it from falling. All these questions are decided rightly, but the strange thing is that they should have to be asked. Seneca is no worse than others: the elder Pliny and Tacitus, not realizing the effect of the inclination of the ecliptic to the equator, discuss the long summer days and the long winter nights of northern latitudes in language that leaves it uncertain whether they still held fast their knowledge that the earth was round. Seneca is beyond his age in his superb faith in the possibilities of science: here at any rate he joins hands with Bacon. He feels strongly that the human mind has never had fair play; that it is only in a civilized community that science can advance; and that, in the civilized community in which he was living, intellectual energy was absorbed in material interests and frivolous curiosity. Seneca is quite free from the Stoic passion for the miraculous. He reproduces, for instance, Aristotle's optical explanation of the curious phenomenon of seeing one's self in the open air, which in Germany led to so much gross mysticism about *Doppelgänger* and the like. On the other hand, Seneca is given to moralize in season and out of season: he has no conception of disinterested knowledge,

except that he protests against science being subordinated to industrialism. He is not given to explanations based upon an optimistic teleology, which is worth notice, as in Cicero's treatise "De Natura Deorum" the Stoic builds very much upon "the argument from Design." But, although Aristotle gave final causes a large place in theory, he and his school generally preferred the chemical explanations of concrete phenomena: consequently Seneca, when he wishes to be edifying, has to bring in the edification arbitrarily. For instance, in the midst of a dissertation upon optics, we have a very bitter and outspoken declamation against a voluptuary who had a room fitted up with magnifying mirrors to enjoy himself in, besides much sage reflection as to what the proper use of mirrors can be; it is quite clear that the toilet can have no place in them: it is shocking that a man should comb his hair, or trim his beard, or, worst of all, pluck out the superfluous hair on his face at a mirror. On the other hand, it seems a good thing that we should be acquainted with our own appearance, and it is clear (though Seneca thinks it necessary to prove it from the poets) that, without natural mirrors, at any rate this would be impossible. So, again, the discussion of snow and ice is interrupted by a declamation against the fashionable passion for iced wine and iced water. Here the rhetoric and the science have a sort of connection: the paradox that men should wish to heat themselves with wine and then cool themselves with snow is like the paradox that snow should be colder than water, when it seems to be a compound of the colder element water with the warmer element air.[1]

The subject of electricity was disproportionately important to a Roman, and Seneca's treatment of it is in consequence rather perverse. Aristotle and Nigidius Figulus are mixed up in equal measure. The classification of different sorts of

[1] "Nat. Quæst." IV. xii., xiii. The paradox was perfectly legitimate at the time: it was observed that water expanded in taking the form of snow or ice, and this was attributed to the absorption of air; while air was set down as warmer than water, because water always feels colder when the flesh is thrust into it, and because heat converts fluids into vapors, mixing them, as it then seemed, with air.

thunderbolts, and the meaning to be attached to them, interrupts the speculation as to their origin, and the discussion would be meagre if continuous. On the other hand, earthquakes are treated in quite a scientific spirit: the writer knows the importance of water in producing these and the kindred phenomenon of volcanoes. Another point where Seneca has the highest merit a literary writer on scientific subjects can have, is that of being in advance of the current scientific tradition of his time on the important question of comets. Aristotle apparently had mixed them up, rather unfortunately, with meteors; and it is clear from Pliny that the question was very much as he had left it. Seneca argues clearly and forcibly that comets belong to the eternal constitution of the world.[1] His merit is greater, because the subject was one on which the Stoics were peculiarly perverse: they wished to explain comets away into atmospheric phenomena, like the "torches and trumpets and beams and other signs in heaven," which we should now think were probably partly due to the aurora borealis and partly to excited imaginations. Seneca observes that comets are more permanent than any purely atmospheric phenomenon: and as to the theory that a comet is a flame burning its way gradually through the air, such flames are quite inadmissible: and besides, if we could imagine them, we should find them always burning downwards; but a comet is no nearer the earth, where air is densest, when it is lowest down in heaven. Besides, no fire burns in a circle; and, whether all comets move in a circle or not, two which had been observed in Seneca's own time did. The objection that the shape of the comets is unlike that of the planets really rests upon our ignorance; so, too, does the objection, which at first sight looks scientific, that their paths lie outside the zodiac. Seneca observes that the paths of the planets, which from the geocentric point of view lie within the ecliptic, do not all lie on one plane; and it is really arbitrary to think that heaven is pathless in all regions but one, to say nothing of the irreverence, upon which Seneca is lengthy and eloquent, of setting limits to the power of divine beings like the heavenly

[1] "Nat. Quæst." IV. vii., xxii.

bodies. It is too soon, according to Seneca, to expect a definitive solution of the subject. Greece had only counted the stars and named the constellations 1500 years (as he reckoned) before his time. There were many parts of the world still where the sky was only known by sight, and where the cause of such a simple phenomenon as the eclipse of the moon, or its waxing and waning, was still unknown. The whole of one life would be very short to study the heavens, and few, if any, consecrate even half a life to knowledge. Consequently, many generations will have to leave much for posterity, which will wonder at last at our ignorance of the open secret.

Even such a simple question as the apparent retrograde motion of the planets had only been recently solved when Seneca wrote. Characteristically, he does not give the solution: he tells us eloquently why there must be a solution, and then lays down that the appearance of slowness is laid upon them by their meeting the sun and by the nature of paths and circles so arranged as to mislead the looker-on at certain moments.[1] A reader who understood the theory of the planetary movements received in the first century would be able to detect an allusion to it, though perhaps with some doubt as to whether the author could have given a clear exposition of it. A reader who knows the heliocentric theory of the solar system no better than Seneca knew the geocentric will be struck by the contrast between the painstaking explanations of Lucretius and Manilius, who wrote in verse, and the ruthless way in which the prose of Seneca sacrifices everything to terseness. Not a sentence is obscure, but the subject often is; whenever, in fact, it is not possible to pack the necessary conceptions into epigrams. When epigrams will do for explanation, Seneca does not stint them. His account of a deluge is quite clear, if not exactly adequate: "Nothing is difficult to Nature, especially when she makes haste to an end. To begin things she makes scant use of her strength, and ekes out with growth too slow to trace: it comes suddenly upon destruction, rushing with full force. What a long time it needs

[1] "Nat. Quæst." VII. xxv., xxvi.

for an infant who is conceived to come to the birth! how much labor to rear it while tender! what diligent nurture to bring the body to youthful prime! What a trifle it is to undo! Cities are built up through an age, undone in an hour. Ashes are made in a moment; a forest grows slowly. All things stand and flourish, thanks to great diligence; swiftly and suddenly they fall out. The least sway or change in this settled order of nature is enough for the destruction of mortals. Therefore, when that inevitable hour arrives, manifold fate stirs up second causes; so great a change is not accomplished without a convulsion of the universe, according to an opinion of Fabianus, among others. First rains fall out of measure, and heaven is under the gloom of storm-clouds without a ray of sunshine: the clouds hang without a break, and are bred of moisture and thick darkness, with no winds to dry them. So the fields are tainted; the plants wither as they grow up, and bear no fruit. All that is sown with the hand is marred, and marsh herbage spreads over the plains. Soon even the stronger feel the hurt; for when their roots are loosened shrubs and vines fall down; not a bush can hold the soil, which is soft and fluid; anon it can bear no corn nor glad pastures for the waters; men are in distress for famine, and stretch out their hands for the diet of ancient days. So oak and ilex are shaken, and every tree upon the hills that stood fast by the strength of the rocks. Buildings shake and soak; the foundations sink as the water makes its way right under them; all the ground is turned to a pool. It is vain to try to stay up what totters to its fall; for every foundation is laid upon a slippery place, and upon muddy ground is no stability. After the storms descend yet more vehemently, and the snows which are heaped with mire are melted, a torrent rolling down the highest mountain sweeps away the woods, which have no more root, and rolls along the rocks, which are loosened from the overthrow of their foundations. It washes farmsteads away, and bears off flocks of sheep in their midst, and first tears down the lesser buildings, which its passage sweeps before it, and gathers strength to break upon what is greater. It drags down cities and peoples entangled in their own walls, won-

dering whether to bewail their shipwreck or their ruin: so suddenly comes down the water to crush and drown at once; then it goes forward, in a manner, and grows by the torrents it sweeps into itself. Last of all, it overflows, glorious and laden with a great overthrow of nations.

"Rivers of their own nature are monstrous things, and when tempests sweep them up they leave their beds. What think you of Rhone or Rhine or Danube, that have the course of a torrent even in their proper channel, when they overflow and make themselves new banks, cleave the ground, and quit their bed withal? With what headlong speed they roll, when the Rhine, as he flows over the plains, does not faint or slack for all that space, but fills up wide bounds as though narrow for his waters: when the Danube no more frets the roots or slopes of the mountains, but alarms their topmost crests, bringing with him the soaking flanks of mountains and crags he has overthrown, and headlands of great regions which, as their foundation gave way, have parted from the shore! Then, finding no issue (for his gross overflow has choked up all), he turns him round again and overwhelms in one vortex a mighty compass of countries and cities. And still the storms endure: heaven grows heavier, as evil gathers upon evil by delay. What was a cloud is night, a horrible dreadful night, shot through with light of terror. For lightnings are flashing thick, and tempests stirring the sea. Then the sea also, being enlarged with the swellings of the rivers, is straitened in himself, and ready to remove his shores: his own bounds cannot contain him, but the torrents will not let him forth, and drive his billows backward; and yet most part thereof is banked up into a pool, as though their mouths restrained them, and the fields are changed to the fashion of one great lake. Now all that is in sight is buried under water. Every swelling is hidden in the deep, and unfathomable abysses are everywhere—only upon the topmost heights of the mountains there are shallows. To those highest regions, in such seasons, they fled with wives and children, and drove their flocks before them. The wretches had no commerce, no communication: all ways were cut to and fro, since whatever lay lower, that was filled

by the waves. The leavings of the human race clung to the loftiest points: in the extremity they were come to, their only comfort was that their terror was turned into astonishment. Wonder left no room for fear; even grief had no more place. For grief loses all his power upon him who is wretched beyond sense of evil. And so the mountains are lifted up like islands, and are numbered with the scattered Cyclades, according to the excellent saying of the most ingenious poet, who still keeps to the grandeur of the business when he says,

> Then all was sea, a sea that lacked a shore (Ov. "Met." i. 292),

if only he had not brought down the high taste of his wit and his matter to childish trivialities—

> Tawny lions ride
> The waves where wolf and lamb swim side by side (Ib. 304).

It is a thing hardly sober to wax wanton when all the earth is swallowed up."[1] Some might think Ovid's conceit about animals forgetting their natural enmities in a common peril no worse than Seneca's own about shipwreck and ruin, or the image which he copies from Vergil, turning it into a conceit in the process, of the flood that sweeps away cattle and fold. However, Seneca will not allow a poet to think of dumb animals at such a moment, and insists that it is impossible to swim in a flood. Seneca himself forgets, in rebuking Ovid, that his elaborate description is a sufficient expansion of the theory plainly enunciated at starting, and returns from the digression to state the theory anew.

Besides repeating what has gone before, he elucidates the way in which the sea, having a spherical surface, can easily overflow the earth, especially because the earth is able to melt away into moisture. He shows his philosophy by insisting that there is nothing abnormal in these catastrophes; that they come by the law of the universe, as summer and winter come. He is tempted by the theory of Berosus, that periodical deluges arrive when all the planets are in Capricorn, which is plausible, because in the northern hemisphere the

[1] "Nat. Quæst." III. xxvii.

weather is wettest and coldest when the sun is in Capricorn. For the same reason, when the sun is in Cancer, the periodical conflagration arrives. But his faith is without hope. "The license of the waves is not forever. When the destruction of the human race is accomplished, and beasts are destroyed together, into whose nature men had been translated, earth will drink up the waters again; nature will constrain the sea to be still, or rage within his own bounds; ocean will be driven from our habitations to his own secret places. The old order will be restored. Every living creature will be born anew; and earth shall receive the gift of man, knowing nothing yet of guilt, born under happier stars. But they too shall only abide in innocence while the breed is new. Naughtiness creeps up apace; virtue is difficult to find, and craves a ruler or guide; vices are learned even without a master."[1]

Pliny the Younger quotes Seneca as one of the great men who condescended to literary amusements below what might have been thought their dignity. A respectful posterity has preserved few records of their amusements. The epigrams or elegies on his exile in Corsica are doubtful and insignificant. The satire on the death of Claudius is decidedly more spiteful than witty. The title Ἀποκολοκύντωσις, or pumpkinification, has little point; for, although it rhymes with ἀποθέωσις, or deification, one does not see why poor Claudius was bound to turn into a pumpkin more than into any other vegetable; unless the author intended to hint at a dull and unsavory joke that, being dead, he swelled before he burst. The introduction is better, but not good: he tells us that he will relate what happened in heaven upon the faith of a servile visionary, and that unless he pleases he is not bound to give any evidence at all. It is a fair joke to compare Claudius's voice and movements to the bleating and the gait of a sea-calf; but it is less edifying to hear that Hercules as a travelled god was deputed to act as interpreter, and canvassed actively to promote the deification of Claudius, having been deified himself; while Augustus, who had never interfered with the affairs of heaven before, came forward to protest against the deification of the relation who had

[1] "Nat. Quæst." III. xxx.

put so many of his family and of his countrymen to death. The hymn recited at Claudius's funeral, setting forth how he decided heaps of cases in the height of summer upon hearing sometimes one side and often neither, is amusing, and so is his naïve surprise when he finds all his victims ready to meet him in the world below. His final damnation to play dice with a box with no bottom is hardly severe enough; and we do not know whether he is better or worse off when adjudged as a slave to Caligula, who makes him over to one of his freedmen to exercise jurisdiction over the ghosts of his (the freedman's) household. The flattery of Nero is long in proportion to the shortness of the work, and turns upon nothing better than his voice and golden hair. He succeeds better in drawing inspiration from his inexhaustible contempt for Claudius, who is very nearly deified "because it will be for the public good that there should be somebody in heaven to bolt hot turnips with Romulus." It is surprising to find that one of Claudius's great offences was his zeal in spreading the privileges of Roman citizenship; for apparently Seneca was quite willing to recognize men of all conditions as brethren, without the least desire to equalize the conditions. We need not lay too much stress on the contrast between the flattery of Claudius in the consolatory letter to Polybius and the satire of the Ἀποκολοκύντωσις. Claudius was a well-intentioned but decidedly ridiculous person, in whom it was easier for an exile to believe, who compared him with Caligula, than for a courtier who compared him with his own expectations from his own pupil Nero. Besides, the clumsy cruelty of Claudius broke out after Seneca had flattered him.

The plays which have reached us under Seneca's name are commonly thought unworthy of his reputation, for this reason, among others, that a play requires organic structure, which no works of Seneca possess, and also because the philosophical works of Seneca are *sui generis*, while the tragedies invite comparison with the works of the great Attic period. It has always been doubted whether they are even genuine, although the "Medea" is quoted as Seneca's by Quinctilian, and there is no serious reason to question the evidence of the MS., ex-

cept that the "Octavia" contains such unmistakable allusions to the fate of Nero that it cannot be the work of Seneca, who did not live to witness it. There are metrical points in the "Œdipus," the "Hercules Œtæus," and the "Agamemnon" which have made it doubtful whether they are by the author of the rest. It is difficult to maintain any system of strophes and antistrophes in the chorus, and the anapæst monometers are apt to degenerate into adonics oftener than in the other plays. Of course it is possible that Seneca may have grown a little careless, and otherwise the plays are very like him in tone and spirit.

Still it is true that they are below the level of his prose, though they had merit enough to influence all the attempts of the Renaissance at the revival of tragedy. They are not the expression of his convictions; they are not founded, like the tragedy of Æschylus, on an apprehension of religious tradition which seeks at once to deepen and to soften the tradition it has received, nor, like the tragedy of Sophocles, on a serious and lofty recognition of what is most permanent in life; nor even, like the tragedy of Euripides, on an anxious discussion of real problems; but are an elaborate and eloquent protest against things in general, and especially against the inequalities of fortune. They belong to the literature of revolt, and they are thrown into a dramatic form because the author does not wish to take the responsibility of revolt in his own person. When a Stoic is quite serious, he believes in duty and in providence, but these are the weak places of his system: the strong place is the glory of virtue. The interest of the "Hercules Œtæus," the longest and the soberest of the plays, turns on the contrast between the resignation of the hero and the natural complaints of his mother; and though Hercules appears in his divine glory to rebuke her lamentations, yet the narrative of his sufferings is arranged so as to glorify him at the expense of heaven. So, too, in the "Troades," the main idea is the cruelty of the gods, who have delivered a blameless nation for the sin of a single woman, who herself escapes without punishment. Rather than acknowledge that the gods can have revealed that Polyxena is to be sacrificed to the

ghost of Achilles, the chorus sing a musical and really poetical ode, to explain that they do not believe in the immortality of the soul, and set forth that death would be no good if it brought no end, no rest; and this is exactly in the style of Seneca, who never loses an opportunity of praising death. Like most of Seneca's plays, the "Troades" has little action, and much bitter wit: the nearest approach to action is when there is a scolding-match between Agamemnon and Pyrrhus, because Agamemnon objects to the sacrifice of Polyxena; but when both heroes have proved they know how to be insolent, Agamemnon announces he will ask Calchas and give way to fate. It is less undramatic when Helen gives up the attempt to deceive Polyxena. The scene in which Andromache hides Astyanax in the tomb of Hector, and then gives him up rather than have Hector's ashes outraged, does not want for action, though it is grotesque enough; for Andromache makes an odd figure when she reflects that, if she allows the tomb to be destroyed, her son will be buried in the ruins. Seneca shows to more advantage when he remarks that the Greeks dared to show their sense of the cruelty of their chiefs while the conquered Trojans were compelled to hide their tears. Even when Seneca follows a really dramatic play like the "Medea" or the "Agamemnon" pretty closely, he ceases to be dramatic. He dislocates the connection and the movement of his original in order to heighten parts which are not highly flavored enough for his crude eagerness. So, for instance, in the "Medea" we have a discussion in which Medea convinces Jason he is using her badly, the conventionalities under which he escapes in Euripides not being to the writer's taste. Again, he gives up an act to a description of the dreadful enchantments by which Medea prepares her revenge. In the "Œdipus" a pompous description of the enchantments of Tiresias and his daughter Manto is a poor substitute for the irony of Sophocles, who shows us an unwilling minister of fate forced to speak by the stubborn earnestness of the king, who repays him with suspicion. In the "Thyestes" a whole act is devoted to the evocation of Megæra and the ghost of Tantalus, and another to a long speech of the messenger who describes

the solemn sacrifice and cookery of the children of Thyestes, interrupted at rare intervals by the chorus, whose questions serve to bring out some new horror. After this, we are introduced to Thyestes feasting and trying to enjoy himself: his awe would be impressive if, when his brother comes to explain the real state of things, Thyestes did not hear the cry of his children, whom he has eaten, sounding within him. But here and elsewhere Seneca has the faults of his qualities: he is always anxious to pile up the agony higher than the Greeks have piled it before him. It is rare when he is simply cold, as in the "Hippolytus," where, though Phædra makes a formal declaration of her passion to its object, as in the first draught of the great play, which Euripides was compelled to withdraw by the Attic sense of propriety, she moves us so little that we are not seriously affected when Hippolytus delivers a lecture on the different kinds of sporting dogs.

With all this, it must be owned that the dialogue, if it led to anything, is extremely brilliant. The scolding scene in the "Troades" is wonderfully clever, apart from its tame conclusion; and in the "Thyestes" the scene between Atreus and his henchman, though quite unnecessary for the action, contains a brilliant theory of tyranny from the point of view of the tyrant and the public who have to put up with him. The scene between Agamemnon and Cassandra is more nearly dramatic, and worth reading, even after Æschylus:

A. Festus dies est.
A. Veneremur aras.
A. Jovem precemur pariter.
A. Credis videre te Ilium?
A. Hic Troja non est.
A. Ne metue dominam famula.
A. Secura vive.
A. Nullum est periclum tibimet.
A. Victor timere quid potest?

C. Festus et Trojæ fuit.
C. Cecidit ante aras pater.
C. Herceum Jovem?
C. Et Priamum simul.
C. Ubi Helena est, Troiam puta.
C. Libertas adest.
C. Mors mihi est securitas.
C. At magnum tibi.
C. Quod non timet.

Here we have the Stoic sentiment that popular goods are real misfortunes, which is quite independent of the doctrine of the blessedness of virtue; for Hippolytus and even Thyestes appear, like Hercules, as innocent victims of the injustice of destiny; while the chorus preaches the advantage of

separation from the world. All the really mystical elements of Greek tragedy disappear, and are replaced by common magic; for instance, nothing is made of Hippolytus's neglect of Venus, very little of Phædra's passion.

There is considerable uncertainty in the metres of some of the choruses, owing to the defective state of the MSS., which seem to have been copied—as in the "Œdipus," for instance—by a scribe who did not know the metre which was dictated to him, and tried at random in the same ode to piece out sometimes sapphics, sometimes glyconics. In general, the odes, when we make allowance for the rarity of the adonic, which is used at most to mark strophes, not stanzas, are fairly pleasing: they are musical, and do not come to a stand-still like the stanzas of Statius; and there is more feeling in them than in the speeches, where the passion is too commonly torn to tatters.

Quinctilian tells us that his own contemporaries were much more successful in tragedy than Seneca; he mentions especially Pomponius Secundus, who was probably tame and regular, but less absurd. Curiatius Maternus, one of Domitian's victims, turned his tragedies into pamphlets, and appears to have enjoyed a *succès d'estime* under Vespasian: he is known chiefly by "The Dialogue on Orators."

LUCILIUS JUNIOR.

Seneca's friend Lucilius Junior accepted a post as procurator in Sicily, which was an easy provision for life, if the holder resisted the temptation to act as a magistrate, as Seneca rightly trusted Lucilius would do. Part of his leisure was devoted to an elaborate poem on Ætna, which has reached us in a very imperfect state. The interest of the work lies chiefly in the author's standpoint. We know that he called himself an Epicurean, and he still maintains the Epicurean protest against mythology, and copies Lucretius discreetly in his metres; but he does not trouble himself the least about atomic physics, and, so far as he has a system, tends rather to Stoicism. Nature he thinks the great artificer, whose work deserves our study above all the legendary trophies of art.

His ideal seems to be science rather than philosophy. He does not criticise the objects of worldly desire, like Lucretius, or Horace, or Seneca; he does not argue with the passions or the fears they breed: the real reward is to know what the nature of earth keeps straitly hidden. Like Socrates, Lucilius wishes to bring knowledge down from heaven: it is a sort of disgrace to know more of the stars than of the earth we live upon, and still worse only to study the earth in a utilitarian way in the sordid interests of agriculture or mining.

He has very little of the feeling of Lucretius for simple pleasures, or for the elementary pathos of human life: he feels the difficulty of writing more than the difficulty of living: he invokes Phœbus and the Muses to help him to write about something quite new and real: it is a safe precaution to take Phœbus for a guide in untrodden ways. All mythological themes, we learn, are hackneyed; and the writer alludes to each in a way to make us thankful he did not treat it. Even when he has announced his own, we are not quit of mythology; for all the mythical theories of volcanoes have to be enumerated and rejected. Ætna is not the forge of Vulcan, nor of the Cyclops, nor yet the burial-place of some giant who made war upon heaven. The last theory seems to have a certain attraction for Lucilius's fancy: he spends over thirty lines in developing it, and nearly twenty more in apologizing for the liberties that poetical genius takes with nature and the gods. On the other hand, he is very much shocked that it should have ever been thought a god could demean himself to work at a forge, or that Jupiter could be dependent for his arms upon the working of a volcano. Something like a seventh of the poem is taken up with this exordium, about as much with a peroration, which is very like a discarded exordium, about the different things that people travel to see and find wonderful, concluding with the story of the pious brethren who bore their parents safely through an eruption. The description of the calamity is in the main a heavy imitation of Ovid, with something of his ingenuity, little or nothing of his sprightly flow. Here and there is a line that reminds us of the "Georgics:" "the fields, tamed by tillage, that burn with

their lords;" the pious brethren find their father and mother sluggish — wearied out, alas! with old-age, and their limbs stretched on the threshold. Often the phrase is vague, and one feels the writer is not sure how much it is necessary to say; for instance,

> Nec sanctos juvenes attingunt sordida fata;
> Sideræ cessere domus et jura piorum (vv. 643, 644)—

"The fate of meaner spirits" (literally, mean fate) "does not touch the holy brethren; the starry mansions and the dues of the righteous fall [to their portion]." In the same way, "the double rites that smoke from one burning"[1] is quite unintelligible, till we remember that the sons of Œdipus were burned on one pyre, and the smoke and flames from their bodies would not unite; and "the sorrowful figures round the altar of the changeling hind, and the muffled father,"[2] is an over-ingenious way of describing a picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

The didactic part of the poem is decidedly better written than the ornamental, and the theory is ingenious and scientific as far as it goes. It turns upon the subterranean action of water upon the fire supposed to be latent in all substances from which it is possible to strike a spark. The existence of subterranean cavities on an adequate scale is proved by the fact that water finds its way underground in large quantities. The predominant action of air in eruptions is proved by the fact that large masses of cinders are set in motion, while flames, though always in motion themselves, have no power to set other bodies in motion. The difficulty that exercises Lucilius most is why eruptions only come now and then, which he feels gives a sort of plausibility to the profane conjecture that the fuel inside Ætna burns out and has to be renewed. "There is no such mean poverty in the things of heaven: it [the non-existent poverty?] does not beg for means by driblets, and gather alms of air."[3] The two reasons which explain this are, that winds get obstructed in their underground course, and cannot break out, especially when the rocks have

[1] v. 576. [2] vv. 595, 596. [3] vv. 371, 372.

fallen in by reason of a previous explosion; and that heat, as it passes into moisture, acquires a greater power of acting upon air. This refers to the notion that everything which melts is of watery nature, and it has been already explained that the pressure of moisture can drive air before it, as water was made to blow the Triton's horn in the Roman circus.

The extension given to the principle is rather startling: it almost appears that the waves drive the wind instead of the wind driving the waves, or else Lucilius is comparatively safe in maintaining that such action as water has on wind is strongest underground. In fact, his notion of a volcano is a furnace full of minerals of a peculiarly fiery nature, worked by hydraulic bellows. He spends a great deal of pains on proving that minerals of a fiery nature are not enough to make a volcano by themselves; for there are places where sulphur is so plentiful as to be collected for commercial purposes, and yet volcanic action is in abeyance even where other volcanic rocks are found whose significance at Ætna is duly acknowledged. Of course the discussion is confused by the writer's belief in the element of fire held to be specially present in such rocks as would retain their character at a high degree of heat. A rock that melts easily is said to have a nature that fears fire; but if it can retain a high degree of heat without melting, that proves its fidelity as a custodian. This is the case with the hard grit which Lucilius thinks the most characteristic of the rocks of Ætna, though he is very much struck by the "stones which in various windings flow through all the mountain, whereunto the more faithful charge of flame is given"[1]—in other words, to the veins of metamorphic rock. At the approach of an eruption, when the rocks are hot, and "send before a certain presage of the fire to come, as soon as the north-west wind moves and threatens a storm, the grit flees apart and draws the ground as oars draw water, and under earth a heavy murmur gives tidings of burning—then it is well to tremble, and flee, and make way for the holy things: you may watch it all from a safe hill-top."[2] Then comes a description of the torrent of lava.

[1] vv. 399, 400. [2] vv. 461, 466.

"If any of the stones have crumbled in the crust of fire, there is a roughish scum, a kind of lustreless tinder, like the dross we see purged off from iron; but after the mass of sinking stone has heaved and bubbled for a little while, the liquid rises to a narrow crest (as when stone is melted in a furnace, and all the moisture rises in its veins as it is utterly burned out, till the ore is gone, and there is only light, empty, rotten stone to throw away), and begins to boil the more, and press forward in fashion of a gentle river, and sends its wave at last down the first hills. Little by little they journey twice six miles; for there is nothing to check them, nothing to curb or balk the fires, no bulk to make a bootless stay: all things fight on one side. The woods and rocks invite the weapons, and the soil defrays the cost of the war, and clothes itself with a river congenial to its nature. But if it lingers, and is entangled in hills or valleys, it rolls devouring over and up and down the fields; the waves grow thick, the billows are brought to a stand, and roar as when the swift sea rolls headlong in a winding tide. First, a thin curving wave drives the waves in front, then it goes forward spreading far and wide; the streams swell up, they stiffen to their banks, and harden in the cold; little by little the fires congeal, and the harvest of flame is gathered. Then they put off their former face as, inch by inch, they stiffen: the mass rises, drawn by very weight; it rolls with mighty roar; when it dashes headlong on some ringing bulk, it shivers with the shock it gives; and, where it bursts, a swarm of blazing sparks leaps from the blazing heart, the burning stones rush out, and, see! rushing far and ever farther, the brands rush on with unabated glow. But if the torrent of fire puts on the visage of coal, and draws back to its stream, one can scarcely part it by driving in a wedge; and yet the piled-up ruin lies for twenty days with fire alive below."[1]

The chief fault in the language is that nominatives are left unexpressed, and that the verbs change in voice and number as if the writer had no definite nominative in his mind. We may notice one pretty verb, probably a coinage of Seneca's,

[1] vv. 474–508.

which did not take root in literature—*cernulare*, to express the stoop of a wave ready to break. Even Valerius Flaccus, with his delicate perception, does not use it, for the old word *præcipitare* expressed as much as the Romans in general cared to notice.

"PANEGYRIC ON PISO."

The "Panegyric on Piso," attributed to Saleius Bassus, must, if his, be a very early work. It has none of the rough vigor that Persius and Quinctilian attribute to the odes of his manhood and old-age. It is smooth and copious and diffuse. Piso has a long and illustrious pedigree, duly celebrated by other poets: he adorns it himself by the peaceful triumphs of the gown. He has complete command over the courts: he surpasses Menelaus when he wishes to be terse, and Ulysses when he wishes to be convincing, and Nestor when he wishes to be entertaining. We may infer from the compliment that Saleius, being a poet, had read nothing but poetry. Piso was supposed to have distinguished himself immensely when he delivered the enthusiastic eulogy upon the emperor which was expected from a newly appointed consul. When nothing is going on in the courts or the senate, Piso amuses himself by declamation, and all the world comes to listen; he exercises himself at ball, or fencing, or boxing, and all the world leave their own exercises to look on. We do not hear whether any one was admitted to Piso's musical exercises: he was obviously at once proud of his accomplishments and half ashamed of them. His panegyrist accumulates mythological precedents in favor of practices which still shocked much respectable opinion. It is plain that, as Tacitus tells us, it was only a question of degree between him and Nero. Piso was behind the age in another point, which was rather to his credit: he respected the independence and judgment of friends who received material help at his hands,[1] while there was an increasing tendency to treat clients as paid buffoons, hired to sacrifice their dignity for a paltry pittance. The poet himself

[1] In fact, it appears that dissolute pensioners were among the principal members of his conspiracy.

professes to be poor, but not to want Piso's money: he composes his panegyric in the hope of being made free of his patron's house, partly for the satisfaction of knowing so excellent and illustrious a person, whom he will be able to celebrate better when he knows him better, but chiefly because he hopes that if Piso will take him up he will become known, as Vergil and Varius and Horace became known, thanks to Mæcenas, though the poet cannot forget that Mæcenas gave more than praise. For himself, he hopes to find a new Mæcenas, and is prepared, when he enters his gates with the muse, to lay aside the gravity of the forum—a hint that he knew by reputation how voluptuous Piso's family life was, and was ready to admire it the more. He has praised Piso already for being able to keep up the most magnificent dignity in public and throw off all restraint in hours of amusement, which is also the ideal of a Red Indian.

CHAPTER II.

LUCAN AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

THE poetry of the Claudian period is one of the most perplexing phenomena in Latin literature. The original work of the time is the "Pharsalia," and it stands in no intelligible relation to the rest of the literary movement, which was very active, though it has left no trace except some sneers and parodies in Persius and Petronius. There is only one common element that we can trace throughout, and that is rather a matter of intention than of achievement. The whole poetry of the reigns of Claudius and Nero seems to have been ambitious of greater metrical smoothness and continuity than had been attained by the contemporaries of Augustus. Persius himself makes Cornutus tell him[1] that his skill lay in close-fitting, sharply turned phrases, too smooth to need mouthing, though he sneers at the profession of his contemporaries to have found metre raw, and added grace and coherence. Calpurnius, if he belongs to the period, is much more careful to avoid elisions than Vergil in his "Eclogues," though he is less musical, in spite of his care. Lucan is much more careful than Vergil not to let the sense end with a line; he never follows the cadences of Vergil's narrative passages for long: what attracts him is the serried texture of Juno's speeches, overloaded with metrical and rhetorical emphasis, in which no word can be spared or its place altered.

The movement which Ovid describes in his last letter from Pontus seems to have kept possession of the field till the time of Persius. Antiquarianism and sentimentalism divided the public, and left no room for good-sense. When Persius wishes for an example of vicious rhetoric, he turns to a great pleader of the age of Augustus, whom he did not learn to satirize

[1] Persius, "Sat." v. 13, 14. Ib. i. 85.

from Horace; when he speaks of the themes which represented poetry to the heirs of Romulus as they lay at wine, he turns to a Phyllis, a Hypsipyle, and all the lamentable poetry of departed bards. This reminds us of Ovid himself, who would hardly have been grateful for the immortality implied in having his verses snuffled through the nose of an elderly voluptuary. The "Iliad" of Macer was no better and no worse than the "Iliad" of Labeo, and Fonteius on the loves of the Nymphs and Satyrs was probably a fit link between the romantic poetry of Catullus and the romantic poetry of the age of Nero. It is clear that romantic poetry, when Persius formed his taste, was the kind of poetry most nearly alive; and this goes with the spurious reputation of Marsus, the continuator of Ovid, whose voluminous work upon the Amazons was well on the way to oblivion in the days of Martial, when Persius's reputation was already established. Persius treats it as the easiest thing in the world to write of Attis and the Bacchanals: no manhood was needed to feel a fictitious hysterical enthusiasm for their orgies, and the expression of such feeling came as easy as slobbering. The tenderness and the pathos and the succession of distinct and vivid pictures, which were the glory of Catullus, have disappeared with the endless alliterations and the monotonous rhythmical structure which seemed obsolete. The type of poet whom Persius caricatures[1] had never seen or heard the Mænads at their revels, like Catullus. He is not content with them at play: he goes straight to the wildest, most painful aspect of things. Instead of a group of male revellers playing with the limbs of a dead steer, which is horrible enough, we have the figure of one woman ready to tear off the living steer's head for his pride; and we know that the steer is her son. There is a crowd of other associations besides the legend of Pentheus. To be sure, Catullus reminds us that his Sileni came from Nysa, but he is not careful to inform us that a Mænad may be regarded as a follower of Bassareus, and that she fills her horn with a Mimallonean blast. On the other hand, Catullus is clear and grammatical; Vergil's constructions are ambiguous, but there

[1] I. 99–102.

is always a grammatical way of taking them. The poet of Persius is as ambiguous, but there is no grammatical solution of the ambiguity. A Bassarid and a Mænad filled (plural) their horns with a Mimallonean blast: so far well, but then who is it that cries "Evius!" again and again? The Mænad? If so, she cannot have been blowing, and the Bassarid might have been left to fill her horn in the singular by herself. Silly as the lines are, it is impossible to deny that for nonsense-verses they are singularly musical; and the same may be said of two isolated lines quoted before (which we may be pretty sure Persius did not invent), though "a dolphin cleaving the azure god of seas," and an army "taking off a rib from the long side of Apennine," are conceptions rather difficult to realize.[1]

The latter proves that historical poetry was still cultivated a little, though apparently not for purposes of declamation. Hannibal might have said many things more eloquent to his army at the end of a long march than the attempt which Persius has recorded to set a sigh of relief to music. In fact, it is one of the grievances of Persius that the poetasters of the day have never turned out a decent school exercise: when they had to write about the country, they gave a catalogue of the contents of the farmyard and the hackneyed associations of the farm: they only pleased themselves and their public when they got into an element of morbid romance.

Lucan cuts rudely into all this. He had composed mythological poems, and had a reputation in that way which rivalled Nero's; but his great work, the "Pharsalia," stands alone in Latin literature for its resolute rejection of mythology. Even the way in which he introduces it as an appendix to geography only serves to measure his contempt for it. When he describes a region which has a legend, he tells the legend with the proviso that it is not true; and the motive for relating a legend that he finds strongest is, that it is an incredible explanation of facts for which no credible explanation was forthcoming. The scientific spirit is strong in Lucan, but it is unembodied; he is curious, and he knows what knowledge is, but he knows

[1] Qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin. Sic costam longo subduximus Apennino.

nothing; perhaps, if there had been anything to be known at the time, he might have failed to learn it. Science was not then in a condition to attract clever people: it was still a miscellaneous collection of disorganized information, converging perhaps in certain directions which could be discerned from the elevation of an Aristotle. There was much mental exercise to be obtained by those who sought it in the comparison of untested plausibilities, and, for those who found this too arduous, there was the simple enumeration of conjectures, in which Lucan was always ready to indulge.

But what is characteristic of him is that he declaimed in verse on an heroic scale. All the passionate eloquent ingenuity, which was wasted upon an audience which lived to find the emotions of their youth ridiculous, found a permanent expression in Lucan, which has always found its echo wherever there have been strong passions forced to be still. In the Middle Ages few classical authors were so much read and praised as Lucan, which is the more noteworthy because in the Middle Ages almost every reader of the classics was a priest or a monk. It agrees with this, that John Foster and the Abbé Gaume both think Lucan one of the palmary instances of the dangers of classical literature to Christian piety. There are fortunate periods, in one of which we seem to have been living, when nearly all the passionate energy which exists is at once exercised and subdued by moderately successful activity; and then Lucan seems, what Byron perhaps will seem, an author for boys, who, if they read and understand him, cannot help admiring, although they look forward to agreeing with their elders and betters, who find him far from wholly admirable.

Lucan's life was a very short one: he was born A.D. 39, and he had to commit suicide A.D. 65, in consequence of his share in Piso's conspiracy. His death gives us exactly the measure of his character: he was tortured to reveal what he knew of the plot, and accused his mother, who had been on very bad terms with his father. When he knew that he was to die, he lay down to a hearty banquet, and, thus fortified, was equal to reciting his own poetry while he bled to death.

It was not exactly inconsistent for him to live a luxurious life, though professing to be a Stoic: the austerity of Stoicism differed from the austerity of monasticism in not aiming at externals. A good Stoic could not be a voluptuary: he was bound to satisfy himself that his heart was not set upon comfort and splendor; but when he had satisfied himself (and he was sole judge in his own cause), he might live in as much comfort and splendor as his means permitted, and as he chose to think his station required. There is no trace in either Seneca or Lucan of the feeling which is always present in Marcus Aurelius, that habitual self-denial in bodily matters is an aid to self-control; and, in fact, to a man who wishes to be in a constant state of eloquent indignation at vice and eloquent aspirations after an unattainable virtue, such self-denial is a hindrance rather than a help: patience and peace are not favorable to exaltation, or to boastfulness over one's attainments or ideals; and boastfulness of his ideals, and regrets that the general force of things is against them, is the deepest source of Lucan's inspiration.

The conflict between character and circumstance, each always victorious on its own ground, is the subject which in endless recurring forms gives interest and dignity to the "Pharsalia," far more than the contest between law and ambition, or liberty and despotism. The poem opens with an adulatory invocation of Nero, anticipating his apotheosis in terms borrowed, with much exaggeration, from the words in which Vergil anticipates the apotheosis of Octavian, and acknowledging that the worst evils of the civil wars (which include, it seems, the death of Cicero) were not a heavy price to pay for the blessings of the reign of Nero, whose first five years were ended when Lucan was twenty years old. Even those five years had been full of crimes against his own household and against the strangers who met him when he roamed the streets at night to amuse himself with violence. There may be something in the repeated observation of ancient and modern critics, that the opening of the "Pharsalia" owes something to Seneca; and it is certain that the poet is not at first so violently opposed to Cæsar as he becomes

afterwards. He is even able to recognize that the war was rather of the seeking of Pompeius, who could not endure an equal, than of Cæsar, who could not endure a master. But this is a solitary gleam of insight: most of the description of the causes of the war is a confused and turgid declamation on luxury and corruption and the vastness of the empire. It is true that Lucan had no experience of the corruption and luxury of the eighteenth century, which was not incompatible with a degree of political stability that Rome hardly retained in the days of Scaurus, or recovered in the days of the Antonines; but, even allowing for this, he is not penetrating: he attributes everything he dislikes to everything he denounces, and does not get beyond his antipathies.

There is no real inconsistency between the hyperboles which he or his uncle lavished upon the promise of a reign that ended miserably, and even the bitterest of his invectives against Cæsar, as a monster who was disappointed whenever he missed a crime. It was characteristic of the Stoics to be pessimists in detail and optimists on the whole; they regarded the general order of things with unqualified, not to say exaggerated, reverence, because this reverence for the power and excellence of the whole was the ultimate sanction of morality; and as they placed morality in a purely disinterested act of the will, and as the will was most clearly disinterested when everything combined to hinder it, they naturally took the darkest view of the surroundings of whatever they took for virtue; the greater the obstacles, the greater the virtue. If Cæsar had not been a criminal, where would have been Cato's glory in resisting Cæsar to the last? He would have sunk to the level of the troops aboard one of Cæsar's ships, who were stranded within reach of a Pompeian camp, and killed one another rather than accept honorable quarter. Even to Lucan, the passion for a violent death seemed less than supremely admirable when indulged purely for its own sake, or in a cause which he could not approve.

Quinctilian says that Lucan is rather an historian or an orator than a poet, and this is true in the sense that, though the world into which Lucan takes us is unreal enough, it is

meant to be real: the lurid glare by which we see everything is not meant for "the light which never was on sea or land." But, after all, every great writer in verse who could not have written better in prose must be accepted as a poet; and Lucan is certainly not an historian. When we know the events, we see that he has related them pretty faithfully; and he was diligent in collecting splendid episodes of individual daring or endurance, of which Livy was perhaps more prodigal than Cæsar. But it would be much harder to get a coherent picture of the Civil war from Lucan than of the Punic war from Silius. Lucan is very loyal to one precept of Horace—he passes by whatever he has no hope will shine under his handling. The whole poem is made up of ornaments, linked together without relief: the transition from one theme for declamation to another is, as a rule, just barely intelligible, but it is always hurried. For instance, the campaign of Dyrrhachium, where Cæsar attempted to blockade Pompeius, and ended by being blockaded himself, is one of the most interesting and important parts of the war. Lucan gives it three hundred and ten lines, and of these a hundred and nineteen are given to Scæva, a centurion who lost an eye, like three others, and had his shield pierced by a hundred and twenty arrows, in the course of a series of engagements in which Cæsar only lost twenty men killed, though none of the cohort in which Scæva served escaped without a wound. The rest of the narrative is shorter, very much shorter, than Cæsar's; and, short as it is, a great many lines are spent upon similes and mythological reminiscences, and regrets that Pompeius did not follow up his success at Dyrrhachium with greater vigor. Nearly five hundred and eighty lines are spent on Cato's march from Cyrene to Leptis, which had no particular importance in proportion to its hardships. Often, too, the turning-point is obscured where it is not omitted: for instance, Cæsar quells a mutiny, and he calls his soldiers Quirites, but the connection between the two is not brought out. Lucan puts all his strength into the complaints of the mutineers, which are immensely ingenious and inappropriate. He is aware that they rebelled because

they were disappointed of the plunder of Rome, but he cannot help dilating on the enormous wickedness of Cæsar, who went on fighting when even his soldiers wished to leave off. So, too, the battle in the port of Marseilles is described with immense energy; the heroism of individuals receives something more than justice; but, till we are told at the end who won, it is impossible to see how things were going, because the acts of individual prowess which Lucan likes to declaim about had little consequence beyond themselves.

For the rest, it is curious how completely Lucan fills up what Pliny the Younger describes as the regular programme of an historical poem, such as he thought of writing himself on the Dacian war; and it would be interesting to know whether his ideal is formed upon Lucan's, or whether Lucan followed precedents set by Varius. The style of Lucan's ornament differs a good deal from the style that would have commended itself to Pliny; but the subjects, the descriptions and histories of little-known places, of national customs, the characters of heroes, battles, sieges, and the like, are all the subjects of Lucan. It would be a proof that the Romans had really little historical sense if their idea of an historical poem was a versification of history with the connection of events left out. Much, of course, is due to the custom of recitation. No two poems could be more unlike than the "Pharsalia" and the "Metamorphoses;" and yet the structure of both is alike, because the poet had to link together a succession of brilliant fragments, each of which in its way would astonish an audience. Ovid describes in epigrams, Lucan declaims in epigrams, and the story is a mere vehicle for description or declamation. Ovid is the more natural and rapid of the two; Lucan is terribly tedious by comparison. Cato's admirably balanced funeral speech upon the death of Pompeius is twenty-five lines, and Lucan thinks it is only a few words. On the other hand, Ovid is empty and insipid, and Lucan, where most unreal, overflows with passion and a kind of earnestness. As has been said, he is too much in earnest for mythology; though once, in sight of the legendary garden of the Hesperides, he breaks out into impatience

at the spite which would hold a poet to bare truth. His objection to mythology is not exactly rationalistic. He admits the ghastly supernaturalism of witchcraft with an eager appetite for all its horrors. He does not appear to have the least suspicion of how the Thessalians managed their famous trick of bringing down the moon from heaven; he ascribes their success to incantations, which no doubt had their use in steadying the witch's nerves and fixing her attention, and perhaps diverting the attention of her dupe, as she adjusted and readjusted the imperfect apparatus, the principle of which she did not understand. One traces the Stoical preoccupation with the higher traditional forms of divination in the episode of Appius and the Pythia,[1] which is so obviously written in rivalry with the episode of Æneas and the Sibyl. The superiority is not all upon the side of the original. Vergil's picture of the ecstasy of the prophetess, his report of her wild shrill utterance, are not exactly unsympathetic or disrespectful: he has far too much tact to make her compromise her dignity and his own by making her knock over the tripods like Lucan's Pythia in her frenzy; but he is, after all, a little external and conventional in his reverence, as if he were hanging draperies on a consecrated doll. Lucan's execution is bizarre; his Appius resorts to vulgar violence to compel the Pythia to place herself under the influence of the true inspiration; and this is the more regrettable because his previous speculations as to the silence of the oracles treat the mystical vapor in a very materialistic spirit. But, in spite of this, Lucan's Pythia is not a mere lay figure: if the conception strikes us before the execution, it will probably seem both thoughtful and powerful. The shrinking reluctance of the priestess to be dragged out of the limits of wholesome natural life, and the helpless perplexity of her finite spirit gazing upon the unveiled abyss of infinite truth, are really effective and singularly modern: and the curt, meagre, unmeaning oracle is less disappointing than the tame ravings of the Sibyl in the "Æneid," because it does not profess to satisfy the expectation which has been raised. The disappointment of Appius is the

[1] "Pharsalia," v. 120–227.

justification of Cato's refusal to turn aside to test the oracle of Ammon, on the ground that a virtuous man has within him all the light that he needs. One criticism of oracles which we might expect we do not find: Lucan does not trouble himself with the objection that it is useless to foresee what cannot be averted. Here, as elsewhere, we seem to see Stoicism breaking up in his poem: he has no more faith in Fate than in Providence; he turns aside repeatedly to point out what small feasible changes would have deranged the whole order of events. Pompeius, indeed, when he fights at Pharsalia against his judgment, recognizes the purpose of destiny in the taunts of Cicero; but Lucan speaks from his heart in the line (v. 823) which tells us how Curio's desertion changed the balance of the world. We are more than half-way to the reflection of Pascal, who was in theory a predestinarian, that if Cleopatra's nose had been half an inch shorter the history of the world would have been different. In this connection we may notice the extravagant pleasure with which Lucan amplifies all the tales of the power of witches to set aside the laws of nature; the reign of the gods is a reign of law, and Lucan is more than half willing to believe that in Thessaly witches can find drugs which make them too strong for the gods. His faith in the gods practically reduces itself to two articles, that they dwell in hearts like Cato's, and that they can be trusted to avenge the world upon the Cæsars; in both it rested upon experience, the experience of an unfortunate time reflected in a heated and rebellious mind, too impatient to idealize the sober, unobtrusive prosperity which thoroughly sound and modest natures attain under the most unfavorable conditions. Consequently Lucan makes the prosperity of the wicked a reproach to Providence, as well as a glory to the heroic spirits who could be true through all, and prize uprightness the more for its cost, because the plain, well-meaning people, who have not courage for this, suffer without compensation. The particular suffering that rouses his indignation most is the loss of liberty, of which he has a much correcter notion than most of his critics. What he understands by it is simply the absence of a master, and it is quite true that in

this sense Rome still retained its liberty till Cæsar destroyed it. Cato correctly remarks that under Pompeius liberty had been rather a fiction, active politicians had all been subservient under tolerably strong pressure; but the community at large had not a sense of being under the orders of a single person: and this would apply even to the provincials, who were certainly better off under the Empire. But this did not prevent their having been freer under the Republic in the ancient exact sense of freedom. Cæsar was a good master; he guaranteed the provincials from oppression more completely than the laws or their patrons had done, but he exacted much more homage (willingly paid) than the senate had done. Cato almost congratulates his troops on the death of Pompeius, because their victory will re-establish the authority of the laws, instead of that of a leader who respected them. He does not promise them self-government or good government, but liberty—that is, freedom from personal rule. He joins Pompeius with a view of coercing him, and advises Brutus to do the like; although the Pompeius of Lucan is very different from the Pompeius of Cicero. There is a constant protest against the idea that he was cruel, and that his victory would have been bloodier than Cæsar's, while Cæsar's clemency is systematically ignored and his motives perverted; his plausibility is recognized, but not his real placability, while his character is much falsified by the lengthy rhetoric which Lucan invents for him. Instead of the well-known 'Fear not, you carry Cæsar and his fortunes,' we have fifteen lines of bombast, which show how much it must have cost Lucan to make his fisherman set forth a condensed summary of all the practical signs of foul weather in comparatively simple language. When Cæsar condescends at last to recognize the danger, his first thought is to imitate the dying speech of Dido. Pompeius is less egregiously falsified: there are two traits of the real man which Lucan sees clearly—that he was living upon his reputation, and that he wished to rule under the forms of the constitution, which was violated even when a popular leader overruled the senate by a legal popular vote. Cato, on the other hand, is

not himself, but Pætus: a model of mild gravity and the enthusiasm that needs no hope. The only trait in common between the two was a generous forbearance and consideration for others: for the rest, the real Cato was an honest, impracticable pedant, who became a political personage by reason of his dauntless courage and his sharp tongue, which was useful in keeping backsliders who wished to pass for aristocrats to their colors. Perhaps the grotesque scene where Marcia comes back in mourning to be married again to her first husband, which is meant to be sublime, and succeeds in being pathetic, may be accepted as characteristic.

It is certain that Lucan understands the woman's side of marriage best; he is better able to idealize the devotion of a wife than the tenderness of a husband, which he is apt to conceive as almost a weakness. Pompeius is ashamed to have Cornelia with him in the crisis of a civil war, as well as anxious for her sake; while her feeling, if not her language, is as true as Andromache's. Of course there are subtleties which are only possible to a later age. After Pharsalia, when everything is over, though Cornelia does not know it, Lucan reproaches her with wasting her time in alarms when she might be lamenting already. The hurried parting is better: after conjuring Pompeius, if beaten, by no means to come to Lesbos, the first place where the enemy will seek him, Cornelia springs wildly from bed, too miserable to put off her anguish for an instant; she cannot bear to hold her sorrowing lord to her bosom or to hang upon his neck in sweet embrace; they lose the last rich moments of their long love;[1] they hurry to their mournful separation; as they draw apart, neither has strength to say farewell. The first night that Cornelia sleeps alone, restless as she is, she does not venture to lie for an instant in Pompeius's place.

Most of the other characters are shadowy, except that one or another of the rank and file on Cæsar's side are illuminated for a moment by Lucan's passion for death, which grows upon him rapidly after the first two books; while upon the Pompeian side devotion was confined to men of rank like Domi-

[1] Which lasted about six years.

tius, who was pardoned at Corfinium, and after the defeat of Pharsalia died in his flight, glad, Lucan tells us, not to have been pardoned twice. The rank and file, even according to a Pompeian poet, were lukewarm in the cause; and such interest as they took in it did not go beyond personal loyalty to Pompeius, so that when he was dead it was a great achievement for Cato to keep his troops to the republican standard. Lucan has obviously no sense of loyalty to a leader, though he can imagine, by a great strain upon his imagination, something of what we understand by loyalty to a legitimate sovereign. But such loyalty as that of Cæsar's soldiers or partisans is simply an offence to him: he cannot help seeing it, but it strikes him as simple infatuation that men should go through so much simply to give themselves a master. The phenomenon is so monstrous that he cannot keep from dwelling upon it: he even recognizes that Cæsar represented himself as the organ of his followers, and professed himself willing to sacrifice the repose of a private station (which they could believe him capable of enjoying) for the most invidious function, in order that they might reap the fruits of his usurpation; but this, too, is given only as one more proof of his hypocrisy, like his regret for the murder of Pompeius.

In truth, Lucan is a systematic pessimist. He lives in the shadow even while he bears witness to the light. He is always ready to blaspheme, and to venerate the patience of Cato as a rebuke to blasphemers. He has the Platonic admiration for simplicity of life which is common to almost all Roman poetry; the fisherman who fails to carry Cæsar across the Adriatic is blessed because he can hear Cæsar knock at his cabin and not be afraid; but this feeling does not make him ashamed of the riches of the camp of Pompeius, though he would like us to believe that the nobles brought their wealth there chiefly to provide the sinews of war. The contrast between his own life of ostentation and indulgence and his ideal of freedom and dignity was itself enough to engender a good deal of that spurious ferocity which is the natural outcome of characters which (by their own fault or that of circumstances) are condemned to express such energy as they possess by

words rather than deeds. One may say of Lucan, as certainly as of Byron or Keats, that his genius depends upon his intensity, and his intensity upon morbid concentration of thought and feeling. Any one of the three would have been better and happier for the discipline of practical work. Would any one of the three have left such splendid literary work behind? It is only well-balanced natures which can give a good direction to all their impulses, and the discipline which strengthens good impulses, when they have less than the average strength, does not transform unwholesome influences, but controls and mortifies them till they cease, first to be splendid temptations, and then to be temptations at all. The education of Lucan was such as to carry him quickly and surely to the utmost limit of his faculties; it is probable that if he had known his faults he would have hugged them like Ovid; many of his worst extravagances would have seemed beauties to himself and to his contemporaries, and the same swift sustained impetuosity which produces them produces what we admire also. If one faculty be kept perpetually on the strain, its owner cannot pick and choose between what it brings him. Selection implies repose; Tacitus's splendid epigrams are unalloyed by preposterous conceits like Lucan's, because he was many things besides an historian. He was an advocate in large practice (Nero would not allow Lucan to speak in public, even for a client); he was an administrator at home and abroad; he began to write after he had reached middle life; his reflections and sarcasms stand out from a large background of dull facts recorded quite simply and tersely, like flowers in a tropical forest; while Lucan's, which have no background, are like a hot-house full of tropical flowers, which even in their own climate would not grow so lavishly or luxuriantly in the open air.

Lucan's reputation was immediate, and not transitory. Statius, after he had published the "Thebaid," speaks of the "Pharsalia" as the second, if not the first, work of Latin poetry, sets Lucan above Horace and Ovid, and hints that Vergil has no reason to challenge a comparison. The author of the "Dialogue on the Decline of Eloquence," writing prob-

ably a little earlier,[1] makes one of his speakers quote as a sign of progress that orators are expected to fetch their poetical ornaments from the sanctuary of Vergil, Horace, or Lucan, where Cicero and his contemporaries were content with frowsy old Ennius and Accius. Martial is aware of the existence of critics who would not acknowledge a poet in Lucan, but he very properly appeals to the bookseller, who could attest that after thirty years or more he still had a sale as a poet.

STATIUS.

But the strongest testimony to Lucan's influence is the "Thebaid" of Statius. There is practically a whole generation between the two poets. The birth of Statius till lately was assigned to A.D. 61, one year before the death of Persius, four years before the death of Lucan. The "Thebaid" is generally supposed to have been completed in A.D. 96, after twelve years of labor; and the "Thebaid" certainly owes as much to Lucan as to Antimachus. Statius, one might almost say, owes such inspiration as he has to Lucan, while he owes his plan and general arrangement to the Alexandrian poet, whom he doubtless labored to surpass by the aid of the ingenuity and finish which were all his own. The training of Statius had been in a certain way as stimulating as Lucan's. His father (to whom he was so devotedly attached that for three months after his death he was unable to write) was a distinguished grammarian, though not in the front rank of his profession; and this accounts for the overpowering mythological learning of Statius, which is real learning in its way. He has, or has had, the ins and outs of every form of every legend by heart; and he uses his knowledge with perplexing, tantalizing mastery. He alludes to legends which we can barely trace in a way that we are prepared for in the commonplaces of mythology; and he himself is so familiar with them that he always finds them the easiest explanation of the actions of gods and goddesses, and of heroes too, though here human motives are available. Lucan is learned, too, in a sense, and his learning is wider in range, but it is not real; one feels that he has

[1] The dialogue professes to be held A.D. 75.

picked up everything and knows nothing, whereas Statius knows and has digested what he has learned. For one thing, Statius had not the same distractions as Lucan. Statius is a slave's name, and, though it is borne by men of good family among the South Sabellians, we hear nothing of the poet's grandfather; so it is natural to conclude that the family had not long emerged from the ranks of *libertini*, especially as their home was Naples, and the towns of the Campanian coast were a great haunt of freedmen, as we know from Petronius. The Annæi, on the other hand, had been rich for a generation, although the scandalous wealth of Seneca was due to his favor at court. The early efforts of Lucan were celebrated from the first, whereas Statius only gradually found his way to notoriety as an improvisatore, who could turn off elaborate hexameters by the dozen as quickly as another could make an epigram in two or three distichs. The Flavian emperors, and especially Domitian, did much to encourage literature by periodical competitions, which gave the winners great temporary distinction, and brought a sufficiently substantial prize to encourage the illusion that poetry was a remunerative profession. Statius did not find it so; he retired to Naples after the completion of the "Thebaid," each instalment of which was hailed with enthusiasm when publicly recited; and, if Juvenal is to be trusted, he had to maintain himself in the interval by writing librettos for mythological ballets, to be sold to a class who were particular in stipulating for exclusive possession of what they purchased. Lucan had written *saltica fabulæ*, but this was doubtless a compliment to Nero, and Lucan had less need to husband his gifts than Statius.

It is impossible to read the "Thebaid" without weariness. It is perhaps the most fatiguing work of its scale in Latin literature; it is very far from being the dullest. The attention of the reader who can go on reading is always kept awake, only it is never rewarded unless by a growing appreciation of the excellence of workmanship which is hardly ever enjoyable. The passion and fervor of Lucan are replaced by ingenuity; the conceits have no indignation in them; the exaggerations have no elevation, no heat even of feeling, to atone

for them. The effect of the whole is like Chinese fireworks: all the points of the situation are made to sparkle before us in a sort of multiplying mirror, but the light by which they sparkle is pale to the lurid glow of Lucan, which is so unmistakably brighter than mere daylight, though it throws deeper shadows. One reason of this is that, unreal as Lucan's passion is, the unreality was not contracted simply by passing through his imagination. Brutus and Cato and the rest were as unreal as their poet; and the unrealities which have played a great part in the actual world are never uninteresting. But the unrealities of Statius are invented in cold blood. When Bacchus[1] appears in all his pomp to invite the nymphs to withhold the springs from the rivers, that an Argive army set in motion by his stepmother's hatred against Thebes may suffer from thirst, one is really glad that at least one Latin poet consigned the puppets of Olympus to the lumber-room. And this feeling is stronger for the odd medley of science and mythology in the council of the gods. There, we learn, the rivers are kindred of the clouds, and the gods meet in council above the shifting halls of heaven in the inner pole, where east and west are seen at once in light. Jove towers above his councillors as he comes into their midst, his calm gaze shakes the world as he takes his seat upon his starry throne.[2] We can see the intention to be more sublime than Homer; but the nod which shakes heaven and earth in the "Iliad" is an idealization of the sky bowing itself, as it were, upon the thunder-cloud and of the peal that shakes the whole horizon. Of what is the calm gaze which shakes the world an idealization? Of the shivering awe of Statius as he came out of his study, or the hall where he had been reciting, under the deep Italian sky? Then what is the starry throne that is set above the shifting halls of heaven? The starry sky in general may very well be the throne of the Most High; but if the planetary spheres are halls, which is probably what Statius meant to mean, what is the starry throne set above them? And all this parade serves absolutely no purpose. Eteocles was quite ready to refuse to abdicate at the end of his year, even if

[1] "Theb." iv. 652 sqq. [2] I. 197 sqq.

Jupiter, to punish the sons of men in general and Argives in particular by the Theban war, had not resolved, in spite of the protests of Juno, to raise the ghost of Laius; but then, perhaps, Statius was moved to bring out the religious aspect of the legend, when "Pierian fire fell upon his spirit that he should unroll the guilt of Thebes, and brother in array against brother, and the unholy hate that tried out the right to reign in turn by battle."

The wild horror of the subject is its great attraction to him. The stain of guilt cleaves in greater or lesser measure to all the characters except Adrastus and Amphiaraus, who is doomed to perish because he cannot act upon his own clear knowledge. In Lucan the sympathy with heroism passes readily into blasphemy. In Statius, who is quite correct in his own feelings and opinions, it is the heroes themselves who are blasphemous, and the tame poet gets some stir out of the contemplation of their wickedness.

In this, as in much else, Statius is a contrast to Vergil, whom he studied so reverently. In the "Æneid," upon the Trojan side all is virtue; and Turnus and Dido, though the poet takes a severer view of their faults than the reader, are saints compared to Tydeus, and there is little to choose between Tydeus and Mezentius, the bugbear of the "Æneid." Another contrast is that Vergil is too artistic to give the least countenance to the Roman superstition that all kings were monsters of splendor and wickedness, which sprang partly from a corrupt exaggeration of late Attic tragedy, and partly from a jealous republicanism deeper and steadier than existed at Athens. Statius is learned enough to know that in the heroic age kings had not the temptation of wealth; but he treats this as an aggravation of the wickedness of the Theban brothers, who could commit fratricide for so little. But, in spite of the difference of spirit, the "Thebaid" is modelled upon the "Æneid" in this sense, that there is an evident anxiety to reproduce the effects of Vergil. The horrors of the last night at Lemnos,[1] when the women slew the men, are obviously a reminiscence of the last night at Troy; the desertion

[1] V. 195 sqq.

of Hypsipyle is a reminiscence of the desertion of Dido: on the first day that Tydeus and Polynices spend at the court of Adrastus,[1] the Argives are keeping the festival of their deliverance from a woman with snaky hair whom Apollo has sent against them; because, when Æneas seeks the help of Evander, he and his subjects are keeping the festival of their deliverance from Cacus.[2] Again, Adrastus boasts of his knowledge of the sorrows of Thebes, as Dido boasts of her knowledge of the sorrows of Troy, though Statius does not quite forget that the sorrows of Troy were glorious, and that Adrastus ought to anticipate Polynices's story, simply to spare him the pain of telling it. So, too, there are games for Archemorus, which perhaps have a shade more to do with the story than the funeral games for Anchises; and Lacon is famous as the pupil of Pollux, because Dares had been famous as the rival of Paris. So, too, Parthenopæus is throughout a pendant to Camilla, and not at all an uninteresting pendant, though some of the details border upon the burlesque. The picture of Atalanta turning pale as her son drops on one knee to receive the rush of the boar on his spear, and then, as she fears, is all but thrown down, till a shaft from her bow despatches the boar,[3] is pretty and touching, all the more because, like most of the pretty pictures of Statius, it is given in a remote, enigmatical way, as if it had been thought out rather than seen. But when she tells him he is a boy hardly ripe for the bowers of the Dryads and for the wrath of the nymphs of Erymanth, one feels that Statius has a little too much faith in mythology. The same remark applies to the bacchic frenzy which seizes the queen[4] (because a similar frenzy had been feigned by Amata in the "Æneid"?). She goes about sadly with bloodshot eyes, splitting pine-trees into three pieces with

[1] I. 553 sqq.

[2] The temper of the two episodes is entirely different: Hercules has wrought the deliverance of pure grace; Phœbus has simply consented to spare an innocent people whom he persecutes, first to avenge the death of a maiden whom he seduced and deserted, and then to avenge the death of a monster sent to destroy the children of the Argives because a child of Phœbus had been destroyed.

[3] IV. 321 sqq.

[4] IV. 377–405.

her bare hands, and throwing the fragments hither and thither, and fills the city with shouts of dismay as she invokes the omnipotent father of Nysa, who is shaking Ismarus with a thyrsus of iron, or bidding the vineyard to steal over Lycurgus with its foliage, or rushing, red-hot with triumph, through the dwellings of Ganges or the farthest bounds of red Tethys and the halls of the East, or bursting in gold from the fountains of Hermus, while neglected Thebes is involved in a guilty war; and bids him set her amid everlasting frosts, and beyond Caucasus that rings with the war-whoop of Amazons, rather than bid her prophesy of the coming fratricide.

On the other hand, there is plenty of ingenuity in the description of the first rumors of the war at Thebes. One tells how the horsemen of Lerna are roving on the banks of Asopus; another says the plunderers are on Theumesus and on Cithæron, Bacchus's haunt; yet another has tidings that the watch-fires of Platæa are glowing through the shades of night; as for the sweat upon the household gods from Tyre, and the blood that flowed from Dirce, and the monstrous births and the voice of the sphinx heard again on her rocks, whoever liked might know such tales and have seen such sights.[1] One sees that the poet has lived through an Italian revolution, and studied the morbid curiosity which it is unsafe to gratify in quiet times.

Indeed, all the political part of the "Thebaid" is good. Statius was a clever man, and his observations are sound so far as they go, and they are not too numerous or too complex, so that there is little danger of anachronism. If an emperor was more likely to resent plain-speaking than a king of Thebes, it was still true that Eteocles had every reason to resent plain-speaking, and that an old man would be most likely to brave his resentment, and the limits within which public feeling could assert itself against Eteocles are pretty accurately felt. There is nothing of the tendency which we find in the Greek drama to treat him as the less guilty of the two, who falls at least in defence of his native land. For Statius he is always the gloomy, suspicious tyrant, roving about with the looks of

[1] IV. 369, 377.

a wolf who has just been robbing a fold; while Polynices, if it were not for his fatal position as a predestined fratricide, would be interesting as a gallant adventurer, driven into exile without his fault, and frank and loyal to the comrades to whom he looks for aid in the recovery of his rights.

On the other hand, the fighting is decidedly bad; there is very little movement or progress in a battle of Statius, and the horror of the carnage or the prowess of individuals is less effectively brought out than in Lucan. In fact, the workmanship is really as perfunctory as it is conscientious: each of the seven has to meet his traditional fate, and this is to be made, if possible, effective by a description of his previous exploits. This part of the matter is generally the least unsuccessful; the reader is half tricked into an expectation that each in turn is going to take Thebes, and then rubs his eyes and discovers that the hero is dead, perhaps simply by the difficulty his friends have in recovering his body for burial. To be sure, there is no uncertainty as to the death of Tydeus, but even here there is an anticlimax: his exploits are considerable enough to take him out of the catalogue of lay figures, and Statius has taken great pains to make it imaginable that such a hero should gnaw the head of his enemy while he lay a-dying; but Minerva's refusal to heal such a savage does not need explanation, and so the catastrophe is allowed to fall flat. The end of Amphiaraus, who goes down alive into hell, is one of the most labored parts of the poem:[1] the opening horrors of the underworld are detailed at length, and we are allowed to forget that the whole must have been the affair of a moment. The whole scene would have been very impressive if it had been shorter, although most of the detail which overwhelms it is tolerably well invented,[2] if only Statius or Antimachus, who had to invent it all, could have refrained from proving how much there was to invent. There is more justification for piling up the agony over the single combat between the brothers, which is the chief reason for the poem to exist, for

[1] VII. 690–viii. 133.

[2] An exception is the tedious horror of Pluto at daylight being let in upon his dominions.

there is more to be made of it in narrative than can possibly be made in a play. Even here there is a good deal that is simply grotesque. Œdipus wishes elaborately and eloquently that he had his eyes again in order to tear them out at the sight of his son's wickedness—an hyperbole that could only be tolerable if it had the look of being quite simple and unpremeditated. The scenes between the brothers and the women are less objectionable, and the situations themselves are so pathetic that they cannot be spoiled by a little excessive wordiness and shrill ingenuity. In general, Statius gives a more distinct impression of women than of men; at least, his women are more natural. Hypsipyle is touching and dignified in her captivity; Argia, a frank, hearty wife and true helpmate; Jocasta, a good mother, under complicated difficulties; Antigone and her sister appear very much as in Sophocles, with the advantage that Antigone has a better chance of trying her powers as good angel to her favorite brother.

The burial of Polynices is treated in a romantic spirit,[1] like the whole episode of Hypsipyle: the exchange of stately courtesies between the mourning wife and the mourning sister, which turn to rude contentions for the exclusive honor of disobedience which will be rewarded by death upon the arrival of the guards; and then the eagerness of the royal ladies to thrust their hands into chains and to hurry their captors before the judge, all remind us of the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia;" and when we remember how many pages Sidney would have made of it, we see that even in Statius Latin literature is classical.

After the publication of the "Thebaid," he began the publication of his occasional pieces, which are now the least unreadable of his works, and have suggested a wish that he had renounced his ambition as an epic poet. It is quite certain that the "Silvæ" would not have reached us alone: their value to contemporaries was that they were the lighter works of a celebrated poet. Their value to us is that they tell us a good deal about the life of a court poet, and something of

[1] XII. 309-463.

the incidents of fashionable life; one of the most curious is the tone of feeling in the poems of condolence to masters who had lost favorite slaves with whom they had been more than half in love. The poet likes to dwell on the free spirit and modesty of the departed, even more than upon his beauty; and the rest of the poem is filled up with the beneficence of the master, and the duty of proffering consolation as soon as the mourner can be made to see the wisdom of accepting it. There is deep and genuine feeling in the lamentation over the death of the poet's own father; though we may smile at the picture of the Muses standing round and wondering why Statius is idle. The author is quite right in regarding the address to his wife[1] as prosaic: the justification for writing it in verse is that it is much easier and less stiff than the prose of the dedication to each successive book of the "Silvæ." The poems in praise of villas of the poet's friends, and of the magnificence of Domitian, are ingenious exercises in the art of describing by dint of a series of exclamations, and varying within a very narrow compass the points to be exclaimed at. Now and then we come on a phrase or two that are really poetical, like the description of the calm reach of the Anio, by the villa of Vopiscus, as though the headlong river feared to break in upon Vopiscus's calm musical days and slumbers full of song.[2]

The praise of Domitian is interesting, because it is obviously sincere, and because Statius himself was a thoroughly respectable character, and free from any strong cupidity; otherwise he would not have postponed writing on the campaigns of Domitian, first to the "Thebaid," and then to the "Achilleid," which he did not live to finish. The truth is, that Domitian laid himself out very successfully to appeal to the loyalty of the educated classes, whose official position was not high enough to make them acquainted at first hand with the scandals of the court, or to dispose them to sympathize with the complaints of his first victims; and, in such a position, candid persons would judge a ruler by the whole of his public acts. For instance, no one reproaches the contem-

[1] St. "Sil." III. v. [2] I. iii. 23.

poraries of Louis XIV. with their veneration for him, though even in his early years he treated Fouquet and Louise de la Vallière badly enough. Of course where loyalty to Louis XIV. was religious, loyalty to Domitian was idolatrous; but Statius writes of his "piety" as if he found an honest comfort in it.

The lyrics are mostly hendecasyllables, which do not in the hands of Statius suggest the laureate's criticism, "So fantastical is the dainty metre;" but they are vigorous and flowing, and decidedly superior to the experiments in alcaics and sapphics which occur in the fourth book, and are not repeated. There is an ode in alcaics to Severus, and one in sapphics to Maximus: in both we are told, what Horace never tells us, that the poet is trying a new metre; and in the sapphic the information takes three stanzas—one to tell the Muse that she will have less room than in an epic, one to hope that the "Thebaid" is a title to the blessing and aid of Pindar, and one to explain in a figure that the poet hopes to do his best. Each stanza by itself is decidedly a clever copy, though a stiff one, of the style of Horace; but after each the poet has to pause, and, after all his labor, never succeeds in getting out of prose. The same may be said of most of the hendecasyllables; but these, at any rate, are not labored, and the ode for Lucan's birthday is musical and eloquent. It is addressed to his widow, Polla, who was the sister of Pollius.[1] One noticeable point is that, though Lucan has gone to the starry heaven, Statius admires Polla for not professing to worship him as a god, as if it were almost a distinction to keep out of the hypocritical fashion.

The "Achilleid," which was the last work of Statius, is decidedly pleasanter reading than the "Thebaid," or perhaps the "Silvæ." It is hardly a triumph of imagination, but there is decidedly more imagination in proportion to the ingenuity than in anything else he has written, and it is a relief to find a poet whose own nature was innocent dispensing at last with

[1] A friend with whom Statius was more closely connected than with most of his other literary acquaintances, in virtue perhaps of a villa which Pollius had at Surrentum.

the feverish excitement of the "Thebaid." The plan of the poem is not unhappy, especially when we consider the nature of Statius's talent. He could elaborate single scenes, and he could not tell an interesting story; and therefore it suited him better to go through the whole career of a hero than to treat of a single action. He intended, no doubt, to collect and adorn with his own invention the scattered beauties of a large range of Greek literature: Achilles and Penthesilea, for instance, would have suited Statius exactly; and the picturesque apparatus of mythology and ethnology with which he would have introduced the doomed son of the morning would have attracted him much, although we might have thought it tedious. He only lived to carry the story as far as the arrival of Ulysses and Diomed at Scyros, and their discovery of Achilles, and the poem, if ever completed, would have been longer than the "Iliad." Thetis is a long time revolving all possible and impossible alternatives—how to keep her son out of sight for a while, before she decides to take him to Scyros, and then wonders whether she shall carry him through the sea or through the air; and at last decides to have out her best pair of dolphins, with sharp whelks for bits. But the description of the sleeping boy and his waking at the unknown island, where he hardly ventures to recognize his mother till she "prevents" him with her caresses, is exceedingly pretty and true; and so are his struggles against being disguised as a girl, which get fainter and fainter as he looks at Deidamia, and thinks that in disguise he can be with her. The points are of a kind that in later literature easily become trivial; but a sort of praise is due to the poet who introduces such things first; just as we admire Tintoret for the ass browsing palm-leaves in the picture of the "Crucifixion," though in a modern sacred print the device would be cheap enough.

Then when Deidamia has avowed her love, and been forgiven and received her father's blessing upon her baby, and has had her husband with her for one night before he sails, one gets a picture quite worthy of Thackeray; only Thackeray, while elaborating the same prettinesses with the same sympathetic ingenuity, would have set himself outside his own handi-

work, and laughed frankly at the result; while Statius remains simply and patiently within the limits of his conventional literary ideal. After the day is spent in feasting, and the covenant is sure at last, and Night, who always knew their secret, joins the lovers, who need tremble no more, the untried battle and Xanthus and Ida and the Argive galleys dance before his eyes; her thoughts are already upon the billows and her fears for morn; melting on her new husband's darling neck, she lets her tears flow already, and clings to his limbs while he is still there to hold him fast. "Shall I see thee again, child of Æacus, and lay me on this breast? Wilt thou deign once more to be father of babe of mine? or will the household gods of Troy and the spoils of her citadel puff thee up, till it irks thee to think of the days when thou wast hidden among maidens? Ah me! what to pray for or fear for first, or what charge to give in my alarm, when there is scarcely leisure to weep! But now one night has given me thee, and grudged the gift. Is this the season for our bower of bliss, this the freedom of wedlock? O the sweetness of our fears and frauds when we met by stealth! Poor I lose when I have leave to love.

"Go (who am I to stay the mighty armament?)—go; be wary. Remember, Thetis had some cause to fear: go, be happy. Come back mine; poor wanton me to ask so much! The maids of Troy will eye thee soon; how it will become them to weep and beat the breast! how fain they will be to throw their arms round thy neck, and take thy bed for fatherland! or the daughter of Tyndareus herself will find grace. They overpraise her, since she was shameless enough to be stolen. But I shall be nothing but a tale for handmaids of the first boyish fault, or be disowned and out of sight. Come, now, take me with you; why should I not bear the ensigns of Mars at your side? You and I have had wool weighed into our hands together; you have carried the holy thyrsus of Bacchus with me: poor Troy will find that hard to believe. Ah! but this boy, whom you leave me for a sorry comfort—this boy cherish in your heart when I am forgotten. Grant me but one boon at my prayer—let your barbarian spouse be

childless; let no unworthy spawn of a captive call Thetis grandam." Achilles consoled her; such words moved even him; he swore to be true, and plighted his tears to what he swore, and promised her stately handmaids and the captivity of Troy when he came back, and gifts from Priam's treasure-house. The windy storms swept his bootless words away.[1]

After all, the "Achilleid" has lasted nearly eighteen centuries, which would be a long life for Thackeray's sequel to "Ivanhoe." In the same way, the modest boastfulness of Achilles may remind some readers of the "Prince of Pendennis and Marquis of Fair Oaks." Chiron used often to bid him tread on rivers when but just benumbed, and trip so lightly that his heel never broke the ice: that was a feat for a boy. As he grew up, Chiron never allowed him to follow a lynx—there is no fight in a lynx—upon the trackless wilds of Ossa, or fell a timid deer with his lance; he bade him rouse the sulky bear from her lair, and the headlong swine, and seek where the giant tigress might be found, or the cave where the lioness has laid her litter behind some sheltering ridge. Then he learned how all the savages, as far as the Danube, and the slingers of the Spanish isles, handled their weapons; he learned to enter a burning cottage, and to stay the flight of four steeds on foot; and to stand against the current of a flooded river, where it would have been hard for his master to keep his ground on all four feet. Still, Achilles stayed there till bidden to come out; the heights of glory had such power upon him, and no labor was hard under Chiron's eye. As for hurling up the Spartan discus till it was hidden in the clouds, and twining the supple limbs in the wrestler's ring, or lashing out with the cæstus, that was play and rest to him; it cost him no more pain than when he shook the sounding chords with Apollo's quill in wonder at the worship of men of old.[2]

The supremacy of Statius was unquestioned among his contemporaries. He was the one serious artist among a crowd of dilettanti: he complains himself of the want of encouragement to poetry, and is thankful to amateurs, who will cultivate it themselves, to save it from absolute neglect. It is almost

[1] "Ach." ii. 250–285. [2] Ib. 402–446.

surprising that any of their works have come down to us; probably we have to thank their own vanity, which saw that the public library duly received a copy of their writings, and the diligence of literary grandees of the fifth and sixth centuries, who took out one classic after another, and went through it with the most distinguished scholars of their acquaintance. This was the origin of the archetype, copies of which gradually got multiplied as one monastic school after another became desirous of literary reading-books, and then dwindled away whenever the scriptorium, with its demand for parchment or legends and breviaries, became a more important department of the monastery than the school; and disappeared almost entirely when, in spite of the protests of the hierarchy, scholasticism, legal and theological, absorbed all the intellectual energy of the learned: till at last the omnivorous curiosity of the scholars of the Renaissance gathered together everything that had survived the wreck, or sometimes supplemented their discoveries by their inventions. Perhaps this was the case with Barth, who professed to make many discoveries of MS. fragments which no scholar has seen since; among them were some pretty and fragmentary asclepiads about independence of fortune and contentment in poverty, which are ascribed to Pomponius Sabinus, a friend of the younger Pliny's, whom he esteemed as an example of an honorable and happy old-age. They are plausible imitations of the second best manner of Horace; and if they are by Pliny's friend, who had been high in office all his life, there is a little exaggeration in his affectation of poverty. Nor do any of the fragments correspond to Pliny's description of a certain vein of Platonic naughtiness, which reminds us of Lamb, who took pleasure in imagining much that he was too right-minded to do. The other quotations which Pliny gives us from the lyrical poetry of his time go back beyond the Augustan age to Catullus, copying even his rudeness, because it was felt that to get the appearance of primitive strength and delicacy of feeling it was necessary to accept, perhaps one should say to affect, the primitive conditions of expression.

SILIUS.

The typical poet of the class, however, who perhaps stood out from it more because of his diligence than because of his talent, was Silius Italicus, whom Pliny does not seem to admire particularly, although Pliny had a great talent for admiring his contemporaries, and does not in the least underrate the actual position of Silius as a wealthy nobleman whose taste and good-nature placed him among the foremost men of the state, without exposing him to the ill-will which was always the shadow of tangible power at Rome. In fact, his position was not unlike Lord Lansdowne's in his later years, though political life under Nero, when Silius was an active politician, was of course very different from parliamentary life in England. Silius, however, was not content with his reputation as a patron of art and literature: he was a poet, and venerated Vergil; an orator, and venerated Cicero. He possessed the estates of both, and Martial thought that their domains could not be in worthier hands. More independent judges were perhaps shy of the recitations whereby, as Pliny puts it, he tested public opinion now and then. The verdict was that his genius was less than his pains. But if we had lost the third decade of Livy, it is probable that the "Punica" would have commanded a large share of respect. It is certainly a rest to turn to it after the "Pharsalia" or the "Thebaid;" the reader may be wearied, but he is never irritated or disgusted; even the picture of Lævinus, who had lost his weapons in the press, gnawing the Nasamonian Tyres to death, is not worse than the mutilated ghost of Deiphobus in the "Æneid," or the ghastly episode of the Harpies. Another distinction of the "Punica" is that it is exceedingly clear: the writer says his say quite simply and unaffectedly, without tiring the reader by an endless succession of hinted points. There is a certain tendency to diffuseness, because the writer has never energy enough to be rapid, and is always at leisure to do his best. Towards the end he begins to be afraid that he will never finish; we ought to have had twenty-four books at least by the scale upon which

the story is told up to the fall of Capua. But the narrative does not move any the faster because the poet is in a hurry; he recapitulates rather than narrates; he introduces fewer episodes; but, when he narrates, he narrates in the old long-winded way. On the other hand, he is always dignified and often pathetic; he comes nearer—much nearer—to the noble grace of Vergil than any other Roman poet, and it cannot fairly be said that he is a servile copyist. The direct imitations are not so very numerous, probably not much more numerous than Vergil's direct imitations of Homer, though Vergil, of course, has a much wider range and culls his sweets from many flowers. Silius, on the contrary, is throughout Vergilian: he invents in the spirit of Vergil, and with such success as to make us say that the gleaning of the grapes of Mantua is better than the vintage of Neapolis.

The fighting, if we once grant that it is to be Homeric, is really exceedingly well managed. After all, in the Punic war, it was still not unnatural or astonishing for generals to be killed in hand-to-hand combat, and therefore it is not an unpardonable poetical license that they should sometimes kill a daring foe who came too near and sought their life too boldly. Silius falsifies his battles not in what he inserts, but in what he omits. His descriptions are clear in themselves, but they leave the thing described obscure. For instance, the account of the cavalry skirmish at Ticinum, in which Scipio was wounded, is very confused, because the poet is occupied, not with the movements of the Roman and Carthaginian cavalry, but with the adventures of real and imaginary cavaliers. So, too, in the battle of Cannæ, the decisive manœuvres of Hannibal are described at less length than the despairing heroism of Paullus and the stubborn rashness of Varro. But when we have once resigned ourselves to the belief that individuals are more poetical, at least more manageable, than masses, the individuals are really well sketched; the obituary notices of a centurion or tribune who falls in the *mêlée* are as well imitated from Homer as anything in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Italians, Gauls, Africans, all come with the little touch of detail which makes them

credible; though the Italians are treated best—the Gauls are all a little too apt to fall back upon the sack of Rome. Hannibal is a sort of historical Mezentius, a despiser of all religion true and false: he breaks treaties sworn by the true gods of Rome, he refuses his children to the impure altars of Carthage; while the righteous Regulus, who has sworn by the Juno of Tyre, keeps the promise to the sorrow of all at Rome. Even Regulus is not wholly righteous: he makes war upon the sacred serpent of Bagrada to avenge a comrade who has perished in his rashness, and thereby brings a curse upon his army. There are few digressions, in the tolerably extensive literature where digressions are deliberately introduced for effect, more skilful and more interesting than the episode of the young Regulus who takes refuge with Marus, an ancient subaltern of his father, after the slaughter of Trasimene. Of course there are chronological difficulties: Regulus can hardly have been so young as he is represented, considering the length of the peace between the first and second Punic wars. Of course, too, Regulus must have known all the story, but Marus may very well have been as anxious as Silius to tell it all; and the way that the old soldier makes a fetich of his lance contrasts well with the stately pathos of the return of Regulus, which has nothing at all theatrical about it. There is something refreshing in a hero who does not declaim nor speak in epigrams. And with all this we have the prettiest imitations of Vergil: one is reminded now of the serpent that devoured Laocoon, now of Anchises longing to be left to die, and now of the complaint of Dido. Ateina asks Regulus, as Dido asked Æneas, for whom he leaves her for a prey. So, too, the lines in which Silius dismisses Paullus are a reminiscence of the lines in which Æneas dismisses Priam: it is a proof of Silius's good taste that, though he is very long upon his own account, he always shrinks from amplifying Vergil: "So Paullus ended: the lofty heart, the powerful hand are laid low. If it had been granted to him to sway the war alone, he might have been, perchance, a peer for Fabius; now his fair death is one more boast for Rome, and lifts the name of the hero to the stars."[1] Vergil says: "So Priam's

[1] "Pun." x. 305–8.

fates ended: this lot bore him from among men, with Troy in flames before his eyes, and her citadel in ruins. He reigned once over many folk and many lands and all the pride of Asia, and now he lies a huge trunk on the shore, a head shorn from the shoulders, and a nameless body."[1]

The mythology is decidedly the weak point of the "Punica," and Lucan had pointed out a better way. Probably, however, Silius simply sank deep in the rut which was first traced by the lighter wheels of Ennius; and here, too, Vergil was a misleading guide. The worship of the "Queen of Heaven" at Carthage made it plausible in the "Æneid" to anticipate the Punic war as the revenge of Juno as well as of Dido, and in a mythological poem it is possible to make the action depend upon the caprices of a goddess. But in Silius a god intervenes simply to give dignity: Juno tries to persuade Paullus to fly at Cannæ; then she appears in another shape, to persuade Hannibal to slaughter the Romans in some other part of the field. When the battle is won, she invokes the aid of Sleep to warn off Hannibal from an attack upon Rome, which she knows would cut short his career of conquest; but her chief activity is in appearing to him by night to give him lessons in geography, because Silius thinks that his own erudition will be more impressive when put into the mouth of a deity: perhaps the absurdity culminates when Hannibal is warned in a dream where to land in Africa, when compelled to evacuate Italy. Perhaps this may be regarded as a fault of haste and weariness, of the same kind as those which made the author miss so many opportunities in the Spanish and Sicilian wars, and turned the description of the battles of Metaurus and Zama into an anticlimax; though it should be fairly remembered that, in all the narratives of the Punic war, from Livy's downwards, the interest steadily increases till it culminates at Cannæ, and after that decreases harmoniously till the recapture of Capua, after which the war seems to become a thing of shreds and patches—for this reason, among others, that Hannibal had come to the end of the army he had brought from Spain, and was dependent upon deserters and such levies as he could raise in the most backward parts of Italy.

[1] "Æn." ii. 554, 555.

VALERIUS FLACCUS.

If Statius takes us back to Lucan and Silius to Vergil, Valerius Flaccus takes us back to Ovid, although he is the most independent, and, perhaps it should be added, the least popular, of the three, as well as the earliest in date. He is more of a poet than the others, though it would be wrong to call him a greater writer. Statius is immensely cleverer and more brilliant; Silius, upon the whole, has more dignity and pathos; but still Valerius is more of a poet, because he has more power of resting in an æsthetic contemplation of his subject for its own sake, without turning it into a means of excitement and display like Statius, or a means of edification like Silius. He was apparently a gentleman in easy circumstances,[1] and better able to indulge his imagination than a grandee like Silius or a professional man of letters like Statius. Perhaps he was careless of fame; at any rate, he missed it: the only ancient writer who mentions him expressly is Quinctilian, who gave almost a solitary proof of insight by pronouncing that Valerius Flaccus was a great and recent loss. He left his poem unfinished at one of its most exciting points, just where Jason is to be won over to aid, half consciously, in Medea's plan to slay Absyrtus. When he died we do not know: he invokes Vespasian at the beginning of his poem, and implies that Domitian was at that time exclusively occupied with poetry, and had given up his velleities of setting up as a rival to his father and brother, which developed themselves after he had stood a siege upon the Capitol, and received disproportionate homage as the only member of the imperial house at Rome. The poet himself is supposed to have held office as one of the fifteen keepers of the Sibylline books, since he appeals to the pure tripod in his house which knows the secrets of the prophetess of Cumæ. He was a native, if we are to trust Martial, of Patavium, and we know no other Flaccus who was a poet at the time. We may explain

[1] If we could apply to him all the epigrams which Martial addresses to Flaccus, in circumstances which were more than easy.

the name of Setinus which the MSS. give him by supposing his family connections went back to the days when the colonies beyond the Po were restricted to Latin rights.

One special interest of his poem is that we are able to compare it with the Greek original of Apollonius Rhodius. Apollonius carries the story down to the return of Argo to Pagasæ in four books: the eight of Valerius Flaccus, which contain nearly 200 fewer lines, break off, as has been said, before the slaughter of Absyrtus. But the portion of the poem of Apollonius which has no equivalent in Valerius does not much exceed 1200 lines, so that the copy, even if completed, would not have been much longer than the original. In truth, the later poet is quite as anxious to abridge his exposition as to amplify his subject. Apollonius asks nothing better than to tell his story in its simplest form; Valerius is full of all kinds of emotions and reflections which come out of it. Even more than the "Thebaid" the "Argonautica" has the interest which we are used to look for not in poetry, but in essays upon poems. And from this point of view one is struck by the soundness as well as the fertility of the author's imagination. There is never quite enough freedom or fulness of feeling, and so there is never the charm of spontaneous poetry. We feel as if we were turning over a collection of dried flowers, where everything is stiff and pale, though there is always a suggestion of the grace of nature, and sometimes a lingering touch of the fragrance of May. For instance, the Stoical conception of the righteous man as a spectacle to the gods is transformed into something much blither and more human when applied by Valerius to the heroic age, when the gods in the dawn of civilization look to the opening work of their children.[1] The same thought runs all through the story of "Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs," where the pure delight of the heroic age in activity for its own sake is dwelt upon with the genial spontaneity which is just what we miss in Valerius, whose imagination runs to seed in ingenuity. Thus he gravely reflects that if there had been wild beasts in Greece, Pelias would not have had to send Jason to

[1] Arg. I. 498–502.

Colchis to get rid of him, and that Hercules had killed the worst of the monsters. It is rather a flat conceit, but how many who were capable of the conceit would have thought of the turn Valerius gives to it? "Alcides had his temples framed already in the grinning jaws of the lion of Cleonæ."[1] Even in a paraphrase the line is picturesque; in the terse original it is a picture, or rather the literary ghost of one.

Valerius has a better right to dilate upon the perplexity of Jason when he first learns that he has to cross the sea, and inculcate in every possible way that the voyage of the Argo is the beginning of a new era in human history—a motive of which Apollonius makes no use whatever, perhaps because he was on his guard against the inconsistency of supposing that the Greeks of Lemnos were carrying on a maritime war against Thrace at a time when the Greeks of Thessaly had still to build their first ship, which the barbarians of Colchis were to pursue with a numerous fleet. Again, Apollonius cares little or nothing for Herodotus's legend of the series of raids of Asia upon Europe, and Europe upon Asia, culminating in the Persian war. But for Valerius the prophecy of Mopsus is the chief motive which decides the Minyæ to sacrifice Medea to save the fleece. It is noteworthy that Mopsus is the meaner of the two prophets who accompany the voyage: his foresight always disquiets him, while the insight of Idmon, who knows he is to perish before the fleece is won, fills him with calm and enables him to calm others. The contrast is one of the points where Valerius improves upon Apollonius, who makes Idmon sail simply because he is afraid of being jeered at if he stays. There are other variations which are not improvements; as, for instance, the list of the Argonauts comes in Apollonius at the natural place, when they first assemble; whereas Valerius waits till he can tell in what order they took their seats on board. Now and then he changes a name to bring in one that is more celebrated, although, as the legend says nothing of Tydeus, he does not profit much by introducing him. In general, he is anxious to extend the legend as much as possible. Thus, where Apollonius only gives the

[1] Cleonæo jam tempora clausus hiatu.—*Alcides*, i. 34, 35.

farewell of Æson and Alcimedes to Jason, allowing room for the legend of Æson's renewed youth, Valerius follows this up with a Roman suicide, with the guards of the tyrant arriving too late, when everything is over. As we are in the heroic age, the suicide is committed by bull's blood, and the farewell curses are perhaps a reminiscence of Dido's. It is characteristic of Valerius himself that, when he solemnly dismisses the illustrious ghosts to Elysium, he recapitulates the joys of the Pindaric age, and says the blessed inherit these, and all wherein the people take delight no more.[1]

Throughout the episode of Medea we are reminded, of course, more forcibly of Dido; although we are reminded more by differences than resemblances. Throughout Valerius is more concerned with his knowledge of the heart of a maiden than with Medea's passion; or perhaps we should say that he studies the situation as a French novelist might study it: the picture of passion, pure and simple, had no longer any novelty. The "Ariadne" of Catullus had shown pretty nearly all that was possible in the expression of simple grief; the Dido of Vergil had shown all that was possible in the expression of growing passion, and the struggle of dignity and resentment; and Ovid had shown very nearly all that ingenuity could do in playing upon all the legendary circumstances of each deserted heroine so as to make as many sparkling points as possible. Apollonius was in quite a different position. The Greek drama had treated very little of womanly passion, and hardly treated of maidenly passion at all; so when Apollonius treated of the growing passion of Medea for Jason, which had at first no obstacles but maidenly reserve, he was practically upon virgin ground, and his imagination worked freely and happily. He had no need to work his intelligence: such subtlety as there is is quite spontaneous, as when he makes Medea wonder, when she has her casket of poisons open, whether to take enough to kill her, instead of taking out the drugs necessary to protect Jason from the fire-breathing bulls. In fact, his Medea is very little of a sorceress; at least, her own inner nature is quite unaffected

[1] I. 835-846.

by her magic skill; and this holds, to a certain extent, of the Medea of Valerius, although one of her savage lovers is attracted to one who is famous for her maidenhood and for poisons like his own.[1] But, in the main, Medea is an innocent girl who has a wonderful serpent to feed, which she is quite ashamed to rob of the fleece that it guards. When she has once put it to sleep, she characteristically flies to the other extreme, and suggests that Jason should climb up the serpent's body to reach the tree where the fleece hangs. Throughout, in spite of her shrinking from love, it is she who is in love with Jason, not Jason with her; indeed, in all ancient poetry which deals with love this is the rule, but Valerius is as often singularly fresh and modern, in what follows, when the lovers have exchanged warnings and pledges. "After all is said, each stands there still, fixed to the ground; and now they lift up their faces, glad with the daring of youth; and each face at once snatches—how often!—the sweetness of the face it sees. Then sick shame casts down their countenance, and there is pause again for speech, and the maiden sets herself once more to affright Jason."[2] There are touches here to which we can find few parallels before the literature of the nineteenth century; and we should have to come to mediæval romance to find parallels to the chivalry of Jason, who is loath to owe so much to a maiden. It is true that her ointment saves him from the breath of the bulls of Æetes (who boasts, with a frank audacity which does the author great credit, of the trouble he had with them himself at Jason's age),[3] but Jason masters them by main strength; and when the armed men start up, he rushes to engage them, though he has drawn back a little to his comrades when the seed is sown: he knows that the enchanted helmet which Medea has given him is his one chance of victory, even of safety; but he only throws it among them out of sore necessity, against his will. The desperate daring of Stirus, who throws away himself and his ship and crew in the vain attempt to capture Medea and avenge his disappointed love, is another trait of the same kind.[4] But the chivalry is not carried through: Jason yields

[1] VI. 156, 157. [2] VII. 511–515. [3] VII. 62–64. [4] VIII. 328 sqq.

to the Argonauts when they propose to give up Medea on condition of being allowed to carry home the golden fleece, as he waits for their verdict that she deserves the honor before he decides to marry her. Probably the resolution to surrender her is a little earlier than Apollonius. In the primitive legend Absyrtus was a helpless child instead of a formidable warrior, upon whose achievements in the Scythian war Valerius is careful to dwell; he was lured on board the Argo as soon as she was overtaken, or else Medea carried him with her in her flight, and made very little more conscience of cutting him in pieces and scattering the mangled remains for her father to collect than she made of putting the dragon to sleep. But the Medea of Valerius is a virgin priestess with a tender conscience, and the picture of this is so elaborated that, when the poet has to explain her first serious crime, he halts upon the threshold and proceeds no further: although he has laid a promising foundation for any amount of deterioration in her dæmoniac passion, which is no part of her natural wholesome life.

We are reminded of Lucan (and it is one of the merits of Valerius that he does not remind us often of him) in the savage Scythian who has killed his own father, and eaten him, as the highest act of filial duty, and appeals to this as an answer to a suppliant who asks to be spared to *his* aged father. The ferocity is, however, only one element of the description: even in dealing with the extremest savagery, Valerius always feels more curiosity than excitement, and such excitement as he feels is more fanciful than passionate. The father knows that his time has come when the familiar bow is stubborn[1] to its master's failing arm; the son is anxious to hold his arm steady, as the father presses upon the sword. One feels much more strongly that the customs of the race are strange and romantic than that they are awful: there is no jar in passing to such details from the peaceful picture of the family on its travels, with the children running along the pole and brandishing their darts.

[1] No one English word will do for the *refutat* of the original; the bow quietly puts the old man in the wrong when he claims to pull it as he used.

Valerius succeeds decidedly better with manners and customs than he does with battles. It is always puzzling to make out upon which side his warriors fall, and it is hopeless to extract from him a general view of the outline of even a day's fighting; while the fighting itself is not original in its details, for, with all his passion for abridgment, Valerius finds room for a tame copy of the death of Sarpedon.[1] In general, the poem suffers from an endeavor to grasp too much: the writer is discursive and fragmentary, because he can never abandon himself to a single fruitful train of feeling. Besides the main interest of the book, the first enterprise of navigation, the passion of Medea, the romantic scenery of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, we have the legend of Helle, who rises from the strait that bears her name to make a pretty speech to the avenger of her brother; we have an unmistakable hankering after any and every legend connected with an Argonaut; and, in the case of Hercules and Castor and Pollux, this is carried so far that his return to his main story is almost as violent a transition as any in the "Metamorphoses," where the poet has to get as he can from one legend to another that has no connection with it. Valerius reminds us of Ovid in his eye for the picturesque, or perhaps we should say that Ovid anticipates Valerius, for the latter is above all Latin poets in his power of direct fragmentary perception of visible fact. Ovid, on the other hand, is above Valerius in flow and copiousness; and though his romanticism is heartless, it is always entertaining, which is more than can be said of Valerius, one of the most estimable and ingenious and wearisome of authors. Another point of resemblance is their cosmopolitanism: distinctively Roman interests are little to either, and both are more disinterestedly literary than most Latin writers, and have less of the hortatory element. Of the two, it may be thought that Valerius, as the more serious, is also more open to impressions from contemporary life. All the Scythian episode is much more largely developed than in Apollonius, and it is at least suggestive that he should have lived and written just before the Romans had to undertake the conquest of Da-

[1] VI. 621 sqq.

cia;[1] for the whole country between the Danube and the Caucasus was practically one political and geographical system, as the country between the Rhine and the Vistula, known as Germany, was another.

[1] The wars of Domitian proved that it was impossible to retain the Danube as a frontier.

PART V.

ROMAN SATIRE FROM NERO TO HADRIAN.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL ASPECTS.

SATIRE was a very subordinate part of the literature of the Augustan age. All the poetry of the Claudian and Flavian age which modern critics quite approve is satire; for even Martial, though quite as ingenious in flattery, is read for his trenchant wit rather than for his courtliness or his rare and delicate sentiment. This fact is a decisive condemnation of the literature of the time; and, oddly enough, it tells most decisively against the literature which was most copious and most conscientious and prosperous, for Lucan, after all, is read for pleasure, while Persius is read as a part of education, because his Latin is as difficult as his sense is good.[1]

There is a certain resemblance between the position of Persius and Lucilius: both are independent gentlemen without ambition, and satisfied with their social standing, although the social standing of Lucilius was decidedly higher. Strictly speaking, neither was a Roman. Persius lived mostly on his

[1] As far back as the days of St. Jerome, Persius had become unintelligible; but neither Martial nor Quinctilian hints at this defect, and it is only lately that critics have generally been struck with the extreme obscurity of much of Shakespeare. Probably the same explanation is to be given in both cases: the great poet and the small used without reflection the ordinary dialect of their time, condensing it a little under a weight of meaning which did not puzzle their contemporaries, who had no need to have a methodical knowledge of the basis of their style.

estate in Etruria, and Lucilius, though he was the friend of Scipio, was liable to be treated as almost a provincial by other nobles. Both come at the end of a period of literary activity. Lucilius is the contemporary of Accius, and Persius is the contemporary of Lucan. Juvenal, according to the received chronology, comes at the end of the period of Flaccus, Silius, and Statius. Martial, on the contrary, lived in the midst of the movement; he writes upon the same Hercules Epitrapezius as Statius, he joins in extolling the magnificence of Domitian; he has compliments for all the heroes of the age, for Silius and for Pliny, for Quinctilian and for Statius, to say nothing of the writers whose reputation only flourished among those who had to court them—like Regulus and Stella. But his general judgment on the literature of his age is very severe because it is not bitter. He admires the times heartily and almost without reserve: his admiration, no doubt, was interested; and under Nerva and Trajan, if not before, he shows that the constant attitude of adoration which he had maintained towards Domitian was somewhat burdensome. But a man about town who had not to make his way by his wits might very well imagine that the Rome of Domitian, in arts and arms and laws, was more splendid than the Rome of Augustus, and this is exactly the position of Martial. But, this being so, he wonders innocently—and he was obviously only stating a popular problem—why the Rome of Augustus was illustrated by immortal poets; and nobody knew better than Martial that a great many of his clever contemporaries had no chance of immortality, that a book might show plenty of *ingenium* and yet be safe to go straight to the cooks, who bought up remainders then as trunk-makers did fifty years ago, and that the immortality of a book depends upon its having a genius of its own.

This is a great advance upon Horace's dictum that poets cannot afford to be mediocre; but the science of criticism was still in its infancy. Martial explains the inferiority of his contemporaries by the fact that there was no Mæcenas among the courtiers of Domitian. All the great poets of the Augustan age had been made easy for life (if they needed it)

as soon as their genius declared itself; whereas Statius was in difficulties all his life, and Martial himself was always begging for the necessities of a gentlemanly existence: he imagined that if he only had been made independent when he came to Rome he could have done as well as Marsus, and that other poets would have risen up equal to Vergil if they had found their Mæcenas. One of his intimates, Stella, was in very easy circumstances; and when Martial wished him to come to dinner, the inducement was that under no provocation would Martial recite anything, not even though Stella recited his own poem on the Giants' wars: it is obvious that Martial's admiration for the poetry of Stella was insincere compared with his admiration of the majesty of Domitian.

Juvenal makes the same complaint that poetry is a bad profession, and hints a little more strongly than Martial that the profession was spoiled by amateurs. He gives another ground for the absence of first-rate poetry, that all subjects were exhausted. He means, of course, all mythological subjects: and Greek poetry never got quite free from mythology; and Roman poetry, which was less vigorous, could hardly be expected to accomplish more, although the need of doing so, if possible, had been evident as far back as Vergil's day. But he is also quite alive to the seamy side of Roman society as a whole, which Martial is not. Martial always puts himself in the position of holding up this or that specimen of a ridiculous type to the admiration of a distinguished society. When he goes further, he only points out that existing social arrangements bear hardly, without any good reason, upon himself and those like him. But Juvenal attacks society as a whole: everything, according to him, is a mistake, from the prosperity of the wicked to the insecurity of the streets. His view of the matter is that poetry and literature in general are dying out; and small wonder, since even if a man of letters makes a sacrifice which no man of letters ought to be called upon to make, and turns schoolmaster, he will be grossly underpaid, and not able even then to recover his fees. He has no personal objection to the particular form which literary ambition took at the time—the pretension to make every word exquisite

and felicitous, which disgusted Martial as it had disgusted Persius. On the other hand, he agrees with Martial that one of the worst plagues of the time was the pretension to austerity of those who were incapable of common probity and manliness.

The position of Juvenal was in some ways the least satisfactory of the three. He had a start in life good enough to justify him in expecting a considerable success, with the talents of which he was doubtless conscious; but he carried on his preparation too long, and found himself railing at a world which did not want him and immortalized the railing. Probably the rich freedman whose heir he was admired the world in which he had made his own way. Persius judges the world severely, but not bitterly: he admires nothing except Cornutus and philosophy, and he complains of the world just because he is unworldly. He has stood too much aloof to notice much real injustice or hardship: he finds enough to horrify him in the fact that men actually dare to turn their secret wishes into prayers, that politicians undertake to govern the world with no knowledge of transcendental morality, and that young men neglect their characters and drift down-hill faster than they know. These reflections are not very painful to him; he is splenetic and contemptuous towards others, but his own short life was virtuous and prosperous; and he writes like a man at peace with himself. It is more surprising that Martial, after being the satellite of Domitian's satellites, should have gone home to Bilbilis so little soured by a very tantalizing life, which had been full of cheap indulgences and ignoble compliances. Persius is the only one of the three who had much ambition to write on other subjects. He began an epic and an imitation of the journey to Brundusium, and wrote other miscellaneous verses, including a comedy; all of which Cornutus prudently burned when he edited the "Satires." Martial tells us of certain trifles of his youth which one of his friends had been at the pains to cherish: they may perhaps have been the same as the short volume of distichs to accompany New-year's gifts which is now reckoned the fourteenth of his collection. Juvenal did nothing but de-

claim and write satires; for the tradition that he wrote a ballet for an actor only rests upon a misunderstanding of a line in his own poem and a note of one of his biographers. National pride sustains Juvenal, as the conceit of his Stoical training sustains Persius, and a temper naturally cheerful sustains Martial.

CHAPTER II.

PERSIUS.

When we come to analyze Persius, the first thing that strikes us is that he repeated Horace, so far as could be done without knowledge of life. All the topics seem to be taken from him. There is the same complaint at the unreasonable preference for antiquity, the same application of comedy to edification, the same appeal to Stoical commonplace; the same warning against wasteful expenditure, and the same protest against sordid economy; the same reference to dropsy as a disease that punishes neglect of the body, as the passions punish the neglect of the soul; the same jests even at the pretentiousness of municipal dignitaries; there is the same contrast, a good deal amplified, between the tastes of the big centurions and their big sons and those of philosophers and their pupils. On the other hand, Persius omits all Horace's jests at the pedantry of the Porch. He is indifferent to the question of prudence, which is so important for Horace. When he protests against extravagance, it is because it is foolish, not because it is ruinous. All the types of actual life in Horace are only represented by casual allusions. The minor morals, again, have much less importance for Persius, to whom the necessary knowledge came by good-nature and good-breeding; whereas Horace had to consider his behavior, being of an irritable temper, and living with men of higher station, and being exposed to all sorts of surprises and annoyances by his ambiguous position. Horace, for the same reason, is full of the question of promotion from the ranks. Persius is content to rebuke the empty pride of birth. Another point on which Horace is full and Persius silent is the inconsistency of men who can never be content or stick to their choice: this is more remarkable if we trust the tradition that

Persius himself had hesitated between the life of a man of letters and a soldier; for in his case it would have been rather a caprice to enter either profession. His connections were not high enough to carry him far in the army, and he was not vain enough, or earnest, or even serious enough, to carry his literary pretensions far. The attraction of his book is that he jests at himself soberly without a spark of levity, and therefore he was not fitted for copious comic writing. He finds the world, not amusing, like Horace, but ridiculous, and feels that life, upon the whole, is a sorry thing.

His whole tone is much sharper, and, one might add, more ill-natured, than Horace's; and this is curious, because we know Horace was decidedly irritable, whereas all the descriptions of Persius dwell upon his sweetness and purity. Something must be set down to the Pharisaism of youth, something, perhaps, to the pride of victory over temptation. It would not be a rash inference that Cornutus "saved" him: he was the first teacher to whom he owed anything. He tells us nothing of his schoolmasters, and speaks very slightingly of the usual literary education; and thinks that it is quite natural for boys to shirk their first declamation lessons, and that their master, who applauds their recitation of his own composition, is more unreasonable than they. He has a keen sense how dangerous the first taste of liberty might be, and he did not value himself upon his original propensities. The great happiness he knew with Cornutus was the happiness of a mind under the pressure of reason laboring to be conquered. We trace an echo of the exhortations of Cornutus in the lecture, in the third satire, to the well-born, well-provided simpleton, who has no idea in the world but to saunter through life without a mark to aim at, or a well-strung bow and well-filled quiver to shoot at it with, pelting crows with potsherds that are just good enough to take a cock-shot with, and with mud that is no use even for that. If Persius himself had been converted by the threat that he would be contemptible if he persisted in the course of self-indulgence natural to a man without ambition, he would think this threat more effectual than it is. To the last he had a clear perception that though

Jove (who, he reminds us, is almighty) might punish tyrants quite adequately with such a sight of virtue as would make them pine away because they had forsaken her, yet a centurion with no particular sin upon his conscience will always think his breakfast more important than discussions about nothing coming from nothing and the like. There is none of the bitterness in his description of the centurions which there is in his description of the fashionable poet and his audience, nothing like his contempt for the spruce citizen who plumes himself on his performances in breaking unfair measures in the market and has an itch for jesting on a philosopher for his Greek clogs. The worst he has to say of the centurions is that their veins stand out, and that their profession is rather unsavory: what he gives them to say against the philosophers is far more damaging than anything he says against them; and it would not be unlike Persius to have seen through the affectations of philosophers and to have been half ashamed of his discernment.

It is to be noticed that his Stoicism has no trace of the famous paradoxes about the wise man and the all-sufficiency of virtue. Now and then we get hints that all the world but the wise are slaves; but this resolves itself into illustration of the sober thesis that the passions are hard masters. The list of duties which Persius invites backsliders to learn for their own peace is startling from its simplicity and from the entire absence of any harsh demands upon nature: he never presses self-conquest up to the point at which it will be painful. His model students are remarkable for their immense appetite for pearl barley, as well as for their short hair and their sleeplessness. As for Persius himself, he insists upon the right and duty of having his greens well oiled every day, and, generally speaking, thinks it unbecoming and miserly not to live up to his income; all extraordinary expenses being met out of capital, at the expense, it is assumed, of the heir, who must not grumble unless he wishes to be disinherited. He is not the least shocked at the idea of seeing gladiators, for he thinks that as often as a victory is gazetted every man of property is bound to exhibit them. It might even be thought that it was

a part of wisdom to know when to begin to indulge one's self, although Persius does not say so plainly; one great lesson is how to turn softly round the goal, and where to start for the turn. The poet is probably thinking of the Greek chariot race in Homer, which was there and back, rather than of the Roman, which was round and round the circus. He would think also of Plato, who more than once alludes to the division of the race of life into two halves, which have each a law and a chançe of their own. After asking the question where and when to turn the goal, the next question Persius bids us answer is, What fortune ought a man to make? what is the use to be made of money fresh from the mint? how much ought to be bestowed on the public and the family? It is quite of a piece with this that the main object of studying philosophy is to provide for a cheerful old-age. Most old men whom the satirist knew struck him as peevish and ridiculous; they were simply miserable, as they lived upon the scanty satisfactions that the courtesy of their juniors still vouchsafed to their vanity. A philosopher like Cornutus can teach a young man how to take precaution betimes against this wretched lot; it is only needful to study the duties of his station methodically, and fulfil them steadily. He is not to overrate his importance or to take too much upon himself; he is to consider what his station is in the race, what share he is to take in the commonwealth of man. The important thing is not to fret at seeing your neighbors get on quicker than you do, and not to overrate the value of the well-stocked storeroom of an advocate in good country practice. It is noticeable throughout that Persius's ideas of wealth are modest. Both Juvenal and Horace have ideas of magnificent extravagance which are quite beyond him: marble villas, costly banquets, and wasteful profusion are unknown to him; the worst extravagance that strikes him as possible is taken from Horace at second-hand. A man may beggar himself in largesses of vetches and beans that old men may remember, as they sun themselves, what a Feast of Flowers they had when he was ædile. The life that he seems to understand is the life of Roman dinner-parties and recitations, of which he had glimpses enough to fill him with contempt;

there is not a hint of the plague of morning visits to grandees of which Martial and Juvenal are full. All that he has to say is that a bold poet runs the risk of being coldly received when he calls, and that a student of philosophy must not pride himself on being able to call on a censor cousin any more than on his long Tuscan pedigree. But what he knows best is the life of a rich thrifty farmer. He is at home with Ventidius, who has a Sabine farm, to be sure, but one that it would tire a kite to fly over; who groans as he says grace at his harvest home, and sups[1] the mothery lees of spoilt vinegar, while his hinds fare better than he. The country to Persius is always "teeming:" he has no feeling for the cottage farms over which Horace, and even Juvenal, are so enthusiastic; he just condescends to recollect that bad poets were apt to remember the furrows where Serranus was sowing when they made him dictator. He has a good deal of humor, which is seen to as much advantage in the prologue as anywhere; he laughs at Ennius with his vision of Homer and Parnassus, and at his contemporaries who had their busts finished with ivy wreaths, and liked to be told they had got pale with their draughts of Pirene. For himself, he is but half a brother of the starveling guild, who are trained by hunger just like so many parrots and pies, who would turn poets too if they had wit enough to be duped by the prospect of being paid for their strains. The description of the husbandman's prayers who ruins himself in sacrifices is racy;[2] and so is the description of the pious grandam who sanctifies the baby with her spittle before she proceeds to bless it; while for himself the poet begs that Jupiter will refuse to hear the prayers of grandam or nurse, although she may have dressed in white to make them.[3]

It has been noticed by Professor Conington that, while we can trace a very close parallelism to Horace in subject and

[1] Persius is rather fond of this word *sorbere:* he uses it three times (iv. 16, iv. 32, v. 112) when *potare* would be quite as convenient; probably because the latter was a little hackneyed, and having got hold of a word that he hopes is picturesque, he keeps to it, and never uses either of the common words for drink at all.

[2] II. 44 sqq.

[3] II. 39, 40.

treatment, all the traditions we have tell us much more of Persius's imitations of Lucilius, to whom perhaps we owe Bestius with his regrets for the good old times before Romans knew Greek or had an idea of philosophy.[1] As an imitator, who reproduced the last book he had read which suited him with an air of genuine originality, Persius may remind some readers of Keats; though Keats has of course much more power and charm, to say nothing of his wider range. Persius, one can see, limited his range voluntarily. He enjoyed the Bay of Spezzia, and Statius or Vergil would have taken the opportunity of a pretty description: all that Persius tells us is that "the Ligurian coast is warm round him, and his dear sea spends winter with him where the rocks spread their giant sides and the shore draws back into a deep valley." But this is not enough to do justice to his feeling, so he flies off to quote Ennius, who had praised the place before him; and condescendingly assures us that the old poet had recovered his senses by then. The union of *naïveté* and scornfulness and feeling is characteristic. It is characteristic in another way, that Persius takes for granted the principle of suiting your dinner to your company, which scandalizes Martial and Juvenal. He thought it just as obviously absurd to set turbots before freedmen as to train one's own palate to the point of knowing a hen thrush by her flavor from a cock; and both were as bad as to buy brine by the cupful for a birthday dinner, and then make it a substitute for oil instead of an addition to it; though all decent people had a jar of brine in stock, and oiled their greens every day, and flavored them with brine when they had a mind.[2] It is to be noticed throughout that Persius has nothing of the fitful asceticism which we find in Seneca. He speaks of how he and Cornutus used to enjoy supping together after the day's work was over, and go on into the night, which was not the custom of

[1] VI. 37. Which can hardly have kept their vigor unimpaired for two hundred years and more; for Juvenal does not complain of Greek doctrines, but of the personal intrusion of individual Greeks, whose numbers and intrigues were too much for any ordinary Roman.

[2] VI. 19–24.

ordinary revellers, who began early and were sleepy when night came on; so that Persius claims credit for temperance as well as for geniality. Nero and his courtiers, to be sure, revelled till midnight and later, but this was exceptional.

CHAPTER III.

PETRONIUS.

PETRONIUS ARBITER was a contemporary of Persius, who made his reputation out of his courage in turning day into night, and night into day. He did not neglect his business like other voluptuaries; he did not arrange his time to suit the engagements of other respectable people, but slept all day and worked and played all night, and, being clever and capable (for he governed Bithynia well), had a great name among the intimates of Nero, who gave him the title of *arbiter elegantiarum.* He was driven to suicide A.D. 66 by the jealousy of Tigellinus; and, like most of his contemporaries in that case, decided to bleed to death, amusing himself during the process as well as he could, and sometimes stopping the bleeding for a time when he found the trivial conversation most interesting. Before dying he sent Nero a satire upon his vices, and destroyed two murrhine vases which the emperor coveted. He is generally admitted to be the author of a long novel of which we have a few fragments from the later books. To judge from these the plan was very curious: it combined a series of shabby adventures of the kind which Le Sage affects, only with much more love, or what did duty for it, with a pretty complete criticism of contemporary literature. The travellers pass from one scrape to another, and from one low scene of debauchery to another, and are always ready to lecture upon the decay of letters and to supply specimens of how subjects ought to be treated. There is never any trace of irony in these disquisitions, and we must suppose that Petronius of all people wished to place his views of respectability and a sound education upon record. Most of the adventures are indecent enough, and dull into the bargain; they turn upon all kinds of voluntary and involuntary assignations

by land and sea, and upon the squabbles and scuffles which arise from legitimate and illegitimate jealousy. Apparently it was a subordinate motive with the writer to set forth the different phases of life among the coast towns of the Roman empire; just as our own novels of the eighteenth century contain many scenes of low life which are not particularly humorous or particularly indecent, and yet seemed at the time worth reading about because they were odd and unfamiliar.

There is one part which is really interesting, and will bear comparison with anything in ancient comedy—the "Supper of Trimalchio," which is preserved in a MS. of the fifteenth century published in the seventeenth. It is a most humorous and sympathetic sketch of the life of the rich freedmen who flourished in the cities of the Campanian coast. It is only from this book that we know what the conditions of their life were. Most men of business were luxurious and left no family behind them, and the confidential slave who knew how to ingratiate himself with both master and mistress might expect his freedom from the master and the inheritance from the mistress. Then the pleasure properties of rich nobles did not remain long in the same hands, and for a business-like man who speculated successfully on a few large ventures to Rome, it was easy to invest the proceeds; and one who had been a slave, and knew how the owner of a large property, even if he wished to make money out of it, was apt to be cheated, was in a better position than most purchasers for making it pay. The whole pride of the class lay in their money, the ingenuity with which they spent it, and the spirit they showed when they lost it, as happened often enough. They had no ambition and no career. Trimalchio, who entertained a reasonable hope of buying so many estates that he might travel to Africa without going out of his own ground except when he was at sea, had no position but that of a *sevir augustalis;* and he boasts of his magnanimity in declining higher rank, like Mæcenas; only Mæcenas might have been consul or senator. Every corporation at Rome, from that of the notaries downwards, would have been delighted to put Trimalchio on its books; but Trimalchio declined. Of course, being rich enough many times

over, he assumed equestrian rank, and wore more rings than any other knight whose father had been free-born. He did not trouble himself the least about politics, except to be proud when a noble was pleased to say that he had put up as comfortably at Trimalchio's villa as at his own. The management of his own property was his great concern; he had a regular[1] journal kept of it, on the model of the journal of what happened at Rome, and learned from this for the first time that he had bought a new estate, on which the journal announced a fire. He was very properly angry at not having been told of the purchase before, and decided in future that unless he received notice within six months he would repudiate any such purchase; for his slaves told him that the land had only been bought the year before, and so the payment for it had not yet come into his accounts. The journal shows that he made his money faster than he could invest it; for something between £80,000 and £100,000 had to be returned to his strong box because no suitable parties came forward to borrow it. Trimalchio, like the majority of people who make large fortunes, was in a hurry to get other people to work for him. After two or three ventures to Rome, he took to lending money to freedmen who had yet to make theirs. His tastes are less expensive than we should expect. He does not care for anything that we should call magnificence; he is satisfied with a sort of cockney smartness and completeness in the furniture of his daily life, and with a great deal of inventive display in his dinner-parties. Of course it cost something to serve one boar whole with a number of live thrushes inside ready to fly out as soon as it was cut open, and a fat pig stuffed with sausages and black-puddings, which came out when the cook, who was threatened for sending it to table without cleaning it, was told to perform his neglected duty at table before the assembled guests.

At bottom, Trimalchio is a very well-meaning, kind-hearted man; although he has a slave crucified for cursing his *genius*, just as the most benevolent emperors felt compelled to execute any Christian who might obstinately refuse to swear by

[1] "Sat." 53.

their fortune. Neither quite knew how the needful discipline of an estate or an empire was to be maintained without an exemplary severity, and neither was struck with the notion that such severity ought to be painful. He wished otherwise to make his slaves fond of him, and read them his will, in which they were emancipated, in hopes they might love him as if he were dead; whereupon they cried. He surprised his guests by bidding them sit down to supper, though he turns out the first batch rather roughly to make room for the second. The person to whom he is harshest is his wife: he taunts her with his having married her for love, when he might have had a wife with a good dower; he lays down the general principle that every woman is a kite by kind, and is struck by the wisdom of a soothsayer who assures him that he is nursing a viper. Still, when he boasts of his humble beginnings, he gives her credit for doing a dutiful thing, and sacrificing all her finery to find him a hundred gold pieces to begin again with, when his first venture had proved unfortunate; and, though he threatens to leave her statue out of his monument, he does not threaten to deprive her of the succession to his property. He is proud alike of her skill in shameless dances and of her notable housekeeping; she would never dream of sitting down to supper herself, until everything was properly cleared away after the supper of her lord and master; just as he makes a pet of a slave, to his wife's great disgust, though the slave is very ugly, as his master is partly aware, because the boy can read and write and cipher, and knows the ten parts of an *as*,[1] and has had several profitable transactions with other slaves, and put by some personal property of substantial value.

It is like master like man: the steward is going to have the bathman whipped for losing his clothes. The guests beg him off, and the steward majestically explains that he does not care for the clothes; he is only angry at the abominable carelessness of the slave. To be sure, the clothes were a birthday

[1] The *as* was divided into twelve *unciæ*, but only the ten divisions, from two *unciæ* to eleven, had names which needed to be learned like the multiplication-table.

present, and were real Tyrian purple, but then they had been washed once already. And the culprit has quite as magnificent ideas: he says that he has done nothing to speak of; they were not worth above ten sestertia,[1] all told, and promises the visitors that he will reward them for their intercession with his master's best wine. This explains the surprise of Trimalchio at his own munificence at giving better wine than the day before, when he had better company.

The whole banquet was rather ingenious than splendid: there were few dainties which were not to be got in any market; the peculiarity was that the cook had a talent for surprises, and could make models of anything out of anything else—game, for instance, out of pork, or peacocks' eggs out of pastry. The latter are mistaken for half-hatched peachicks, which turn out at last to have beccaficos inside cooked in yolk. Trimalchio comes in late to dinner, and insists upon finishing his game of dice, while the company are still toying with their "whet," and does not leave off till he has exhausted all the gossip of the cobbler's[2] stall. The next course has all the signs of the zodiac, with the earth in the middle, but nothing much to eat; the Scales, for instance, each held specimens of different kinds of pastry; the Water-carrier was represented by a goose, and the Fishes by a brace of mullets, and these were the favorable signs. But all this was merely the cover: there was fat poultry and sow's paunch and hare underneath, and in the corners four figures of Marsyas pouring peppered pickle out of their flayed hides upon the fish. The carver is named Carpus, for the sake of a pun, as the vocative of his name is the same as the imperative of the Latin word for carve, as the narrator learns from one of the other guests. And then the conversation turns upon Trimalchio's riches. Not one in ten of his slaves knows him by sight: he has everything home-grown upon his own property, pigeon's milk included; all his mules are bred from wild asses, and he has fetched bees from Hymettus, in order to have Attic honey upon his own farm; even the stuffing of his cushions is scarlet or purple (the two most expensive colors). "Such is the

[1] Between £80 and £100. "Sat." 30, *ad fin.* [2] Literally, of the weaver's.

blessedness of his mind!"[1] (we are reminded of the American lady who told Emerson that being perfectly dressed, and knowing it, filled her mind with peace that not even religion could bestow). Even the fellow-freedmen of Trimalchio deserve the respect of a beggarly poet: the very lowest of them has a knight's fortune twice over, and he used to carry firewood; there was a story of how he managed to steal the brownie's cap and find a treasure. And still his master could claim him. However, he knows how to make himself comfortable: he has just advertised his old lodging to let, because, as he informs us, he is going to buy a house. "Then there's another who has had a plum of his own, and then got knocked off his feet. He's head over ears in debt: no fault of his—there's not a better man in the world. His freedmen are rogues, and got hold of it all. Then, of course, no two partners can boil soup in one pot, and when the house is shaky friends are out. He was an undertaker, and lived in the grandest style—dined like a king, with boars in napkins, and fancy pastry and fowl, and cooks and bakers, and poured away more wine under the table than most men have in their cellars. Even when he was in difficulties he advertised his goods for sale under this heading, 'T. Julius Proculus puts up to auction some articles for which he has no use.'"[2]

Meanwhile, Trimalchio gives a lecture upon his zodiac. The heaven in which the twelve gods live turns into so many shapes: sometimes it is a ram—whoever is born then has a great many sheep, plenty of wool, a hard head, and an impudent forehead, and a sharp horn. A great many professors are born under this sign. Then the whole heaven turns into a bull, and so on. Trimalchio was born under Cancer himself, which is the reason he has so many legs to stand on, and possesses much by land and sea. The conclusion of the speech is admirable: "So it goes round like a mill, always doing some mischief, either breeding or killing men; as for the turf that you see in the middle, and the hive on the turf, I have a reason for everything. Mother earth is in the middle as round as an egg, and holds all good things like a hive."[3]

[1] "Sat." 38. [2] Ib. 38. [3] Ib. 39.

After being duly applauded, Trimalchio sets one of his slaves to recite his verses, and rewards him by emancipating him on the spot, and presently leaves the room. One of the guests complains of the cold, and says there is no wardrobe like a hot drink; another says he don't bathe every day—the water has teeth and washes away the wits: besides, he could not bathe to-day, he had been at a funeral. "That nice man, that good man, Chrysantheus, has just boiled over into the other world. Just now he was talking to me. I seem to hear him now: dear, dear! We are nothing but blown bladders on two pins: we are not as much as flies—there's some spirit in a fly—we are bubbles, sir, no more. And it is not as if he had not been abstemish. Five days and he didn't swallow a drop of water or a crumb of bread. And yet he went over to the majority. The doctors were his death, or rather his ill-fate; all the good of a doctor is to make the mind easy. Still, he had a good funeral: the bier that he provided when he was alive; good rugs; first-rate lamentations—he had set several slaves free—though his wife rather grudged her tears. Suppose he *did* not treat her very well: well, every woman is such a kite. Nobody never ought to do one a kindness: it's just the same as throwing it down a well. But old love is a prison;[1] there's no getting out of it."

Then Phileros takes a severe view of Chrysantheus; and then Ganymedes[2] begins to grumble at high prices, and to abuse the ædiles, who are in league with the bakers, and do not maintain the market laws and the proper size of the penny loaf. Once it took two men to eat a loaf between them, and now the loaf is not as big as a bull's eye. The town is growing down-hill like a calf's tail, and all the people are lions at home and foxes abroad, fawning on their thievish magistrates. Ganymedes has had to sell his wardrobe already, and expects soon to have to sell his little bit of house-property. In his opinion, it is all the doing of the gods.

"No one believes heaven is heaven, no one thinks of keeping fasts; no one cares a straw for Jove. When they draw their dress over their eyes, it is only to reckon up their pos-

[1] "Sat." 42. Some read *cancer* for *carcer*. [2] Ib. 44.

sessions. Once upon a time the women used to go in full dress, with all their hair down, and bare feet, and walk up-hill with pure minds, and pray Jove for water. Thereupon he used to rain bucketfuls—he knew it was then or never; and everybody had to come back as wet as mice. And so the gods have woollen feet because we are not religious." Then a dealer in patchwork is shocked at this ill-omened language, and replies, "So-so and so-so," as the countryman said when he lost the spotted pig. "If it don't come to-day, it'll come to-morrow, and that's the way we rub along. . . . If you lived anywhere else, you'd say that the pigs walked about ready-cooked here; and think what a fine show we shall have in three days: not merely the trained slaves, but plenty of freedmen. Titus is a gentleman: he is going to give them the best steel, and not let them run away, and put the shambles in the middle of the arena for the spectators to see. To be sure, he can afford; his father's dead and left him a quarter of a million, more's the pity. If he lays down three or four thousand, his property will never feel it, and he'll leave a name to last forever."[1] Then he goes on to say that he hopes one lady is going to give a feast to all the people at eighteen-pence a head, which will quite take away the credit another gentleman got by his last show, where all the gladiators were invalids, hardly good enough to fight with beasts; as for the third man (who was held in reserve to fight the winner), he was as dead as the dead man whose place he would have to take. Then he turns upon the professor, and scolds him for not talking, if he finds the talk of others dull; and promises him a new pupil if he will come and see him in the country. The new pupil is his pet slave, who knows four parts of the *as* already, and is fond of sums and a very clever boy, though he has a mania for birds. His master has killed three of his goldfinches already, and said it was the cat. But he finds something else, and is fond of painting. He's pretty well got through Greek, and has a nice turn for Latin, though one of his masters is lazy and can never stick to a subject, and the other is curious and teaches more than he knows. The young

[1] "Sat." 45.

hopeful is old enough to begin the study of law; so his patron has bought him some red-lettered books to give him a taste for the subject, as he has had a sufficient splash of literature. "If he shows signs of jibbing, he'll have to take to trade, shaving, or auctioneering, or pettifogging; for once master that, and you've got what nothing but death can rob you of." Apparently the trade had not been spoiled then by overcrowding, as it was in the times of Martial and Juvenal.

Then Trimalchio comes back and delivers a lecture upon hygiene, which he seems to understand better than most subjects except cookery. Presently he begins to draw the professor, and ask upon what debate he has lectured that day. Though he does not plead in person, still he has studied literature for private use, and has three libraries, one for Greek and one for Latin (we don't know whether it was Trimalchio or the copyist who forgot to add a third for Oscan).[1] The professor begins with a quarrel between a rich man and a poor: "What's a poor man?" says Trimalchio; still he allows the professor to tell his story, and then gravely observes either it really happened, and then there is nothing to discuss, or it didn't, and then there is nothing to discuss either. Then, to air his own learning, he asks if the professor knows the story how the Cyclops put Ulysses's thumb out of joint. "As for the Sibyl, I saw her myself at Cumæ hanging in a bladder: and when the boys asked 'What do you want, Sibyl?' out came 'I want to die.'"

He has plenty more to say: among other things, that he is the only man in the world who has true Corinthian brass, for his brasier is called Corinthus.[2] The true origin of Corinthian brass, he tells us, dates from the sack of Troy, when that cunning rogue Hannibal threw all the brass and gold and silver statues upon one fire, and so there was made a new kind of metal, neither one thing nor the other. For his own part, if the company will excuse him, Trimalchio likes glass better; it has no smell (one remembers the virtuoso in Martial who always wished to be sure that brass smelled of Corinth); it would be better than gold if only it would not break. And

[1] "Sat." 48. Buechler corrects the text, reading ii., not iii. [2] Ib. 50.

then comes the story of the artisan who invented flexible glass, and was put to death by Tiberius lest gold and silver should lose their value. Trimalchio is a connoisseur in silver too. He has some hundred three-gallon goblets with Cassandra killing her children (the poor boys lie dead just as if they were alive); and some thousand ladles that Mummius left to his patron, where Dædalus is shutting Niobe into the Trojan horse; and as for the battles of his favorite gladiators, he has them on his cups: they are all heavy, for he is proud of his intelligence (which enables him to recognize his favorite gladiators in the heroes of the Trojan war), and would not part with it for any money. He is just as proud of having never studied under any philosopher as he is of the riches which he has acquired by starting with nothing. All his own class admire him heartily, which is pleasant, and, when one thinks of it, surprising, and are always ready to take up arms when they suspect the representatives of the literary class of laughing at him. With all his pomposity, he aspires to nothing beyond a fine funeral and a large monument. When the stonemason, who is prætor, and a friend of the family, arrives in great state, with his wife, and of course his lictor, from a funeral feast in honor of a slave, whom a lady of the neighborhood had manumitted when he was dead, Trimalchio says that he must have a frontage of a hundred feet at least, and a depth of two hundred, for he intends to have a vineyard and all manner of good things growing round him: he cannot bear the idea of being in a crowd when he is dead; and hopes he shall enjoy his surroundings as he deserves, for his prudence in providing that the monument shall not descend to his heirs. He holds it is quite absurd to trouble about how we are to be lodged for this short life, and not to care how we are to be lodged through the long hereafter. He winds up the feast by having himself laid out in his bier and grave-clothes, first showing the company what good stuff they are made of; and the literati make their escape while he is telling the pipers to strike up his funeral march. There is a jointed skeleton of silver carried round at the beginning of the banquet; and when Trimalchio boasts that his wine is a hundred years old, his next

thought is how sad that wine should live longer than man. His soothsayer has informed him of the exact number of years and months and days he was to live. His feeling is not the fear of death exactly, it is a sort of maudlin sympathy with the shortness of life. He reminds one of Horace in this; but he has outlived youth, which is always what suggests to Horace the fleetingness of pleasure, and expects to enjoy his life to the last. He does not hold with Horace that enjoyment has to be snatched or hurried: there is no sense that the life of the underworld is grim or dreary; his only grievance is that he is fond of life, and it ends. We might almost say his self-pity is the crown of a well-spent life—the life of a dutiful, plucky, trustworthy man. There is none of the scampishness of the slave-life of ancient comedy about Trimalchio or any of his fellow-freedmen: they are all like the good apprentices of Hogarth, only, instead of marrying their masters' daughters, they comfort their masters' wives.

It is natural to compare Trimalchio with Nasidienus and Virro, the only illustrious "snobs" of ancient literature. Of the three, Trimalchio is certainly the most respectable. Nasidienus is not only a snob, but a flunkey; he is always trying to propitiate Mæcenas and his friends. Virro's favorite amusement is to bully and insult everybody who is not so rich as himself; while Trimalchio, to the best of his knowledge, wishes everybody to be comfortable, and is quite ready to share his best with everybody. His absurdities do not the least affect his self-respect, for he understands what practically concerns him, and does not really compromise himself by blundering on matters that he only takes up for amusement.

Neither he nor any of his fellows is able to speak Latin grammatically. Their syntax is seldom much out, but their declensions are very alarming; they mix up Greek and Latin words in a curious way, which has puzzled the writer of our manuscript and his editors not a little; and they coin Latin words, especially in *ax*, when, if they knew it, there were authorized words to serve the purpose. At the same time, they never offend seriously against the genius of the language: their singular forms are no worse upon the merits than those that

have come down to us from the days of Plautus and Ennius. The truth is that the way these things are settled among the best writers is arbitrary, and the more elaborate the system of inflections is, the more arbitrary is the settlement: and only an elaborate training, for which a rich freedman had neither leisure nor modesty, could prevent deviations from the conventional standard, unless, indeed, the speaker were protected by a narrow vocabulary, the shades of which could be learned from tradition.

Petronius shows no signs that he thinks the banquet his masterpiece, and consistently treats Trimalchio and his set as buffoons, at whom it is very good of literati not to laugh too loud; but it can hardly be an accident that they are the only characters in his book who are quite alive and really amusing. Like most discoverers, he undervalued his discovery, for even Cervantes, especially in the first part, undervalues Don Quixote.

There is very little difference in their views of life, except that the traders worship money from conviction and earn it, and the literati complain that nothing else counts for anything, and make plans for getting it by cheating, and the literati think much more than the tradesmen of passing amours. A tradesman apparently required a wife and a concubine, just as he liked to have a house and a service of plate; but in the main he looked upon love as the cement of a business-like partnership.

The adventure of the literati which comes nearest to being amusing is at Crotona, where it seems will-hunting was the only industry in vogue: so the party, who have been shipwrecked, decide to put a crazy poet[1] (who is often pelted for declaiming verses out of season) at their head, with instructions that he is to personate a rich owner of African property, who has just lost a son, and become disgusted with his own country in consequence. The plot at first succeeds admirably; but even then the narrator is nervous lest they should be detected or betrayed, and piously observes: "O gods and goddesses, what a hard life an outlaw's is! he is always ex-

[1] "Sat." 117.

pecting his deserts." At last the poet, by way of sustaining his pretensions, informs everybody who expects to benefit under his will that his legatees will have to prove their enduring attachment by eating him up when he is dead; and then recites for their encouragement all the historical instances of cannibalism where the cannibals had no prospect of a legacy for their pains. There is also a little humor in the contrast between the mistress and maid, whose taste in lovers is very different: the mistress liking the poorest and shabbiest best, and the maid disdaining to look at anybody below the degree of a knight. But in general the adventures are quite uninteresting, and would probably be so even if they were not fragmentary.

The style, on the contrary, is very good and simple, with none of the affectations of the silver age. If it has a fault, it is that it is too uniform, and wants a little relief. Exactly the same attention is paid to one adventurer as to another, and it is hard to keep what story there is in the head. It is difficult to say what purpose the greater part of the verses serve, except to display the writer's fluency: they are neither ridiculous nor beautiful, and the writer breaks into verse without any visible occasion, and often shifts from one metre to another. This, however, is part of the system of the Menippean satire, and—one may dimly conjecture—in certain states of literary taste gave the same sort of mild amusement as bilingual composition does at others. There are two pieces in which perhaps we can trace a serious intention: the iambics on the fall of Troy are probably more or less a criticism of Nero, as the hexameters on the civil war are certainly a criticism upon Lucan. Both are more than creditable if tried by an appropriate standard, for no great poem was ever written in ostentatious rivalry with other poets. The sack of Troy in "Hamlet" is Shakespeare's criticism of the most stilted declamation of his time, and is not much better than Petronius, though he only embraces[1] the first part of the scene, and lets the mob interrupt Eumolpus with stones before the catastrophe of Priam and Cassandra. There is a good deal of pragmatic reflection

[1] "Sat." 89.

in proportion to the poetry. We learn that the credit of Calchas was at stake, and that it was a grave omen that the fillets of Laocoon should be stained with blood.[1]

The poem on the civil war is also pragmatic: there is a great deal about wealth and luxury which is commonplace and tiresome, and there is also a great deal too much mythology. The author has a hold of two important canons which Lucan violates: one is that a poem ought not to be a history in verse, because history can be better written in prose; the other, that the right way to attain poetical elevation is by making the reader conscious of pervading inspiration, not by piling up one enthusiastic epigram upon another, and trying to make each startling by itself. His positive precepts are less commendable. His general idea of an historical poem is something vague and allusive and dignified: the gods apparently are to do duty as concrete symbols of abstract historical conceptions, and all individual facts are to be left out as below the majesty of art. In the same way, all words that have the least flavor of being plebeian are to be rigorously excluded.[2] The writer is to limit himself to the example of Homer and the lyric writers of Greece, and of Vergil and Horace in Latin. The whole tone of his poetical legislation is curiously like the tone of the orthodox poetical legislation of France before the reign of precedent was disturbed by the Romantic movement; and Petronius deserves credit for the insight which made him a classicist just at the time when the romanticism of Nero's reign was at its height. His metres also are for the most part frank and manly, with little trace of the fashionable refinements of sound. Even where he intends to be flowery his verse is never melting, and his prose does not aim often at being melting either. His most voluptuous descriptions have little of the lingering, cloying tenderness of Apuleius.

In another way he marks an epoch; he is the first conspicuous opponent of the bizarre system of declamation on imaginary themes.[3] He is of opinion that professors are, for the most part, fools themselves and the cause of folly in others: the only use of the exaggerated cases they put and the noisy

[1] "Sat." 119. [2] Ib. 118. [3] Ib. 1.

sentiments they bandy is to leave them without a word to say when they come into the forum. A young man who goes to a professor sees and hears nothing of what goes on in the world but pirates standing on the shore with chains, and tyrants publishing edicts to order sons to cut off their fathers' heads, or oracles in time of pestilence prescribing the sacrifice of three maidens or more; and everything that's said or done seems to be kneaded up with honey and nicely powdered over with poppy and spice. Then come plenty of historical examples to show that the literature of a great age is simple, and that a noble and, so to say, a modest style is not swollen nor patchy, but grows up to beauty and nature at once. This looks as if his ideal were the same as the French classical ideal in prose as well as in verse. It is curious that he does not appear to admire Cicero, and it is a sign of over-cleverness that Hyperides[1] rather than Demosthenes appears to be his model orator; though we know that ancient critics considered Hyperides the more finished speaker of the two, and counted up more separate merits in his writings. Thucydides, who is his model historian, though a very grand writer, is a very faulty one, and sins as much as Seneca in bedizening his writings with a display of intellectual ingenuity. Perhaps Petronius may have judged of Thucydides by his Latin imitator, Sallust, who, though empty and crabbed by comparison with his original, is more level because he is more monotonous.

His theory of the defects of Roman education is put into the mouth of the unlucky professor,[2] who is as ready to condemn himself as his acquaintance can be to condemn him. The root of the mischief is that the teacher is dependent on his popularity with his pupils, and he can only maintain it by a system of absurd and mischievous excitement. So far so good: the system of education recommended, if parents could open their eyes and uphold the authority of the teacher as they ought, is in some ways more questionable. Like modern reformers, Petronius holds that a great deal of time is wasted in premature attempts at composition; but the time which he wishes to save for reading he would employ rather in the

[1] "Sat." 5. [2] Ib. 3.

spirit of Fronto than of Quinctilian. The wholesomest training, according to him, is to be found, not in the classics of the days of Cæsar and Augustus, but in the quaint, vigorous writings of the Republic. These attracted him by their plainness and by their rough and picturesque vocabulary, which seemed more picturesque and significant than it was because it was unfamiliar. It must soon have got very monotonous for a Roman to lecture on the Roman classics, for the necessary learning required for Vergil had been accumulated once for all, and the old writers who required more elucidation, about whom the lecturer could find out something fresh every time he went over them, were more attractive to the teacher for the same reason that they were less profitable to the pupil. On the other hand, the intellectual advantages of a sound moral tone are admirably set forth in some very tolerable scazons. Almost the only point on which Petronius seems to agree with Trimalchio is that Publius Syrus is a very edifying writer, and Trimalchio gravely quotes a long alliterative sermon against *gourmandise* from him (perhaps we ought to give Trimalchio credit for his quasi-consistency in not serving up a peacock). The upshot of the whole book is to emphasize the suggestion, which probably appeared more plainly in the mimes than in Plautus, that there is nothing safe or wholesome but sense or virtue; and that there is no success without money, and no amusement without vice.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTIAL.

MARTIAL'S career is one of the best known and the most instructive in the history of Roman literature. He came to Rome when Seneca and Gallio were still able to keep up the hospitality of the Annæi, for he reminds a quasi-patron that he had chosen to trust him instead of them. He spent, apparently, the first sixteen or seventeen years of his sojourn in Rome ingloriously, though several of his epigrams, and those among the best, have the look of being inspired by these early years. When Domitian came forward to inaugurate a new Augustan era, he came forward as a poet: he received about the degree of encouragement that was due to him. Domitian gave him some cheap privileges, such as the rights of a father of three children, and conferred citizenship upon a good many persons recommended by the poet, who, of course, got paid for the recommendation. Martial had presents from other patrons, and he managed to get a piece of land within a short drive of Rome to spend his summers in: perhaps one of his patrons reflected that a little outlay once for all would discharge him from the obligation of ever taking his friend to the Campanian coast again. He even was able to set up a team of mules of his own to take him to and fro, and soon found that his possessions cost more than they were worth. He enjoyed himself rather at the expense of his respectability, and at last his acquaintances found that he would never do anything of a kind to bring them credit, and decided to leave him to his own devices. The presents he received got less and less valuable, and, on the other hand, he emancipated himself more and more from the barren duties of a retainer, and at last he emancipated himself altogether, and went home to Bilbilis, where, as might be ex-

pected, he regretted Rome, after thinking for a while that he enjoyed the recovery of leisure and liberty. He survived his return from Rome about five years at most, and he had spent thirty-five in Italy; though he went more than once away from Rome, for he appears to have had a genuine taste for country life, although the patronage of Domitian and a few others was enough to keep him in Rome, where his wit throve under the stimulus of appreciation.

Nor is it to be supposed that he was entirely idle during the fifteen or sixteen years before he began to publish. It is likely enough that a good many of the epigrams he published had been written sufficiently for those who knew the circumstances already, and had made a reputation for their author among the numerous set of fortune-hunters with whom he lived and waited for something to turn up. For instance, he was often advised to carry his ingenuity to the bar, and he made some halting attempts to act upon the advice. Here is an epigram in two couplets, which records the issue of one of his attempts:

> Egi, Sexte, tuam, pactus duo millia, causam.
> Misisti nummos quot mihi? mille; quid est?
> Narrasti nihil, inquis, et a te prodita causa est:
> Tanto plus debes, Sexte, quod erubui.[1]

For a company that knew the circumstances, the first line and the last were enough, and the easiest to write.

But, upon the whole, Martial was mainly living, till the accession of Domitian, what an adventurer like him supposed to be a practical, business-like life: dancing attendance, if it led to nothing else, enabled anybody who was diligent to get a dinner most days, or the means of buying one: the hardships of the dependant's life were over by noon, and generally earlier, except when a very rich patron invited him to a Barmecide feast. Even this, though Martial does not tell us so, had its compensations. When we compare his invitations (which always include a bill of fare) with his complaints of the shabbiness with which some of his acquaintance entertained him, it is quite clear that at worst a Roman patron

[1] VIII. 17.

gave his client the best dinner that the client could offer his friends, even when he had the bad taste to eat a better dinner himself and to give titbits off his plate to pet slaves. Generally speaking, however, a retainer attached himself to a patron of some literary or political ambition; and such a patron, whenever he made a speech which he wished to pass for great, or had a new poem to bring before the public, or a new instalment of a history, invited enough of his dependants to applaud, and treated them well enough to put them in good humor. In fact, literary ambition was so general that, if Martial is to be trusted, more than one amiable and distinguished author had no public at all but his unhappy guests, who learned from experience to dread his admirable dinners.

Another point of Roman life on which Martial throws a good deal of light is the relation of *sodales*, which, as he describes it, could hardly have existed until his own day. *Sodales* were men who lived together till thirty or forty, meeting each other constantly and contracting intimacies which were intended to be perpetual; in fact, they were chums; only they continued to be chums up to an age when marriage or business has long separated chums in England. However, even *sodales* had to part, and there were the same complaints upon the subject as we read in our own novels. Generally speaking, it was not marriage that parted them, but success: they probably were married at home before they came to Rome to seek their fortunes, and it was aggravating to find one's self dropped, very likely by a next-door neighbor[1] who had more profitable connections, or, perhaps, more method in cultivating them.

Still, such separations were rare, for the reason that the life which was led in common was so barren that there were generally plenty left to lament in chorus over the deserter. Another and more fruitful topic was that no money was, as a rule, to be made except by the rich, and that all gentlemanly and liberal professions were beggarly. Martial goes beyond Juvenal because he does not give himself airs of virtue: he asks all his acquaintance who come to Rome to push their

[1] I. lxxvii.

fortunes, not how they can bring themselves to the necessary baseness, but whether there is any market for their talents.[1] He is especially fond of illustrating the poverty of the magistracy and the bar: he is full of the absurdity of young barristers who set up their litters and their clients on borrowed money, as doctors set up their broughams now. The only reward that they could look forward to was payment in kind by rich farmers; for clients able and willing to pay their advocates in ready money had not nearly business enough to occupy the courts. Meanwhile, business of other kinds increased so much that a man was still poor with the gifts that were almost enough to tempt Persius from the study of philosophy. When Martial enumerates the presents Sabellus[2] had received one Saturnalia, he rather undervalues them. It is more to the point that he observes that a retired pleader who had turned farmer had to buy all the country produce which he used to sell.[3] This is a theme to which Martial often returns:[4] sometimes it is a fine gentleman with a train of slaves laden with country produce, whom one naturally expects to be returning from his estate in the country: on the contrary, he is just setting out for it. Sometimes the poet complains that an estate, large or small, used to keep[5] its owner: now it is the owner who has to keep up the estate. In one of the most ingeniously turned of his petitions to Domitian,[6] he complains of the labor and expense of drawing water for his little bit of land near Nomentum, and requests to be allowed to avail himself of the aqueduct which ran close by.

He is in other respects remarkably business-like for a poet, especially in his behavior when he asks for money and does not get it. After an application to Domitian, he rebukes his own impatience for thinking a gift refused[7] when it may be only delayed. When he applies to private acquaintances, on the other hand, he is peremptory enough; he will be satisfied with no delays; if the friend gives the money after a few months, it is[8] thank you for nothing. Many of the epigrams

[1] III. xxxviii.
[2] IV. xlvi.
[3] XII. lxxii. 5, 6.
[4] III. xlvii. 8.
[5] X. xxvi. 7.
[6] IX. xix.
[7] VI. x. 12.
[8] *E. g.* VI. xxx.

look like demands for blackmail.[1] Somebody—the poet declines to know who the somebody is—has given offence; if the poet knew who, so much the worse for somebody. He is full of veiled personalities of the most damaging kind: he deprecates guessing at who the subjects can be, but they must have recognized themselves, and have seen the need of propitiating a poet who was at once politic and vindictive. He insists repeatedly upon his successful avoidance of all personal attacks, while he had been lavish of personal compliments. He tells us himself that these were not given gratis: when somebody whom he has praised ignores the obligation he receives, the fact is published as a general warning: besides, he tells us that a less popular poet, when he wrote three hundred lines on the baths of a celebrated gourmet, wanted a dinner more than a bath. We cannot doubt that when Martial wrote to one of his friends that there were no baths in the world like the baths of Etruscus,[2] that whoever missed bathing in them would die without bathing, he expected to be paid in some form or other for the valuable advertisement he was giving Etruscus. So, too, when he answers numerous requests for a copy of his poems with a reference to his bookseller[3] and a jocose assurance that they are not really worth the money, it is safe to assume that his bookseller had paid something for his manuscript. It is to be noticed that even where Martial is treating the most general and commonplace topics, he always manages to give the treatment a false air of personality: either he professes to give his own experience, or he apostrophizes the more or less imaginary person he is writing about.

The last two books are merely couplets to serve as directions for the presents sent round at the Saturnalia, and purchasers paid for the labels as they paid for the wine or the game or the knick-knacks which the labels accompanied. One can imagine that to be ingenious enough to write about anything conferred a kind of reputation, and that Martial may have liked the practice, and now and then there is a happy turn: the wine of Nomentum, when it is old enough, may pass

[1] V. xxxiii. [2] VI. xlii. [3] IV. lxxii.

for any wine in the world;[1] the wine of Spoletum, when it is old, is better than Falernian when it is new. The cloudy Marsic wine is good enough for freedmen, and a person who receives a jar of brine from tunnies[2] is told that if the brine were made from a daintier fish it would not have been sent to him. A neater point is that a jar of wine is laid down in a year when there was no consul: the recipient may guess whether it dates from the days of the kings, or simply from the battle of Mutina, which was so closely followed by the death of both consuls. Some of the presents are curious in themselves; for instance, the desk[3] which was used to protect the books read upon the knee from the fluff of the clothes, and the snow-strainers, sometimes of flax and sometimes of silver, which were used according to the quality of the wine they flavored. For the ancients were not of our mind, that the flavor of the best wine was spoiled by icing; for instance, it was a shame to use water cooled with snow for the "smoky" wine of Marseilles, as the wine would be less valuable than the water.[4] If the reader thinks this rather poor fooling, he may perhaps prefer the couplet on some wool dyed with Tyrian purple:[5]

> The shepherd gave me to his Spartan flame,
> To put her mother's home-dyed robes to shame.—XIV. clvi.

But there are often comparisons of this kind; for instance, besides the couplet for cheap brine made from tunnies, another[6] on two kinds of mattress-stuffing—one made of woollen flock for the rich, the other of chopped rushes for the poor. There is a constant play, too, on the conceit that the poor man makes a cheap present, and recommends a rich man to make a handsome one.[7] There is even a hint that the verses may do as well as a present by themselves. More than once in the twelve books of epigrams Martial recurs to the same idea, and hints that he may send an epigram as a sub-

[1] I. cvi. [2] XIII. ciii. [3] XIV. lxxxiv. [4] XIV. cxviii.

[5] There were purple-dyers in Laconia and Tarentum who competed, unsuccessfully in the judgment of connoisseurs, with the manufacturers of Tyre; the latter employing an animal, the former a vegetable, dye.

[6] XIV. clix., clx. [7] XIII. iii.

stitute for paying a morning call.[1] Sometimes he tells us that a poor man shows true generosity when he sends no present to a rich one, because he dispenses the rich one from making a rich return.[2] On a friend's birthday, when he acquiesces in the friend's bidding to send nothing, he tells the friend to reward him for his obedience by sending a present on *his* birthday. He was alive to the ridiculous side of his life: he wished for wealth that he might make presents and build; he did build a little, and[3] one of his raciest epigrams is on another little builder, who was warden of the hamlet the same year that a rich neighbor was consul, and built a little sweating-house when the rich neighbor built splendid marble baths.

The æsthetic aspirations of the poor are as ridiculous as their ambition. Martial holds that most who laugh at the impecunious connoisseur[4] who cries at the sight of rarities which he cannot buy are crying for the very same things in their hearts. A lighter sketch is of Mamurra,[5] who amused himself all day in the most expensive and fashionable shops, turning over the daintiest slaves that vulgar people like Martial never see at all, and then having the covers drawn off all the finest tables and calling for the richest ivory, and measuring a splendid tortoise-shell sofa four times, only to discover with regret that it was just too small for his citron table. Then he smelled at the bronzes to see if they had the right Corinthian perfume, and found fault with statues designed by Polycletus: thought it was a pity there were specks of nitre in the crystal goblets, and so resigned himself to having murrhine[6] instead; and marked and put on one side ten of these (probably there were not fifty men in Rome who had so many). Then he weighed all the old plate, and the cups that were famous as the handiwork of Mentor, and counted all the green gems in the golden enamel, and all the large pearls that are such becoming ear-balls for white ears. He went to every booth for genuine sardonyx, and priced all the large jaspers. At last, when he was tired, and the shops were just ready to

[1] I. cix. [2] V. xviii. [3] X. lxxix. [4] X. lxxx. [5] IX. lx.

[6] It is not known whether these were porcelain or spar, or some kind of semi-opaque and jewelled glass.

shut up, he bought two cups for a penny, and carried them away himself. Another amusing pauper boasts[1] that he never dines at home; and quite truly, for whenever he does not get an invitation he simply goes without a dinner. Another is too independent for this, so he professes never to dine out, and takes his snack of fish and eggs and lettuce in the baths,[2] instead of going home to his garret.

Martial himself was not poor in this sense: he had friends who could make him a present of a boar,[3] though he was obliged to decline it because it was too grand a dish for his kitchen, and he could not afford pepper and pickle to have it properly cooked. One hardly knows whether it is characteristic of Martial or of his age that he could publish the fact. He was equally enthusiastic over a toga sent him by Parthenius, and over the goblet sent him by Instantius Rufus. The poems are on the same model: he speculates on the breed of sheep whose wool was spun for the toga,[4] he speculates upon the artist whose hand had wrought the goblet.[5] After speculating, he describes the beauties of the toga and of the goblet, the latter apparently consisting in the extreme realism of the goat charging a boy. Upon the whole, Martial is more amusing when he duns[6] Paullus than when he thanks Rufus, though the exaggeration is carried too far when we are told not merely that the goblet is a leaf from the crown Paullus wore as prætor, nor that a drop of wine breaks it, and that it shakes with the draught of the lamp, but that it is thinner than the chalk on an old woman's face, thinner than a bubble.

In general, Martial is not careful to vary his subjects. He has two or three other epigrams[7] on the bad habit his acquaintances were apt to get into, of sending him less and less silver every year; sometimes the friend whose present has dwindled till imperceptible is invited to go back to the beginning of the series; another is invited to pay at least half the poet's customary claim;[8] a third is told that half a pound of pepper does not cost as much as a pound of plate, or rather

[1] V. xlvii.
[2] XII. xix.
[3] VII. xxvii.
[4] VIII. xxviii.
[5] VIII. li.
[6] VIII. xxxiii.
[7] *E. g.* VIII. lxxi.
[8] X. lvii.

that Martial can buy it for less. This last is a favorite turn: owing to the fortunate ambiguity of Latin, Martial can say, "I don't buy pepper for that," or "I don't buy a toga for that," when he means "I don't give so much for pepper, and I give more for a toga" than the trifling presents you make me for dancing attendance on you. In the same way he repeats the conceit that nothing is worse than a bald-head[1] with long hair, with a variation to the effect that nothing is worse than a gelding[2] Priapus; and is fond of ringing the changes[3] on bought hair, bought teeth, or bought poems—all the property of the purchasers. Often, however, he varies the same subject. For instance, once when a criminal enacts Mucius in the arena, he is so struck with his courage that he declines to know what the hand he sacrifices has done:[4] another time he reflects that the true mark of courage would be to refuse, as the unfortunate criminal would then be burned alive.[5] Sometimes the tame lion (there seems to have been more than one) has imbibed the clemency of Domitian; sometimes it does not think a hare[6] sufficient occupation for its lordly jaws; sometimes it is too much used to its old friend the goat to think of hurting it. There is the same light-hearted inconsistency in the way that he thanks Domitian for giving him the privileges of a father of three children,[7] dismissing his wife because it would be a shame to waste such a gift, while he tells other applicants for the same favor to ask it[8] of nature and of their wives, not of the emperor.

It deserves to be mentioned, to Martial's credit, that he shows no exultation when the power before which he abased himself so passionately was overthrown. The only sign that his enthusiasm cooled during Domitian's life is an invitation to dinner, where he promises his guests they shall talk of nothing more serious than the colors of the circus, and run no risk of prosecution for anything they may say in their cups. When Domitian was dead, the only signs of reaction are one

[1] X. lxxxiii. 12.
[2] I. xxxvi. 15.
[3] These come altogether, I. lxxiii.
[4] VIII. xxx. 9, 10.
[5] X. xxv.
[6] I. xxiii.
[7] II. xcii.
[8] VIII. xxxi.

or two epigrams,[1] where he quotes Nerva as an excuse for the license of his own language, and flatters Trajan by an epigram full of civic-sounding titles[2] which the poet thenceforth will have to substitute for the titles of lord and god which still come too readily to his courtly tongue. Martial dedicates under both reigns with the same confident *empressement* to Parthenius, the emperor's reader, who took a leading part in the conspiracy against Domitian, and who narrowly escaped, if he did escape, the vengeance of the Prætorians. Of course, such an easy, good-humored writer had no sympathy whatever with pessimist critics, who judged the Rome of Domitian as Juvenal judged the Rome of Trajan; but he disapproved equally of the indiscriminate optimism which admired everything as a disguise for lack of worthy interest in anything. Certainly it is pleasant to turn from Juvenal's sneer at Fuscus, who studied war in a marble villa, and was nursing his flesh for the vultures of Dacia, to Martial's truly Roman tribute[3] to the urn that never need fear the threat of a foeman, and the shade that inherits the homage of the conquered grove, in spite of the flunkeyism of the opening lines about the guardian of his sacred majesty's person and the captain of civic soldiery.

When one compares Martial's consolatory poems with those of Statius, one is struck by the superiority of Martial in simplicity of feeling: he may be less moved, but his kindliness is more spontaneous; he has not to torment himself and his reader with considerations. Martial reminds us of Statius in his sympathy for the fashion of petting the handsome young slave, who seems very often to have died of being a little too refined for his situation, in which case he was always liberated before death. He stands almost alone in Roman literature in his appreciation of mere girlhood: one of the most pathetic of his epitaphs[4] is for a child of six who died of some face disease. He dwells on the quaint horror of her end, the little lips that were not whole when licked by the black flame of the funeral pyre, in a way to remind us that he is a countryman

[1] XII. vi.; cf. XI. xx.
[2] X. lxxii.
[3] VI. lxxvi.; cf. Juv. iv. 111, 112.
[4] XI. xii.

of the Spanish painters of martyrdoms; and winding up by telling us that fate was in a hurry to stop her voice, lest if she could cry for mercy the grim goddess should relent. Still prettier are the distichs[1] in which he commends the ghost of a little slave girl of his own to the ghosts of his parents, and concludes with the often-quoted prayer, "Lie lightly on her, earth, she trod lightly on you:" and long after, when he was leaving Italy, he wrote another epitaph,[2] commending her grave to whosoever might succeed him as the owner of his Sabine farm. In between comes an epigram[3] that is witty and heartless. For thirteen lines he describes the perfections of his pet, whose hair was softer than the fleece of a Spanish lamb, and more golden and more curly than a German's; whose breath was as sweet as the rosebuds of Pæstum and the finest honey of the hives of Attica, or a lump of amber fresh snatched from the hand. The peacock has no grace in comparison with her, the squirrel no winning ways, the phœnix no rarity. So far we seem to be reading an anticipation of the compliments of Don Quixote, but we presently learn, "And my friend Pætus bids me not be sad: he thumps my breast and pulls my hair. 'Are not you ashamed of crying at the death of a slave baby?' he says: 'why, I've buried my wife, and yet I live, well born, well connected, rich, and haughty as she was.' Where shall we find a man so brave as Pætus? Think of coming into £200,000 and surviving it!"

Martial is one of the first writers to be gallant in our sense of the word. We might search in vain in Latin literature for parallels to the epigram where he sends a lady German hair, that she may see how much yellower[4] her own is; and the other, where he complains of having fresh roses[5] sent him, when he would prefer those whose bloom her hands had rubbed away. On the other hand, even for a Roman writer, he is singularly ignorant of love, and, oddly enough, is aware of the deficiency: he even fancied that if he had something to love[6] it would make a poet of him. His notion of something to love was modelled rather upon Corydon's love for Alexis

[1] V. xxxiv.
[2] X. lxi.
[3] V. xxxvii.
[4] V. lxviii.
[5] XI. lxxxix.
[6] VIII. lxxiii. 10.

than upon the love of Catullus for Lesbia, and therefore had not the smallest element of permanence. If he wanted permanence in matters of affection he thought of marriage; it was, after all, an intrinsic part of his scheme of life: he could not dispense with it as Horace or Vergil or Catullus did, as Ovid could have done. His general scheme of life is a reflection of the lower side of Horace's. Amusement has a much larger place in it; he is always in a hurry to live. The wise man, the only wise man, is he who lived yesterday. The only approach to remorse or to compunction in him is due to the thought of the good daylight we lose over business of an uninteresting kind, when we might be having warm or cold baths, or doing gymnastics, or talking, or lounging in the sun; and every sun that sets without being enjoyed is one item more in the account against us.[1] The notion of enjoyment of thought or imagination or mere repose is far from Martial in his prime; and he found the comfort of having his sleep out at Bilbilis a poor exchange for the mental activity of Rome. He has no idea whatever of putting to himself the question of what his business in life may be, about which Horace is intermittently quite serious; for the sufficient reason that Horace was useful to one of the most important men of the day, while Martial was in no fruitful relation to any one, except perhaps his namesake Julius, of whom and to whom he writes with a hearty enthusiasm upon the duty of enjoying life and the charms of his few acres. We extract one of the sincerest and sweetest of his confidences:

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
Non ingratus ager, focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta,
Vires ingenuæ, salubre corpus,
Prudens simplicitas, pares amici,
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa,
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis,
Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus,
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras,
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem nec optes (X. xlvii.).

[1] V. xx.

—"The things which make life pretty happy, my own dear Martial, are these: a property which was left you without your working for it, land that pays for cultivation, a hot dinner every day, never a law-suit, very seldom a dress-suit, a quiet mind, bodily health, and gentlemanly vigor; frankness and prudence, equal friendships, easy society, a simple table, a wet night to wash out cares, but not quite a tipsy one, a wife who is faithful and not strait-laced, sound sleep to shorten the darkness; to wish to be what you are and nothing else in the world; not to be afraid of your last day, nor to long for it."

It throws a little light on Martial's views of marriage that he was enthusiastic over Sulpicia,[1] who wrote a book to celebrate the liberties she and her husband took with one another. In fact, she practised all the fascinations of a mistress upon her husband, and boasted of them in a book which, in spite of Martial's advertisement, failed to secure a permanent reputation. Still, it must have had some charm, for Martial was, as a general rule, averse to the tendency ladies of station were beginning to show to ape the fascinations of ladies to whom station was unattainable. That great part of the wit of his epigrams consists in veiled or unveiled imputation of unmentionable vice is hardly a proof that his practical standard of behavior was much lower than that of respectable contemporaries. When Lucan jested he made the same kind of jokes, though it is to be remembered that Lucan did not make a business of such jests. Even so, Martial was scrupulous compared with those who made it their business to jest: he boasts that he was more careful than most of his predecessors to keep clear of the cheap attraction of mere grossness, and takes a tone of sarcastic superiority to a competitor who tried to make a reputation out of ingeniously detailed nastiness, telling him that it was not worth while that he should prove his gift of expression at that rate.[2]

Now and then Martial follows Horace, not only in his philosophy, but in the construction of individual poems. As Dean Merivale observes, the well-known odes to Dellius and Postumus find an echo in the sharp scazons to Titullus. In

[1] X. xxxv. [2] XII. xliii. 11.

directness and rapidity and energy the later poet has such advantage as a later poet can have.

> Rape, congere, aufer, posside: relinquendum est.
> Superba densis arca palleat nummis,
> Centum explicentur paginæ Calendarum,
> Jurabit heres te nihil reliquisse.[1]

That is worth reading after—

> Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo,
> Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavat,
> Cedes, et exstructis in altum
> Divitiis potietur heres.[2]

Martial has thought out what Horace only suggests, and the image of the wooden chest with its brown darkness turning pale with the gleam of the silver that chokes it is new and vigorous. Martial goes on to cap Horace's description of the heir tossing off the Cæcuban which was shut up behind a hundred bolts, and washing the pavement with better wine than the pontiffs drink, with a brutal picture of the dead body thrown against a hurdle or a stone, while the bier to burn it on is being stuffed with papyrus, and the heir takes possession of the harem at his ease.

But more commonly Martial exhibits himself as the rival of a poet with whom he has little in common but metre. He does not know what passion is. Catullus is one of the most passionate of poets, and yet Martial tries to outdo him in his ambition for kisses,[3] and his quarrels with his friends who give him ground for jealousy; and add to this the unpardonable offence of not being even fat and well-liking. Now and then there are imitations of the Greek epigram: a terse set of questions and answers upon a work of art, or an epitaph simple and dignified. But for the most part he keeps to the

[1] VIII. xliv. 9–12. "Snatch, hoard, seize, hold, you still must leave it all; though the proud chest is choked and pale with coin, though there are a hundred pages in the roll of your debtors, your heir will swear you left him nothing."

[2] "You shall depart from the wide woodlands you bought, from your home, from your farm washed by the yellow Tiber—you shall depart, and all your heaped-up wealth shall be for your heir."—Hor. *Od.* II. xiv. 21–24.

[3] VI. xxxiv.; cf. I. cix.

paradoxes of contemporary Roman life, and it was among these that he earned his popularity. Unambitious as he was, he was too ambitious for his public, who showed a good deal of impatience whenever he wrote anything longer than a few lines (their ideal length was a distich) or paid compliments of any kind. The taste of the day did not apparently revolt at his numerous jingles and plays upon sound like "Aut appone dapes Vare vel aufer opes."[1] His style here and there shows signs of linguistic decay: for instance, in the best epitaph, on Erotion, we hear that she went to the world below with a hastened ghost.

[1] IV. lxxviii. 6.

CHAPTER V.

JUVENAL.

It is difficult to be sure whether Juvenal, who was the friend of Martial, is to be identified with the satirist. If so, there was a certain plausibility in the endeavors of some malicious persons to get up a quarrel between the two, for the temperament of the two was as different as could be. Martial was mercurial, Juvenal was saturnine. Martial was quite capable of admiration; Juvenal was not. Martial was an enthusiast for the shows of the circus; Juvenal thought a day when all Rome was in the circus a capital opportunity for a quiet dinner, and considered the prætor the prey of his horses when he gave a handsome show. Juvenal, again, has a great passion for exhortation, from which Martial is entirely free. The friend of Martial was not yet known as a poet, for Martial is anxious to give any of his acquaintances who write full credit for their performances, good or bad. This, *pro tanto*, tells in favor of the accepted belief that Juvenal only began to write under Trajan, which rests upon three facts. In his first Satire which is obviously intended to serve as an introduction to the rest, he mentions the condemnation of Marius, which took place 100 A.D. The thirteenth is addressed to a friend of sixty who was born in the consulship of Fonteius, which dates the Satire at 72, 119, or 127 A.D. The fifteenth professes to be written soon after an event which took place in the consulship of Junius, which would leave us to choose between 84 A.D. and 119 A.D., or possibly under the consulship of Juncus, who was consul suffect in 127 A.D.; and although an inscription of Hadrian's reign is dated by his consulship, it is rather difficult to suppose that a poet could expect everybody to keep all the consuls suffect in their heads, and speak loosely of what happened "lately" if he was dating within a couple of months.

It would, of course, be curious that Martial should write of Juvenal as a private person if there were another Juvenal who had a reputation as a poet, and, according to the tradition embodied in the lives of Juvenal, he had published under Domitian, who banished him to Egypt; though it is also true that Martial tells us nothing of Statius, the leading fashionable poet of the age. There is one other Satire which seems to bear its date upon its face. The seventh — where the poet complains that poetry has no patrons but the emperor — must surely be contemporary with the complaints of Martial about the one drawback to Domitian's admirable reign, that it was not recognized that a poor man's talent deserved reward, and, consequently, poets and men of letters in general had no patron to look to but the emperor. And it is not impossible that the Cordus who makes himself hoarse reciting his "Theseid" to an unappreciative world is the same Cordus whom Martial banters good-naturedly on his taste for finery rather above his means. The eighth Satire is full of allusions to the reign of Nero,[1] and the scholiast embodies confused echoes of a more or less conjectural tradition that Juvenal began to write under him; and in the first Satire there are allusions which might, perhaps, be taken the same way. It is remarkable that there are no allusions to the victorious campaigns of Trajan, and in the eighth Satire we should have expected these. We hear of the career of a valiant and diligent youth who goes to Euphrates, or the eagles which keep watch and ward over the conquered Batavian, and a young noble is reproached for idling in taverns when at an age to guarantee the safety of Nero. There is another passage[2] in what would seem a later Satire, which is still more conclusive: an aspiring boy is told by a father with an eye to the main chance to ask for a centurion's rod, that he may have the perquisites[3] of *primipilus* at sixty.

[1] One explanation of these might be that Juvenal goes back to the personages of Turnus as Persius goes back to the personages of Horace.

[2] xiv. 193–198.

[3] Consisting largely of fees, upon furloughs, and sufficient to support the rank of knight, with which a *primipilus* hoped to retire, probably with the brevet rank of tribune.

These perquisites are to be earned by a long course of petty warfare on the extreme northern and southern frontiers of the empire.

The whole subject is very perplexing, for we cannot even conclude that Juvenal wrote mainly under Domitian; but the thirteenth Satire must have been written either under Vespasian or under Hadrian, and the twelfth and fourteenth Satires, and probably the eleventh, must be assigned to about the same period. It is, of course, difficult to understand so much bitterness in the golden age of Trajan, when the world was enjoying the first rebound of prosperity and freedom after the jealous and latterly unsuccessful tyranny of Domitian. We learn, indeed, from Pliny's correspondence with Trajan that jobbery flourished extensively throughout the provinces, and may conjecture that it flourished at the capital. The manifesto which, it is said, Avidius Cassius issued against Marcus Aurelius implies that under that model emperor corruption was flourishing throughout the empire, and the public interest was entirely neglected by everybody. But it is not easy to give credit to Juvenal for such comprehensive indignation: the only life that he knows or cares to describe is the life of the capital, and the life of the capital can hardly have been other than prosperous during a period of profuse expenditure, which was supplied without either of the unpopular resources of confiscation or taxation. The last fragmentary Satire on military privileges, which seems to have been intended to come before the Satire on the savagery of Egyptian superstition, might naturally be referred to the reign of Trajan, although Domitian was conspicuous for his deference to the army.

Another difficulty about Juvenal is the steady ancient tradition of an exile in which he enlarged his Satires, which must be considered in conjunction with the elaborate conjecture of Ribbeck that the tenth, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth Satires are declamations quite unworthy of Juvenal, and that the author of these, or somebody as stupid, interpolated the Satires which Ribbeck recognizes as genuine. And it is quite true that there is a real division in

Juvenal's work. In all the Satires which Ribbeck rejects there is very little direct observation of life: there is a great deal of hortatory commonplace, and such illustration as there is seems taken second-hand from history; and there are unmistakable signs of this tendency in the Satires which he accepts; and there is no Satire where the arrangement is the strong point—in fact, there is hardly any where a methodical editor is without some temptation to rearrange his text, which never hardly comes to the end of one topic and goes on to another without recurring to the first. Juvenal is too considerable a poet for it to be easily admitted that he could keep back nothing, that he thought everything that he wrote too good to lose.

On the whole, Juvenal may seem to have written mostly under Domitian and Nerva, and during the early years of Trajan. Perhaps after a considerable interval he began to write again under Hadrian in a different and milder vein. During his exile he may have enlarged his earlier Satires, if we rely at all on the comparatively respectable authority of Sidonius Apollinaris for the statement that he was banished for some reflection on the patronage dispensed by Paris, a favorite actor under Domitian. As the actor was put to death 84 A.D., the Satire on the poverty of men of letters must have been written tolerably early if it was to give offence to him or even to Domitian, who may have resented the imputation of bestowing military rank at the bidding of an actor. The first, second, third, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth Satires might all fairly be set down to the reign of Domitian, if we strike out the two lines[1] about Marius from the first, which decidedly disturb the symmetry of the text where they occur. The fourth is probably Juvenal's contribution to the outburst of virtuous indignation which followed the fall of Domitian. Perhaps there is a trace of the same at the end of the first Satire, where the poet, after contemplating the risks of attacking a reigning favorite as set forth by an imaginary monitor, proclaims a not very magnanimous resolution of trying whether it is safe to make war upon

[1] 49, 50.

the dead. The second Satire, and perhaps the ninth, may fairly be regarded as pamphlets in favor of Domitian's revival of the Scantinian law, for there is nothing in them that can be taken to reflect upon Domitian except five bitter and powerful lines,[1] which are, after all, irrelevant to the two main subjects of the Satire, for Domitian in a private station would have been safe from a prosecution under the Lex Scantinia, and had no taste for exhibiting himself in the arena or making men of station exhibit themselves. The sixth, on the other hand, is a Satire on Domitian's attempt to revive the Julian law; it rallies a man who intends to live up to the new reformation, partly upon the absurdity of his pretensions to virtue, and partly upon the impossibility of finding a suitable partner. It is a saturnalia of invective: all the world of women is represented as stained by one or other of the offences which in the second Satire are treated as exceptional. Picturesque and truthful as the invective is, there is a want of proportion and perspective about it. One would never guess that the author was a contemporary of Sulpicia, or Statius, or Pliny the Younger, or even Martial, who, though he writes of and to his wife in a tone the reverse of chivalrous, is not wholly wanting in good-nature. Here, as elsewhere, Juvenal is provokingly old-fashioned: he repeats and exaggerates the misogyny of the republic; he does not dislike women because the sex in his time was corrupt, but his dislike to the sex makes him keen to detect and eloquent to dilate upon all the instances of corruption which society supplied. There is a great deal of spasmodic and not quite unreal indignation at the turpitude of women, but no recommendation for improvement—in fact, whenever a woman has a character, Juvenal makes haste to take it away. He offers to give up his own bit of land if a lady who had a great reputation on her own domain could live in one or two of the dullest, pettiest towns as she is said to have lived on her own estate; though even about that Juvenal has his doubts, and asks if Jupiter and Mars are grown so old. In the second Satire the indignation seems to be rather against the pretensions and

[1] 29–34.

the hypocrisy of effeminate debauchery than against the effeminacy itself, while in the ninth Satire there is no indignation at all, or else it is marvellously well suppressed. The poet encourages his friend to hope for better luck with his next effeminate employer, and promises secrecy about his quarrel with the last, while sagely reflecting that a rich man can have no secrets: his servants are sure to understand all his affairs and publish them through his tradesmen, with plenty of comment and conjecture. The worst thing about a bad slave is his tongue, and among many good reasons for living correctly it is not the least that then you need not mind what servants say of you.

Even in the fifth Satire it is not clear whether Juvenal means to attack the rich man who will not treat his clients civilly, or the poor man who is eager to go out to dinner even at the risk of being worse served and fed than his host. Here, as often, Juvenal does nothing but paraphrase at length, and with much emphatic humor, an epigram[1] of Martial's on a dinner of Zoilus, who probably stands for a real person who did not appreciate Martial's epigrams: there is even the same parade of the resources which are less discreditable than dining out on such terms. Only Martial is impartial: he tells us quite candidly what a miserable thing it was to dine three nights running in a garret that was dark and low, up ever so many pairs of stairs, at the top of which you had to stoop to get into it; and he obviously feels that a poor man might very well think the price for freedom too high. Juvenal's inference is that a poor man had better leave Rome: he just says enough of the discomfort of dark garrets and high rents[2] to recommend the cheap comfort of a country town. He does not touch on the fact that a man with the tastes he approved could do nothing in a small town but vegetate, while the busy idleness of Rome sharpened the wits and kept ambition alive. He thought it quite shocking that well-known poets should go into business and open an auction hall at Rome, or contract for the management of the baths at Gabii, although that was better than making a trade of perjury, which pushing freedmen from the Levant

[1] Mart. III. lxxxii. [2] Juv. III. 190 sqq.

who had acquired equestrian fortunes were ready enough to do. Transmarine trade, which was almost the only honest way of making money known, struck him as a proof of insanity. A man setting out in the storms to traffic in stinking saffron and sackcloth is a more amusing show than any that the prætor can exhibit.

It is quite of a piece with this that Juvenal has no belief whatever in any connection between merit and success: all the external conditions of life depend upon fate or luck: the shabby adventurers who get on without minding what they do are not monuments of the power of energy or perseverance or adaptability, but they show what fortune can do when she has a mind to joke.[1] If Quinctilian[2] has accumulated what passed for a fortune, that does not prove that Quinctilian understood his profession, but that the stars and the wondrous power of hidden fate had manifested themselves in him; for fate can turn a professor of rhetoric into a consul,[3] and a consul into a professor of rhetoric, just as it can make a slave a king or give a captive a triumph. In the same way luck is the great thing in entering the army:[4] a lucky camp is more important than a letter of introduction from Venus to Mars. It is no contradiction to this that twice over we get the sentiment that it is only for lack of prudence that men deify fortune: virtue and prudence are never represented as the way to fame or splendor; they are the way to safety and tranquillity, which are all that Juvenal thinks it wise to wish for.

With this apathy of desire it is not surprising that Juvenal is one of the most irreligious of Roman poets: he jests much more freely at mythology than his fellows, but this is not all. When he is serious and reverent he speaks, for the most part, not of the gods, but of nature, or the author of nature; but there is no trace of any piety to the traditional worship which often survived any respect for the legends connected with it. Juvenal is not much further from jesting when he says that of course man is dearer to the gods than to himself, and therefore

[1] Juv. III. 40.
[2] VII. 189–200.
[3] Quinctilian only received the consular ornaments.
[4] XVI. 2–6.

the future may be left to their care, than when he says that if you must go on to petitions,[1] and have a motive for vowing the entrails and the chitterlings of a nice little white pig (which, to be sure, are a dish for gods) to your favorite chapel, the only thing to pray for is a courageous mind above the fear of death: which is hardly an improvement from the point of view of reason, or from that of religion, upon Horace, who says simply it is enough to pray Jove for what he gives or takes away: let him give health and wealth, and then I will find myself an even mind. The jests upon mythology are mostly euhemeristic in tone—references to the days when Juno[2] was a young girl, and Jupiter had not been promoted from private life in the caves of Ida to be king of heaven, and sneers at Vulcan's way of taking a long pull at the nectar he handed round before it occurs to him to clean the soot off his arms.

The gradual decline of morality since the Golden Age is a favorite topic with Juvenal, and he likes to dwell on the extreme simplicity of the good old times, when it was a great crime for a young man not to rise up to an elder, and for a boy not to rise up to any one with a beard, although he might see more strawberries and larger heaps of acorns at home.[3] Next to this he admires the life of the Sabine farmers,[4] where the wife had a large family, and lived upon porridge, and slaves and freemen played together as children, and worked together when they grew up; and the elders warned them against outlandish purple as something wicked, without wishing to know what it was. He has a strong feeling that the love of money is the root of all evil, and that field-work in shabby clothes is the root of all virtue; that a son who is brought up to think of earning money will make up his mind to try criminal short-cuts to wealth. He admires the best poetry, and thinks that to dine early and listen[5] to it is one of the greatest pleasures in the world, though it would pall if indulged in often. This, however, is only a pleasure for men: women are better in entire ignorance; they should keep

[1] X. 354, 355.
[2] XIII. 40.
[3] Ib. 54 sqq.
[4] Ib. 165–189.
[5] XI. 177–180.

their hearts pure and their hands hard by spinning, and not trouble themselves about grammar or literature, which will only put it into their heads to tease their husbands about doubtful grammar, or take up all the time at a dinner-party with discussions about the comparative merits of Homer and Vergil. In his eyes this is even a worse offence than to keep dinner waiting through an excessive passion for gymnastics, as this was a worse offence than dressiness, which easily passed into cruelty.

Juvenal's politics agree very well with his philosophy: he holds in most things with the elder Cato, and is superior to all considerations of anachronism. The empire of Rome gives him no pleasure: he regards everybody, great or small, who profits by it with the robust envy of a conservative democrat. He is a hearty patriot, and thinks no praise too high for those who delivered the municipal community of Rome from great perils, like Cicero or Marius or the Decii, but one looks in vain for any sympathy with Vergil's view of Rome's mission to spare subjects and war down the proud and lay the fashion of peace upon the world. Both in history and in ethics it is rudimentary virtues that attract him. When there is an opportunity for taking a large view in politics he is suspicious; when there is an opportunity for taking a large view in history he is sceptical and credulous by turns. When he has to speak of the struggle of Greece against Persia, he can think of nothing better than to try to reduce Herodotus, or, at any rate, Sostratus,[1] who versified him, to the level of Munchausen. When he has to speak of the struggle of Rome against Hannibal, he can think of nothing better than to sneer at the ambition of a commander who melted rocks with vinegar, and lost an eye in the wars.[2] It is one of the most remarkable points in Juvenal's view of life that he attaches no value whatever to posthumous renown, which almost all his serious contemporaries rated extremely high, just as they all agreed in attaching as much worth as they could to the worship which they had inherited. Of course, one does not expect much homage to the ideals of an age in a satirist, though

[1] X. 178. [2] Ib. 153, 158.

we find it abundantly in Martial, but, compared with either Horace or Persius, Juvenal is decidedly narrow and ungracious in all matters of opinion. If men could only live up to the standards they profess, neither Horace nor Persius would have much to say against them, but Juvenal complains that the aims they propose to themselves are absurd: he finds not only men but life ridiculous. Aristophanes, whom Juvenal alone of Roman satirists makes no boast of imitating, is as contemptuous of what his contemporaries admire, but Aristophanes makes a jest of his own opinions, as readily as of the new fashions in thought and politics against which he waged a war which lowered him. Aristophanes to the last keeps the air of looking down upon what he ridicules; he represents himself as the champion of the orthodox, respectable view of things. Juvenal always assumes that the view which he ridicules is in possession; he is a Diogenes who can afford to laugh at Alexander.

In his later works Juvenal is in the same position towards Stoicism substantially as Horace: he wishes to amuse himself with the pretensions of the Stoics and to be independent of their doctrine, and yet he can do nothing but repeat their commonplaces. He keeps so far as he can to what they have in common with all philosophers, which was the easier because they had been falling back upon this common ground at least as far back as the days of Seneca. The thirteenth Satire is full of this incoherence. Juvenal undertakes to console a friend who has been cheated of ten sestertia—something like £100 sterling—and tells him that for such a trifle there is no need to call in the assistance of high philosophy—which the author boasts of not having read. In one place he tells him that it is unmanly to care about revenge, in another that he is quite certain to be avenged by the force of circumstances: the perfidious borrower has committed one crime with impunity; he will be sure to commit another, and be punished. In one place he makes a jest of the number of deities whom a perjurer will defy for the sake of keeping money which does not belong to him. In another we are assured that he will be haunted by the spirit form of the man

he has wronged: throughout there is the assumption that every one who does wrong is always tormented by the thought of what he has done, so that legal penalties are really less severe than what every criminal must suffer from his conscience.

It is just the same in the fifteenth Satire: all the Stoical doctrines of the fellowship of mankind are brought to bear upon the grotesque cannibalism of the inhabitants of an Egyptian town, who had caught one of the inhabitants of another that they had a quarrel with, and actually eaten him at the end of a brawl at a festival. At the same time, Juvenal will not be too serious about his Stoicism: he asks himself whether the stories of Spanish cannibalism are to be tried by the Stoical standard, and, of course, says that the Spaniards who acted under a mistaken sense of honor are to be excused. The humor is not very remarkable: the poet assures us that the fables of the "Odyssey" about the Cyclops and the Læstrygons were disgusting and incredible, as a preface to his more incredible and more disgusting picture from contemporary life: even the contrast between the hungry hate on one side and the coarse merry-makings on another, with which the actual narrative opens, is rather labored than effective, and the same may be said of the complaints that Egyptians worship animals. The twelfth Satire professes to be a letter to Corvinus on the festival Juvenal intends to hold in honor of the safety of Catullus, who was very nearly shipwrecked, after seeing the mast cut away and all his own property thrown overboard. This gives occasion to praise Catullus for not sacrificing his life to save his property, and, as he had children of his own, Juvenal can praise himself for disinterestedness in paying such a tribute to a friend from whom he expects nothing. Hereupon we have a bit of genuine satire upon the manners and customs of fortune-hunters who would sacrifice a daughter, to say nothing of their best slaves, to prove their devotion to a rich old bachelor, without expecting a miracle to save them such as was wrought for Agamemnon. The rest looks rather like a series of exercises in description pieced together; there is a sacri-

fice and a shipwreck (and a shipwreck, at any rate, was a favorite theme for schoolboy versification), and Juvenal's sea-piece seems rather interrupted by the catalogue of the goods which Catullus sacrifices. Here and there is an attempt to be comic by dint of grandiloquence, which breaks down in unexpected places: for instance, a bowl thrown overboard holds three gallons, and is worthy of the thirst of Pholus (a celebrated centaur), or the wife of Fuscus (as we might say, Mrs. Brown). The fourteenth, which deals with education, is vigorous and edifying, though here, too, the author cannot help going off into a special polemic against avarice, which occupies two thirds of the Satire, though most of this is connected with the subject upon which he begins by declamations on the influence of evil examples in propagating avarice, as well as other vices which the young acquire from elders who do not recommend them in theory. Here, too, we have the same scepticism as to Greek legend which, in the tenth Satire, we find about Greek history.

In general it may be said that the interest of Juvenal's later Satires, from the eleventh onwards, is derivative: the first ten are exciting, and when the poet reaches a calmer and more elevated atmosphere the recollection of the bracing storms of the lower level prevents our finding the calm insipid or oppressive. The eleventh Satire is fresh and pleasant, and the description of the modest country-bred boy who waits at table, and wants to get back to his mother and his kids, is in a vein of sentiment that is original in ancient literature. But one may fancy it possible to trace failing powers in the sketch of the fast young men who live beyond their means, and break up their mother's bust for old silver, and pawn their plate to provide for one or two banquets more, before they have to run away from their creditors for a season or two at the baths, after which they will come back to the gladiators' mess at Rome. The outline is vigorous still, but there is little detail, and the coloring is pale beside the picture of Lateranus among his boon companions. The tenth Satire is certainly a work of the full vigor of its author. To be sure, there is much more ethical disquisition than in the third or

eighth, but there is an amplitude about even the abstract declamation which we miss later, and there is nothing afterwards to set against the splendid pictures of the fall of Sejanus, and the humiliation of Hannibal, or the wedding of Messalina and Silius. The plan of the Satire is clearer and more consistently carried out than usual. First, we have a statement that men are foolish, and wish for what will do them harm, enforced by the consideration that Heraclitus wept over the world, and Democritus laughed at it when there was much less to laugh at, while there is no sage who has given his authority for admiring the popular judgment. Then we have illustrations of the evils arising from the individual things which men desire—wealth, political power, eloquence, military glory, long life, and beauty. The only trace of unsteadiness is in the treatment of long life, which is handled at more length than the rest, and there are a dozen lines on the different diseases of old age, which rather interrupt the description of natural decay. Perhaps, too, it may be said that the perils of beauty are not clearly discriminated. We never quite know whether the poet is talking about the risk of violence or the risk of seduction, and he is full on the perils of beauty in man and short on its perils to woman, although he sets out by saying that it is only for women that even unphilosophical devotees desire it very heartily.

The whole Satire is, as Mr. Macleane pointed out, very like an expansion of the passage in which Valerius Maximus resumes the doctrine of the Alcibiades. It is not improbable that further resemblances of the same kind might be traced, but it detracts even less from Juvenal's originality to amplify Valerius than it detracts from Johnson's originality to have paraphrased Juvenal, or from Pope's to have paraphrased Horace. In the eighth Satire we find originality of another kind. Juvenal is the only writer of his day who has a fierce quarrel with the nobility and with luxury. Tacitus and Pliny make a kind of protest in favor of simplicity: perhaps so far as simplicity of personal habits goes the protest is sincere, but as to the material organization of social life it is certainly hypocritical. With more or less affectation of regret, they accept

splendid houses; they worship great names. Now Juvenal only worships great names under protest as a means to reproach their unworthy inheritors: he has a quite ferocious passion against the pride of a degenerate noble, but his enthusiasm is reserved for the plebeian Decii, for the new men Marius and Cicero. He is, again, the only writer who is implacable to the emperor Otho, who was the hero of the effeminate circles which Martial as well as Juvenal regarded with disgust. Martial[1] asked nothing better than the ready-made epigram of the contrast between his life and his end. Juvenal will not hear of a hero whose highest achievement was the slaughter of Galba,[2] who only showed the constancy of a great citizen by taking care of his complexion to the last. Juvenal, again, is curiously indifferent to the great question of suicide, which is so prominent in Tacitus and the letters of Pliny; he does not even condescend to sneer at the fashion. He does not discuss, like Martial, whether seeking death or challenging it is not too cheap a way of earning fame. Of course the riddle of Otho's career is simple enough. He was a clever, capable man, with nothing to do in Rome, and therefore ready for mischief. When he had a province to administer, he did it well; when he had a civil war to conduct, he showed as much sense and rather more public spirit than could be expected of him. Other nobles who had rather less enterprise found an outlet for their energy in the passionate cultivation of some accomplishment. If they happened to take to eloquence or poetry, their ambition was respectable, but those gifts were rare. It was commoner then, as now, for a man to have a talent for singing, or driving, or fencing, or play-acting. Saleius Bassus, or whoever it was that wrote the panegyric on Piso, has quite as much to say of his distinction as a chess-player as upon his industry as an advocate. Of course, as slave labor left the rich no employment in the management of their property (for slaves had to be flogged, and gentlemen preferred to order flogging by deputy), accomplishments took a quite disproportionate place in the lives of men whose own pride conspired with the jealousy of the sovereign

[1] "Mart." VI. xxxii. [2] "Juv." II. 104.

to keep them back from worthy public employment. And therefore it was difficult to abstain from some public or semi-public display. Even Thrasea, the most virtuous and consistent politician of the previous generation, had appeared on the stage of Patavium, though no one was more stern in rebuking the appearances of Nero on the stage of Rome. There were members of Piso's conspiracy who asked whether it was worth while to get rid of Nero, who sang to the cittern, for Piso, who sang on the stage. Of course this made it all the easier for men of station, whose fortunes were impaired, to try to make money out of their accomplishments and their names, and things were not yet so complicated that a practised professional commanded a higher price than the most distinguished amateur. To all this Juvenal is absolutely irreconcilable: he insists upon holding the nobility to their dignity, as some of them insisted upon holding the emperor to his. It never occurs to him that his standard is conventional; that in the best ages of Greece the best men had contended in the public games; our boat-races and cricket-matches would have scandalized him, and he would have thought it shocking that ladies should sing in public even for a charity, or act as saleswomen at fancy fairs.

He is more in accordance with his age in his harsh judgment of the *delator*. Whoever held a brief in a prosecution for the crown, whoever gave information of a claim that the crown had upon property in private hands, is, for Juvenal as for Pliny and Tacitus, an enemy of the human race. Martial is the only writer who has a good word for Regulus, who was simply an advocate in large practice, one department of which was enforcing the very elastic laws against disloyalty, and threw himself into this part of his business with the same zeal as into the rest. There almost seems to be something personal in Juvenal's contention with Crispinus, for he has, after all, very little to say against him, except that he was an Egyptian freedman, who had become offensively rich, and spent his money in parading an offensive and effeminate elegance, and was no doubt sufficiently profligate in his private life; but opinion did not exact either temperance or chastity as neces-

sary adornments of a leader of fashion; and there is no tangible charge of robbery or oppression. The worst that is said of him is, that he seduced a Vestal, and gave fifty pounds for a fish, which is mentioned as a proof that the emperor, his patron, must have dined still better; and then comes the famous story of the council of the turbot, which tells us how the members of Domitian's cabinet were convoked in hot haste to the Alban Villa, and had to wait while the emperor gave audience to a fisherman who had brought him an unusually large turbot from the Hadriatic, and when they were admitted found they had nothing to debate about except whether the turbot was to be minced or cooked in a special dish, as there was none large enough in the imperial kitchen. They decided, of course, upon the special dish, and were dismissed. As no other writer tells the story, Dean Merivale suspects Juvenal of inventing it out of the two data that Domitian was given to practical jokes, and that Vitellius invented a gigantic dish. If there is any basis of fact beyond this, Domitian must have summoned his council to sit upon business, and changed his mind, and decided to keep the business to himself, and, instead of telling them so, to take their advice upon the turbot. The description of the councillors is as racy as possible: there is Crispinus, smelling of *amomum* in the morning stronger than any two funerals; and the deadly Catullus, who was in love with a girl he had no eyes to see, and was so much dazzled by the turbot that he turned to the left to praise it when it lay on his right. Veiento (whom Juvenal treats with comparative respect, for he kept his place at court under Nerva and in the senate under Trajan) was quite as flattering as Catullus. Montanus, who remembered the banquets of Nero, moved that a dish should be made on purpose: apparently the rest of the council, Fuscus and Pegasus, the prefect of the city, and the Glabrios, father and son, the gentle elder Vibius Crispus, and the cruel whisperer Pompeius, and the impudent Publius, who plumed himself upon an offence with which Domitian dared not reproach him, though he could not hide his nervousness, left the emperor and his turbot alone. It should be added that Juvenal expressly asserts the truth of

his story. When he invokes Calliope, he bids her take a seat, for she will not need to sing, as it is all matter of fact, and then bids the maidens of Pieria tell his true tale, and hopes they will tell it all the better since he calls them maids and young.

This satire is written throughout with admirable decision and unity. The framework is rather loose, for he goes off from Crispinus to his master in a way not strictly artistic; but there is no patchwork. This is more than can be said of all the satires, even of the best. In the third, for instance, the passage about the fountain of Egeria, though it is quite up to Juvenal's level, is decidedly an interruption. Umbricius stops outside the Porta Capena while his whole goods are being packed in one cart, and then we naturally expect him to make his speech on the spot. By the best accounts, when you were outside the Porta Capena you were in the valley of Egeria; and the case is not mended when we see that the two sections of which the episode of Egeria is made up do not fit well together. Jahn transposes them, but either would go more smoothly by itself. A still stronger case is the anticlimax in the second satire. Juvenal has been dilating on the worst forms of effeminacy, and winds up with a formal marriage between two men; whereupon he proceeds: "Even this monstrosity has been surpassed by Gracchus with his tunic and his trident." If that were all it might be simply an extravagance; but we find here the explanation of another passage in the eighth satire about the taste of this same Gracchus, for disgracing himself on the arena, which is much more intelligible when we compare it with the passage in the second. There he is taunted with his rank as *salius;* in the eighth he is taunted with his official dress. When we put the two together, it looks very much as if Juvenal had written a more or less fragmentary satire against Gracchus, and when he came to prepare his works for publication put one piece of invective into the second satire and another into the eighth.

The sixth satire, the longest of all, has to be vigorously rearranged and retrenched by Ribbeck, in order to reduce it to a coherent plan. It may be doubted whether his changes are

improvements: the series of caricatures, revolting or humorous or disgusting, has its merit in the individual sketches, not in their connection; their unity, such as it is, comes from the spleen of the poet. Here is a sketch, for instance, of the cruelty of a woman who fancies herself neglected, or is over-anxious to please her lover: "The book-maid is undone; the perfumers strip (for a flogging); the chairman is said to have come late, and has to pay the penalty because another was sleepy; the rods are broken upon one; another is red with the scourge, yet another with the strap. There are ladies who contract with the tormentors by the year. She whips, and by the way she uses her face-wash, she listens to visitors, or looks over her embroidered dresses with the heavy gold-lace, and goes on beating; she reads the lengthy entries in her day-book, and goes on beating—till at last, when they are tired of beating, she thunders in a dreadful voice, 'Now go,' and the court is cleared for the day. A major-domo has to be as cruel as any tyrant in Sicily. If she has an appointment, and wishes to be dressed more becomingly than usual in a hurry, as some one is waiting for her in her garden, or more likely at the chapel of Isis, where the priestess understands such things, poor Psecas has to arrange her hair, while her own is torn out by handfuls, and her dress is stripped from her breast and shoulders. 'Why is that curl too high?' and presently the cowhide punishes the deadly crime of a bit of hair twisted awry. What has Psecas done? What fault of the girl is it if you don't like the shape of your nose? Then another maid has to stretch and comb the hair on the left, and roll it into a ball." And here the poet goes off into general reflections upon the absurdity of a short woman trying to make herself look taller by experiments in hairdressing. Not, of course, that she dresses for her husband (we have had this reflection before); her only interest in him is to quarrel with his friends and servants, and to make him pay for what she takes to be piety. "A big priest of Cybele comes to tell her that the hot winds of autumn will do her a mischief, unless she gives him a hundred eggs for a lustration and all her old crimson gowns, that the danger may fall upon them, and then she will be safe for

a year. She will break the ice in winter for the sake of taking her three dips in the Tiber, and will crawl round the whole Campus Martius shivering on her bare knees. If white Io bids she will go to the end of Egypt, and bring waters drawn from hot Meroe to sprinkle upon the temple of Isis that stands close to the old sheepfold of Romulus. For so she thinks her lady herself warned her with her own voice. What a soul and what a mind for gods to hold converse with in the night!" Then we have the tale how she will pay a priest of Isis to propitiate all her faults and her husband's, and listen to a Jewess who will sell any dreams that she fancies.

Then comes the turn of the diviners, especially the Chaldæan, about whom Juvenal is too copious to be quite orderly. The chief is one who has been often in exile: it was his friendship and his tables (and who will not pay to consult them too) that brought that great citizen,[1] Otho was afraid of, to his end. A man's art is trusted if he has been kept a prisoner in the camp so long that the chain (which fastened him to the soldiers in charge) clanked on the left wrist as well as the right. No mathematician can have a genius till he has been convicted—a true genius had been almost undone, and was almost too formidable to be sent to a habitable island and escape the dreariest of all. One is rather puzzled by the fact that, of the three sentences which comprise the Chaldæan's qualifications, every one should cover so much of the ground of the other, and that the last is superfluous. We do not want to be told that no mathematician who has not been condemned can have a genius, after hearing that prosecutions give reputation. If this line were the end of a paragraph it might be a summary, but it is the beginning of a sentence quite worthy of Juvenal. It is the same as he goes on: we learn that the questions a woman asks are all very heartless, and that a woman who has to ask is less formidable than one who can make her own calculations and has clients of her own; and then suddenly we are

[1] The great citizen is probably Cornelius Dolabella, a connection of Galba's, whom Otho put under arrest at Aquinum, which accounts for Juvenal's thinking of him. Under Vitellius he returned to Rome and was put to death.

carried back to a distinction between the sources of information open to a rich woman and a poor. And thence Juvenal passes to a new branch of his subject: at any rate a poor woman will take the risk of being a mother; no rich woman will, which is just as well for her husband—his wife's children would not be his, although his wife will probably provide him with children that are not his. But, though she has none of the feelings of a mother, she has all the feelings of a step-mother to the children of a concubine. If she has children of her own she will poison them, like Pontia, for gain. The heroines of fable who did as much may plead the passions of their sex as an excuse: it is only in a civilized age and country that a mother will sacrifice her children for filthy lucre: as for sacrificing her husband to gain or revenge, there are classical precedents for both, and both are pretty generally followed, only the ancients had no resource better than brutal violence. All the passage analyzed above, it should be added, which takes up nearly a third of the satire,[1] begins with a promise that we are to have an account of a Roman lady's whole day, which is quite forgotten after the first paragraph on the vindictive temper in which she is apt to wake.

In general, construction is not the strong point of any of the Latin satirists, and least of all of Juvenal, who is less conversational in his tone than either Horace or Persius, and keeps up a grave tone of sarcastic indignation, which almost requires an orderly, methodical treatment of the subject. Besides, he is sententious, and likes a sonorous aphorism which fills the mouth, and is not above a truism. There are a large number of lines belonging to this type: most of them are supported by all the MSS., and the editors have never been able to agree which to get rid of and which to keep. In extreme cases they disturb the connection wherever they can be put, and then the MSS. sometimes try more places than one, and sometimes most of them omit the lines altogether. It is often a question whether they come from Juvenal's own margin, or from the margin of his annotators, and whether they invented on their own account or quoted from memory. And, generally speak-

[1] 474-661.

ing, the doubtful lines would be better away, unless we give the poet credit for wishing to work up to a memorable maxim, which is almost always edifying and seldom new.

That Juvenal wrote slowly we know, and that he began to write late: it is not surprising that his writing should be patchy. What is surprising is that the little bursts of indignation, of sarcasm, should succeed each other so smoothly and with so much appearance of spontaneous impetuosity: as if his own boast, *Facit indignatio versum*, were literally true. Perhaps for the three or four lines, or the six or eight, which are written at red-heat, this is true; but one notices that in a very short space Juvenal runs himself to a standstill, and has to begin again: he is quite incapable of the long bursts of Lucan, who keeps up a higher level of declamation for twenty or fifty lines than Juvenal can keep up for half a dozen. Yet Juvenal has always been much more popular than Lucan, because he deals with lower motives and is less earnest, while he has been popular in later times compared with Horace just because of his making a greater show of manly indignation. It is characteristic that both Persius and Horace are more apt to end their sentences in the middle of a line, while Juvenal is so used to ending the sense and the line together that whereas one finds the *chevilles* at the end of a line in the "Æneid," one finds them at the beginning of the line in Juvenal, who instinctively elaborates the point at the end first: thus, *e. g.*, he works up rather feebly to the aphorism—

Spoliatis arma supersunt (viii. 124).

In another way Juvenal comes more closely into contact with Vergil than any other satirist: he is fond of parody, and he hardly goes beyond the great school classic when he wants something to turn into a jest. He parodies without any intention of making his original ridiculous, and only wishes to raise a laugh by describing his subject in language that is too fine for it. He does this consistently, even when he is not parodying language that has heroic associations of its own, and he is fond of enhancing the effect of this by interpolating a low word like *caballus* (which meant "nag" as distinguished

from "horse," though "chivalry" is derived from it) at the end of a sonorous passage, which is all the more striking because contemporary epic writers never dreamed of calling a horse *caballus*, though they were sorely discontented with *equus*, which was not nearly long enough or sonorous enough for them.

SULPICIA.

Sulpicia was a voluminous authoress, at any rate a versatile one; but the only record of her activity is a dull and pretentious protest against the banishment of the philosophers by Domitian in 94 A.D. If it is genuine, it is a curious proof that it was possible then, as now, for a clever lady who wrote very badly to acquire a literary position by the help of her charms as a leader of society. There are only seventy lines of it in all, and eleven are devoted to explaining to the muse whom the authoress piously invokes that she wishes to write in hexameters, not in hendecasyllables or iambics or elegiacs. So far as the poem has a plan or a subject, it is to quote the authority of the elder Cato, who once told the younger Scipio a fable about wasps and bees, the point of which cannot be extracted from Sulpicia's grandiloquence, to the effect that Rome throve best in adversity. The application of this is, that Rome will be ruined in the midst of apparent prosperity by the expulsion of the philosophers—for courage in war and wisdom in peace have been her strength hitherto, and she owes her wisdom to the philosophers who came from Greece and all the rest of the world to be her teachers. It is much to be feared that when they are gone the Romans will be reduced to live upon acorns and spring-water. There is an astonishingly bold and clumsy jest at the reigning emperor, who is charged with being pale with gluttony and heaving a falling paunch.[1] Under these distressing circumstances the poetess prays that Calenus may have grace to emigrate, like the Smyr-

[1] There was a Greek proverb about a man who fell *οὐκ ἀπὸ δοκοῦ ἀλλ' ἀπ' ὄνου*—falling, not off a beam, but off an ass, or out of his mind, *ἀπὸ νοῦ*, which would be pronounced the same way. The pun is poor, but Sulpicia reproduces the pun as well as she can: the tyrant falls, not from a beam, but from his back—at least his paunch does.

niotes when the Lydians took the town, or at any rate that everything may be overruled for the best for Rome, and for Calenus's Sabine farm. The muse reassures her, vengeance will overtake the tyrant. There are two or three good lines towards the end which Sulpicia's admirers might conscientiously praise, though even in these there is a vagueness which reminds us that we are reading an amateur.

PART VI.

PROSE LITERATURE FROM VESPASIAN TO HADRIAN.

CHAPTER I.

PLINY THE ELDER.

THE death of Nero marks a more important epoch in Latin literature than the death of Augustus; for the public to which writers addressed themselves underwent a thorough change. In the reign of Nero the public consisted of two classes—the fashionable and frivolous amateurs whom Persius ridicules, and the serious students, who were always risking a collision with authority in the pursuit of rhetorical or political or philosophical or historical reputation. Discreet, sensible persons went about their business and made their way by fair means or foul, but in neither case wrote; for "glory" was to be won, if at all, by means they despised or disapproved. With the accession of Vespasian this class of men came into literature. The court favorites, who had dazzled the town generally by their expenditure and sometimes by their wit, had disappeared with Vitellius, and did not reappear even under Domitian, whose magnificence was less uncalculating than Nero's, and unlikely to disturb the finances, but that he had to conciliate the soldiery as well as the populace. It is probable that Seneca's was nearly the last of the monstrous fortunes which made it possible for a large population of idlers to live the life of parasites in tolerable comfort. We find that Seneca was reduced to very risky investments; for when he tried to call his capital in which he had lent in Britain, the story goes that

this was enough to excite a revolt: and it would, of course, check accumulation if there were no convenient means for investment. Distant properties can never have been very productive to nobles who lived in Italy; they must have been exposed to the same drawbacks as Jamaica properties, doubled by the worse state of communications; and a millionaire of Martial's age probably reckoned his fortune by what his whole assets would bring, if he could have found a purchaser, though, if compelled to realize at a moment's notice, the total might have been an insignificant percentage of the estimated value. It is true that the system of recitations continued, but they were felt to be a weariness by all who were less good-natured than the younger Pliny, who found reason repeatedly to rebuke his contemporaries for showing too plainly that they were not interested in what was well-intended for their entertainment. All the great books of the Claudian period were written to be recited, or to please a taste formed by the habit of recitation: all the great books of the period which followed were written, more or less, to be read, with the exception of the "Thebaid" of Statius. Even the "Punica" of Silius Italicus was written in the main to be read, for Pliny tells us that it was only now and then that he recited, to see what people thought of him; and Silius Italicus, though an estimable, was not an influential, author. Pliny the Younger himself was only a quasi-success as an orator, and it was as an orator and a poet that he recited. His real success was as a letter-writer, for down to the fourth and fifth century he was imitated by accomplished nobles. Quinctilian, of course, had been a celebrated declaimer, and had even done something as a pleader; but his great work that he is remembered by is the elaborate treatise which he composed when he had retired from teaching. Pliny's vast compilation was avowedly intended for a book of reference; he did not expect even to be read through, and drew up a table of contents for the use of his readers, that each might find what he wanted. This is characteristic: he was a practical man writing for practical men; and this is the rule with all the leading writers in prose of the age. Even Tacitus, wilful and poetical as he is, makes up his mind at once

that no one will care to recall any details that had been recorded by earlier writers. He intends his narrative to be complete in essentials, but all details are introduced either because they are disputed, or because they are original.

Of this practical literature Pliny the Elder was the morning star; he was also one of the most astounding monuments of human industry; it cannot be added that he was one of the most encouraging. He was born A.D. 23. He seems to have belonged to the famous city of Catullus by right of extraction, and to the new city of Como by right of domicile. The MSS. of his works call him Veronensis: his nephew, himself a citizen of Novum Comum, treats his uncle as a fellow-townsman. He himself claims Catullus as a countryman, *conterraneus;* which, if it stood alone, might be satisfied by a belief that both were *Transpadani*, natives of the region beyond the Po.

In early life he served as prefect of one of the two squadrons of cavalry attached to a legion in Germany, and wrote a book on throwing the dart on horseback, which proves that when young he still found time for wholesome exercise. He began a work on the German wars, which probably exercised him most during the reign of Nero; there were twenty-one books of it, and he set about it because Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, who had pushed the Roman arms farthest into Germany, appeared to him in a dream and set him the task, which shows that his sleep was broken, because he never allowed himself time to digest his food. On his return to Rome, he thought the time had come for him, according to the ordinary routine, to entertain ambition to distinguish himself in other than a military way: he began to train himself to oratory. The only result was three books of "Studies," which were so long that each made two rolls or volumes; they contained a complete essay on rhetorical training, taking the infant orator in his cradle and conducting him to the end of his career. Still his general force of character was enough to secure him an appointment as imperial procurator in Spain, which was high promotion for a man who did not belong to a senatorial family. This was in the latter years of Nero,

when it was perilous to write upon exciting subjects: so Pliny had to compose eight books on doubtful points of style. After Nero's death he was in high office under Vespasian and Titus, till his own death, when he took advantage of his station as admiral of the Campanian fleet to inspect an eruption of Vesuvius more closely than was prudent. It seems that he was also anxious to take off fugitives in distress. After the death of Nero he wrote a continuation of Aufidius Bassus in thirty-one books (which must be the work that Tacitus quotes for the reign of Nero), and the vast compilation of natural history which has reached us in thirty-seven books. Besides these, he had left his nephew 160 rolls of choice extracts written inside and out in the smallest of hands, so valuable that, long before the collection was complete, he had been offered between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* sterling for it.

All this was accomplished by the rule of never losing a moment. He had his official business to attend to, which took up a long morning. He had his audience with Vespasian before daylight, then set to work at the orders he had received. When he got home he went to his books, had a very light breakfast, and, if time could be spared, lay and sunned himself while some one read to him and he took notes. Then came a cold bath, a lighter luncheon, a very short siesta, which left him fresh to study till dinner. During dinner he was read to, very fast, and took notes, and was quite shocked at the idea that anybody could stop the reader and lose ten lines to correct a mispronunciation that did not lead to a misunderstanding. He never sat till dark in summer; in winter he always rose from table before the first hour of night was gone—say before five. Whenever he could get away for a holiday, he gave all the time to study when he was not in his bath; and even then, though he could not go very deep, he would always be read to or dictate while in the hands of the shampooer. When he was travelling he always used to dictate; he had nothing else to do, and kept a secretary, who wore warm gloves in winter, at his elbow that he might not be interrupted by weather. For the same reason he also used a litter in Rome, that he might be reading or writing while

he went through the streets, and reproached his nephew for the time he wasted in walking. He always began to work by candle-light, long before day on August 21, and in winter he used to begin before the night was two parts over, often before it was half over. This, his nephew implies, was less wonderful, because he could always go to sleep when he pleased, and occasionally went to sleep over his books. He was only fifty-six when he died, and there is no sign of exhaustion in the enormous compilation that has reached us.

It is not to be tried, of course, by a critical standard. It is useless to ask if the writer has understood his authorities, reproduced them accurately, or whether he has tested their statements. He is not credulous, because he repeats impossible stories without discussion. He is only ignorant of the exact boundaries of experience: he does not suppose, as Herodotus, for instance, does, that everything very unfamiliar is incredible, or at least requires unusual attestation; whereupon Herodotus sets aside the possibility of the Nile being swollen by melting snows under the tropics. Pliny puts down all surprising facts which he has gathered out of tolerable books together. His real weakness is, that he is almost entirely dependent upon books, to which he gave every moment of his leisure with the most generous devotion. He was fond of saying no book was so bad as not to have something worth reading and extracting. And most of the books he was dependent on for his purposes were collections of travellers' tales. It is true that he used Aristotle and Theophrastus, and they used travellers' tales intelligently. They would have been of immense use to anybody in a condition to investigate for himself any of the subjects which they touched more or less directly; but Pliny did not wish to investigate, so much as to inform himself of what was already supposed to be known. He was a wonderfully well-informed man, who took the pains, which few well-informed men do, to communicate his information in the state in which he had it. In spite of the progress of science, if any man without personal experience of investigation were to undertake to make a digest of his notes from all old naturalists not yet superseded, and all

the transactions of learned societies, the result would be very grotesque two thousand years hence.

Another weakness of Pliny is, that he is not exactly pessimist but splenetic. His feeling that the conditions of human life are hard is decidedly too strong for his reverence for any power that may have fixed them. It cannot be said that in the wide field of nature or civilization he finds anything that he thinks worthy of genuine, hearty enthusiasm. He found, as the Yorkshire Cistercians found, that enthusiasm comes more easily to people who do not work at high pressure all their lives; that a sense of the pathetic and the sublime comes most easily to those who take their own life easily. He is not bitter, as Tacitus is, but he is always grumbling, in the tone of an over-tasked man of business, over such topics as this—that we all of us scream when we are born, and that the most precocious child does not laugh till it is forty days old. There is a sort of solemnity, perhaps even pathos, about his complaints, but he is much more in earnest when he is declaiming against extravagant expenditure than when he is denouncing idolatry.

"It is absurd, a proof of human infirmity, to try to imagine the shape and likeness of God. Whoever he be, if he be other (than the sun) or wheresoever he be, he is all feeling, all sight, all hearing, the fulness of life, of spirit, of himself. To believe in gods without number, fashioned even of virtues and vices of men, as Chastity, Concord, Mind, Hope, Honor, Clemency, Faith, or in two at all (for Democritus thought Mercy and Judgment enough), is only double dulness. Our frail and troublesome mortality has made all these partitions, remembering its own infirmity, that each might worship piecemeal as his need required. So we find different names in different nations, and deities innumerable in each; and the powers below after their kind, and diseases, and many plagues withal, since we desire to appease them in our great dismay. So even by public decree Fever has her temple on the Palatine, and the Childless by the shrine of the *lares*, and Ill Fortune her altars on the Esquiline. So we come to see how the heavens are more populous than the earth, since every single

mortal coins a Juno or a genius of his own. Some nations, moreover, number animals, even such as are abominable, among gods, and many other things yet more shameful to speak of, since they swear even by stinking victual.[1] The creed that there are marriages of gods, and all this while no births among them; that some are always aged and hoary, some young and boyish; that some are swarthy and some winged, some lame, some hatched from an egg, and live and die by turns, is merely nonsense fit for children. But it passes all impudence to feign adulterers among them, and quarrels and strife, and deities for theft and crime.

"For a mortal to help a mortal, that is God, and the way to everlasting glory.[2] The chiefs of Rome have gone thereby; the greatest ruler of all time, Vespasianus Augustus, with his children, walketh therein to this day, with the steps of an immortal succoring the weary withal. This is the oldest way of rendering thanks to good desert, to number such among the gods. Forsooth, the names of all other gods, and the stars I named above, are begotten out of the worth of man.

"That they are called Jove and Mercury and other names elsewhere, and that this serves for the vocabulary of astronomy, is plain: these names are coined for a key to nature. But the most highest, whatsoever it be, can never be so ridiculous as to care for the affairs of men. How are we to doubt or believe that such a sorry, complicated ministry does not profane his majesty? Hardly can we reach to judge which answer is most profitable to the race of men, since some have no respect to the gods, and some have such respect as is a shame."[3]

One cannot mistake the vigor of this; incoherent as it is, it anticipates very nearly all that the Christians were to say against paganism, or the positivists against all traditional religions. The wanton will-worship of the followers of Isis and other strange gods disgusted Pliny's good sense, just as much as contemporary scepticism alarmed his prudence. His idea

[1] Such as garlic and leeks.

[2] The Buddhists had reached this point some centuries before, whenever the Jatakas were written.

[3] Pliny, II. v. (vii.) 1–6.

of a freethinker was a man who would swear falsely by Jove in the temple of the Thunderer. There is plenty of grim acuteness in the description of Fortune, the personification of men's own perplexity. They cannot decide whether the gods rule their lot or no, and cannot be content with intelligible finite causes, and so they ascribe everything to an abstraction which relieves them of responsibility. Others again ascribe everything to climates or planets, with which Pliny returns to astronomy, the subject from which he set out. For all his theological speculations start with the observation that the sun, the midmost and most powerful of the planets, is plainly the ruler of the world, and the source of life within it. On the way, he lays down that it would be well, if possible, to believe in the providence of the gods, but that we may console ourselves for our own imperfections by the belief that the gods share them. The gods, like us, have limited powers: they cannot give us immortality, they cannot change the past; to put it seriously, they cannot deprive a magistrate of his honors; to put it playfully, they cannot alter the rules of arithmetic. Moreover, they are condemned to immortality: they cannot die at will like men, which is our greatest privilege. Again, the death of falling stars does not necessarily involve ours. A falling star dies of having absorbed too much oil. The technicalities of descriptive astronomy are seldom interesting, and Pliny does not make them so. The periods of Mars and Venus are inaccurate, even in terms of the geocentric system. Pliny assigns two years, more or less, to Mars: the proper term is twenty months fifteen days. The term he assigns to Venus is 348 days: it should be 225. It is characteristic that the most interesting astronomical phenomenon, in the judgment of Pliny, is to be found in the eclipses of the sun and moon; whence he infers that the moon is at least as large as the earth, since she is able to hide the whole of the sun, though he knows that the sun is not hidden from the whole of the earth. Pliny is very much impressed by the fact that the conical shadow of earth which we call night does *not* extend beyond the moon. The wisdom of astronomers who unravel the mysteries of nature almost stupefies him.

He recovers his self-possession when he comes back again to Earth, to whom he has a real fetichistic devotion. We call her our mother, and do well, because of her great benefits; she nurses all our life, and takes us back to her lap when we die. She alone is so merciful that we never call down her wrath on her enemies until they are nothing. The evil of beasts that live upon her is no fault of hers; the breath of their life is tainted: such as it is, it is her portion to foster it. As for poisons, they are proofs of true tenderness, that we might end a weary life without unseemly violence. If we abuse them for purposes of murder, that is our fault: just as it is our fault to abuse iron for purposes of destruction. And how patient Mother Earth is with us when we dive into her bowels for gain! True, we pay her debt to her perforce. We seek wealth in her, and it turns to bloodshed; and at last we cover the wounds we have made with our unburied bones; and in her great compassion she covers these at last.[1]

After this outbreak of feeling, Pliny comes back to his notebooks: first of all, he has to describe the terrestrial globe, and explain that it really is a globe, in spite of mountains and seas and plains. The difficulty about mountains is not serious: he is reassured by the belief that Pelion, the highest mountain, as he supposed, which Dicæarchus[2] had surveyed, was only twelve hundred odd paces in perpendicular height. But he obviously more than half imagined that the earth is practically a polyhedron, every sea and plain being a mathematical flat. He knows that the ocean must have a properly spherical surface like a drop of water. He remembers, if he fails to reproduce, a Greek argument which had once convinced him, to the effect that if sheets of water had not a spherical surface they would be deepest closest in shore. At this point comes a curious disquisition about earthquakes, which are due to the outbursts of a subterranean wind: whence it very naturally follows that buildings which have vaulted substructures suffer less, because the apertures of the vaults offer a safety-valve for the air. Another curious point on which he expends

[1] Pliny, II. lviii. [2] Ib. II. lxv. 2.

much ingenuity is the antipodes: for then, as now, they puzzled the popular imagination, which was induced to take refuge in the conceit that the earth was like a pine-apple. If so, of course no one would have his heads downwards in the absolute sense, because this could only happen in the southern frigid zone, which was uninhabitable any way. The difficulty, that at this rate no one would really stand upright, does not seem to have occurred to Pliny; but on the main question he grasps the true principle that "down" practically means towards the centre of the earth. How the earth keeps its place, with air all round and nothing but ether beyond, is a more puzzling question. Pliny wavers between the notion that the earth does not fall because there is no room, since each of the elements fills its appropriate region, and the notion that the earth, being in the centre to which all things fall, cannot possibly fall in any direction.

It is curious that, though Pliny records several observations[1] of the noonday shadow which must have been taken well within the tropics, to say nothing of more than one alleged circumnavigation of Africa, he is still in bondage to the convention of the uninhabitable tropic zones which rested on nothing but the barrenness of the Sahara. This serves for a peg for much splenetic declamation on the littleness of the world, which rebukes the puny ambition of conquerors. The greater part of the globe is ocean: three-fifths of it (the frigid and torrid zones) are uninhabitable by reason of the heaven, much is barren mountains, sand, and marsh, and forest; and no conqueror has ever been master of the rest. Then, leaving these general reflections, Pliny turns through three or four books to give a gazetteer of the world, which of course turns to a catalogue of tribes for the large regions that were untrodden by scientific travellers. This is a little unlucky, as after his description of the earth he proceeds to a description of its organic and inorganic products, beginning with man; so that we have a course of ethnology of a kind, which is followed at once by a course of physiology of a kind. He begins with all kinds of anecdotes of curious births, in which Aristotle and Varro

[1] II. lxxv. (lxxiii.).

figure side by side; goes on to all the family names which imply some accident at the time of birth—as, for instance, when one of twins was reared it was named Vopiscus. There is an equally copious supply of anecdotes of longevity, some of which have a less apocryphal look than the legends of Old Parr and Old Jenkins. But the main staple of the natural history of man is a series of stories of who was the first to do this or that, interspersed with general reflections on the fortune[1] of Augustus, whom he will not allow to be fortunate. In all this part of his work Pliny gives us the effect of a survival of Seneca. His conceit on Sulla's arrogance is just in Seneca's manner when Seneca is least earnest. How could he dare surname himself Happy,[2] which no one else dared to do? Why, every one of his victims was less unhappy, for we pity them, and every one hates Sulla. There is a little treatise on diseases (and Pliny ventures a hint[3] that the philosophy which disposes to suicide is a disease like the rest), but all the account of the treatment of diseases is postponed till after the account of herbs and minerals.

The seventh book disposes of the natural history of man, and ends abruptly with an account of the first water-clock at Rome. Then come four books of zoology, beginning with terrestrial animals, and going on to aquatic and aerial. The terrestrial begin with the elephant, as the largest and most sagacious, and end with a story of some serpents in Syria, on the banks of the Euphrates, who never attack Syrians when asleep, and whose bite is harmless to a Syrian, even if they are trampled on—for which reason the Syrians never kill them—though to strangers they are peculiarly deadly. Lions and tigers come after elephants, and dogs and horses come together because they are domestic animals. One hears of mules in Cappadocia which are fertile, but then they belong to a peculiar breed (they were probably wild asses), and that, if mules are given to kicking, they can be cured by dosing them with wine. The root of the dog-rose, we find, is a cure for a dog's bite, as has lately been revealed by an oracle: another

[1] Pliny, "Hist. Nat." VII. xlvi.
[2] Ib. VII. xliv.
[3] Ib. VII. li. 2.

specific is a hair of the dog in a more elaborate form. The Indian mastiffs, Pliny is quite willing to believe, are bred between tigers and dogs, and the first two broods are too ferocious to rear. This is reinforced with a tale of how the Britons bred their dogs from wolves; but Pliny draws the line at werewolves, and is quite convinced that, if we believe in them, we may believe in everything. The version of the legend which he knew was to the effect that, if a man has once turned into a wolf, his only chance of turning back into a man is to abstain from human flesh nine years. In that case he will find his clothes, which he left in the open air on his transformation, still fresh, but he himself will be ten years older. Pliny somewhat disparages his philosophy by undertaking to explain the origin of this grotesque and widespread belief. For, instead of an explanation, he simply gives what he takes for the oldest case of it—a certain Parrhasius, an Arcadian, who at the altar of Lycæan Jove had the misfortune to taste the human entrail which always was chopped up among the rest, and turned into a wolf, to resume his human shape after nine years, and to contend successfully at the Olympian games. Pliny is quite willing to believe that, though men cannot turn into wolves, dogs are liable to be plagued by fauns; and he even knows that puppies of the first litter are most exposed to the plague. Fauns, in his mythology, are imps that jump on more substantial creatures, and make them start, whence it is an easy inference that when a puppy starts without reason it has seen a faun.

Sheep and oxen naturally follow dogs and horses as domestic animals; and according to Pliny's method it is impossible to exhaust the subject of sheep without a long discussion, not only of different kinds of wool, but also of different kinds of woollen, with the dates of their introduction at Rome. Oxen, the partners of men at the plough, afford room for much sentimentality, and a good many curious anecdotes of the feeling against killing them, which was once almost as strong in Phrygia and Italy as in Hindostan.

Aquatic animals of all kinds take precedence of birds, for they are the largest of all: which is explained by the fact that

water abounds in their constitution. As it is necessary to draw the line somewhere, crocodiles figure among the terrestrial animals, while the series of aquatic animals opens with the biggest animal Pliny knew of—the sperm whale of the Indian Ocean; the series closes with an account of the pearl which Cleopatra swallowed in vinegar at a banquet when she wished to convince Antony of her capacities for expense. The legend as told by later writers drops two picturesque circumstances given by Pliny. Cleopatra intended to sacrifice two unique and historical pearls to her wager; when she had dissolved and swallowed the first, Plancus (the Consul of Horace's youth) decided the wager in her favor, and the second pearl was saved, to be divided, according to common report in Rome, between the two earrings of Venus in the Pantheon.

As for birds, in Pliny's reckoning they are open to something like the contempt which, in the judgment of unscientific common-sense, attaches to insects: they are poor creatures, blown about in the air, with no strength and solidity.

One of the most entertaining points in the treatise on ornithology is the recurring allusion to Roman augury. There was a standing debate about the bird *Sanqualis* and the bird *Immussulus*, which had never been seen, according to some authorities, since the days of the augur Mucius. Pliny believes himself that they had often been seen, but, owing to the culpable laziness of a degenerate age, they had never been recognized. It appears that the bird *Sanqualis* was sacred to the ancient deity Sancus; but Pliny does not decide on the further explanation that the *Sanqualis* was the young of the vulture, and the bird *Immussulus* the young of the osprey. Still more puzzling is the case of the fire-bird, *Avis incendiaria*, whose appearance was repeatedly chronicled, as the occasion for solemn lustrations of the city; while in Pliny's day it was wholly unknown what kind of bird had passed under the name. It is noteworthy that the classification of birds as *Alites* and *Oscines* comes in quite a different place, and that the classification of birds by their beaks and claws is not introduced until some way has been made in a description

of birds, beginning with the ostrich as the biggest and the eagle as the noblest.

There are a good many curious traits about the migrations of birds. Side by side with the lists of the migratory birds of Italy we find the legend of the cranes and pygmies, and accounts of the wedge-shaped army which storks and wild geese form in flying. We are gravely informed that storks never arrive except at night, and, though the starting-point of their migration is uncertain, he inclines to believe a certain Peridorus, who asserts that their winter-quarters are on the great meadow of the Cayster, where the last arrival is harried to death.

Pliny is curiously meagre about parrots: what strikes him most is that they have very hard heads, as hard as their beaks, so that when they alight they come down on their heads and beaks, to save their weak feet; and they have to be educated by rapping them on the head with an iron rod, because they can feel nothing else. Their power of speech is not equal, in his opinion, to that of magpies, who are more distinct, if not so fluent. Besides, magpies take an intelligent interest in what they say—go over their lessons by themselves, and are grateful for being helped; while, if they cannot recover the word they are trying for, they die of grief. He is also the earliest authority for the feats of performing finches, which were taught, then as now, to draw water and go in harness. One is a little suspicious when he hears that Agrippina, the wife of Claudius, had a thrush[1] that could talk at the time when Pliny was writing. He observes that such a case was never known before, and the accomplishments of the thrush were probably much more easily recognized because of the rank of its mistress; especially as we find that the young Cæsars, Gaius and Lucius, had talking nightingales: of course one hears of talking starlings. One hardly knows how to question the strange story of the raven[2] which flew down in the reign of Tiberius from the temple of Augustus, and lighted on a cobbler's stall; where it made such progress that it learned to salute Tiberius and his son Drusus, and almost every Ro-

[1] Pliny, "Hist. Nat." X. lix. 2. [2] Ib. X. lx. 2.

man when he went by. The raven provoked the spite or the envy of the cobbler opposite, and he managed to kill it; and this shocked the public so much that the raven actually had a solemn funeral in the Campus Martius; and the avicide was first pelted from his stall, and at last pelted to death. Pliny moralizes that no one gave Africanus a public funeral or avenged his death.

The discussion of ornithology winds up with a description of eggs, and this leads to a disquisition on hatching, and the generation and birth of animals in general, though this has been separately discussed to some extent in connection with the human species, and at less length as a part of the description of almost every other. Winged insects have a book to themselves, chiefly because it was impossible to hurry over bees: the whole rules for their management are given, with all that was known or imagined about them, including their birth from the carcasses of quadrupeds.

After disposing of insects, which are made to include the smaller birds as well as scorpions, Pliny gives a general review of organic physiology, going through the different organs, and mentioning the animals which have them, or were supposed to lack them.

Pliny is overpoweringly copious on the subject of botany, which occupies twice the space of zoology; for the first half of it includes a pretty full treatment of husbandry, and the second touches largely upon medicine. After the usual sentimental flourish about our primitive dependence upon fruit for food, in consequence of which fruit still keeps its place in the second course, Pliny begins with the plane-tree, of which the oldest specimen that he knew grew in the groves of the Academy. Palms follow soon after, and are described fully, with great appearance of knowledge of their different kinds and their modes of culture. They were considered the most decisive proof of the existence of sex in plants, although Pliny was aware that all flowering plants had different sexes. It is curious to find that in his day palm-wine had almost completely superseded grape-wine in Syria.

Pliny is long and eloquent on the vine and wine: he de-

scribes the different kinds then in cultivation, with hasty notes of the qualities of the grape, and the rules for their management; and declaims bitterly at our singular passion for an intoxicant, which we share with no other animal, though some animals have been taught it by us. He candidly allows there are many who think it the one thing that makes life worth living; but all his feeling is on the side of severity. We break the strength of wine with sacking, to be able to drink the more; we devise other spurs to thirst, for the sake of drinking. Some take hemlock before, that they may drink perforce for dear life; some take powdered pumice-stone, and shameful drugs which no honest man will name or advertise. The most discreet stew themselves in the baths and are carried out fainting; others are so eager that they cannot wait to sit down or to dress: just as they are, naked and panting, they snatch huge bowls in the baths to prove their prowess, fill them up and empty them down their throats and then on the floor, and swallow again and repeat the performances twice or thrice, as if they were born to spoil wine, and as if wine could not be spilt without passing through a human body. And all outlandish exercises, rolling in the mud, and broadening out the chest, and tossing back the neck, have all one end. They are a proclamation of how we covet thirst. Some drink to excess for the sake of the goblet with its wanton chasings, which is the prize of the hardest drinker; some bind themselves to eat at the same rate as they drink; others, to drink as much as the dice decree. Then Pliny will not allow that a hard drinker can keep a secret: they recite their own wills, and talk treasonable politics. *In vino veritas* is a proverb against drinking. At the very best, they do not see the sun rise, and they shorten their lives. They fancy that they are acting on the maxim, live while you live, when they are wasting one day and spoiling the next.

After this explosion, we are told that the foreign fashion of drinking before meals was brought in by the doctors in the days of Tiberius. And then we get to stories of famous drinkers. The Parthians are proud of their prowess in that way; so was Alcibiades, so was Novellius Torquatus of Milan,

who actually could dispose of a bumper of seventeen or eighteen pints at a draught, which wonderful sight Tiberius came to see.

Marcus Cicero the younger did not come up to this measure: he could not do more than eleven or twelve pints; but even this passed for very much, and Pliny suggests that he wished to revenge his father upon Antonius, who otherwise would have been the greatest drinker of the day. We are indebted to Pliny for the fact that he wrote a panegyric on drink shortly before the battle of Actium. Pliny adds, with a touch of malice, that the one thing in which Drusus clearly reproduced his father Tiberius was his taste for wine: the phrase is curious, *regenerâsse patrem Tiberium.*[1] Pliny is fond of using *regenerare* in this way where most authors would use *repræsentare,* or turn the phrase another way to express that the ancestor lived again in his descendant.

The vine occurs again in another connection as a timber tree: Mucianus is quoted as testifying that the image of Diana in the famous temple of Ephesus, which had outlasted seven temples, was made of that wood; he had been proconsul of Asia, and had therefore been able to inspect the image closely. Another purpose for which the vine is excellent is for kindling fire in the primitive fashion, rubbing one piece of wood over another: the piece of wood which is held still should be of vine or ivy, the piece of wood which rotates upon it should be of bay or cypress. The fame of cypress-wood is well known, but Pliny, who follows Theophrastus, has a high opinion of elm as combining toughness and stiffness.

From the twentieth book onwards, medicine is decidedly the dominant topic of Pliny's natural history. There are some digressions: in the beginning of the twenty-first book, the subject seems to be floriculture, and we get a pretty story of the custom, in the plain of the Po, of putting the hives aboard a punt at night and drawing them five miles up the river every night, until they were full of honey; and in the beginning of the twenty-second book there is a little disquisition on the honorary crowns which the Romans made of the herbs

[1] Pliny, "Hist. Nat." XIV. xxvii. 6.

of the field. But in the seventh chapter (there are eighty-two) we arrive at the real subject, the medical use of plants that can be made into wreaths. In the next book wines are described over again, since wine is a medicine as well as a luxury; and then come medicines from cultivated trees, and, in another book, the remedies to be obtained from wild trees. In the next three books Pliny seems to tend to classify the contents of his note-books on a new principle: instead of mentioning the diseases for which each kind of herb is good, he mentions together the herbs which are good for one kind of disease. It is worth noticing that Pliny's account of the mandrake contains nothing fabulous: it was, according to him, a dangerously strong soporific, which was commonly taken before severe operations in order to deaden sensibility.

In the twenty-eighth book Pliny goes back to animals—as contributors to the pharmacopœia; and here he is very eloquent against unseemly remedies sought from the human body. Blood warm from a gladiator was thought to be sovereign against epilepsy, and Democritus had actually written down that the powdered skull of a criminal was good for some diseases, and the skull of a friend and guest for others. Pliny thinks it well enough to use spittle or mother's milk; but if we go further, it is well to remember that after the foulest remedies we must die at last. There is no medicine for the mind like a belief that, of all the good things which nature has given men, none is better than timely death; and the best of that is, that each has power to grant it to himself.

Pliny thinks little of enchantments: every nation believes in them, and no wise man. As for prodigies, they are in our power: their effects depend upon the way we take them. When the foundations of the Capitol were being dug, a human head was found; and an embassy was sent to Olenus Calenus, the wisest of the Etrurian seers, to ask him to interpret the sign. The ambassadors said, "We found it here," and he said, "Did you find it here?" drawing a picture of the Capitol on the sand—and if they had said "Yes," then the rule of the world would have been translated to Etruria; but his son had warned the ambassadors, so they answered that "here" in their

story meant at Rome. In the same spirit, in the opening of his thirtieth book, Pliny favors us with a very vigorous polemic against magic. To begin with, he cannot believe that Zoroaster flourished six thousand years before Plato; he justly asks how it was that his books had been preserved for that enormous period, among illiterate nations, without a hierarchy with regular succession, and what authority the people who convinced Aristotle had for their story. Then he fastens on historical magicians of the ages of Xerxes and Alexander; admits that there is an independent source of magic in "Moses, Jamnes, and Jotapes"[1]—much later than the alleged date of Zoroaster, and traces the history of magic till the days of Nero, who gave it the fairest possible chance, having all the means that the most exacting could ask, and the utmost diligence and perseverance. And yet magic has some reality about it, being a form of poisoning; but magicians are contemptible creatures—as they think the mole is the wisest and holiest of animals.

The treatment of regular medicine is capricious. The twenty-ninth book opens with the history of medicine as Pliny understands it, and continues the list of remedies from land-animals; among which we find the slough of a serpent recurring with curious frequency. The thirty-first and thirty-second treat of the remedies to be derived from aquatic animals, and include a disquisition on the best kind of water, which was thought by many to be rain-water, as it must be the lightest—how else could it have risen into the clouds? Others, whom Pliny ridicules, weighed the water. He himself inclined to the belief that clear spring-water was the best. There are many curious stories of streams, and springs medicinal and intermittent.

The last five books are in some ways the most interesting to a modern reader, but they contain little that is characteristic of Pliny. The general subject is mineralogy, and since minerals are employed in the arts and in medicine, each of them takes the form of a treatise on metallurgy, or marble cutting and working; followed by a treatise on bronze statues

[1] Pliny, "Hist. Nat." XXX. ii. 6.

and reliefs, and a separate treatise on works of art in marble, with the medical uses of metals in one place and stones in another. Even the treatise on painting is complicated with the medical uses of the different colors, such as vermilion. In the same way the last book, which is on gems, includes a history of gem-engraving and an account of all the fancies about their medical virtues. Most of our knowledge of the history of ancient art is eked out by Pliny's hurried notices; but there is not much of literary interest, if we care for the author apart from the subject. One may notice a little explosion of the feeling which overflows in Mr. Ruskin's later works at the beginning of the thirty-third book, where Pliny denounces mining, and declares what a blessed age, what a dainty life, we might lead if we were content with what grows above ground, and then goes on to discuss the early history of gold rings. In the book upon marbles he has a shrewd remark upon a procurator of Egypt in the time of Claudius, who tried to introduce porphyry statues at Rome: they were regarded as more laborious than beautiful. The laborious work concludes abruptly: on reviewing the immense range which he has traversed, Pliny has nothing to tell us but that Spain and Italy are the most gifted regions in the world.

CHAPTER II.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

THERE can hardly be a greater literary contrast than between Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger: one was a man-of-all-work, the other a *dilettante;* one was a piece of a pessimist, the other a thoroughgoing and considerate optimist, who fully understood the necessity of *making* the best of the world. One was quite indifferent to style, composing his dedication to Vespasian in a fine vein of confused pomposity, and leaving Seneca and Varro to amalgamate as they could in the main staple of his work. One was at bottom a materialist; the other meant to be a spiritualist: he speaks of "eternity" and "immortality" very often, and always in the most edifying vein of sentiment, which has been revived by the disciples of the "Religion of Humanity."

Here is a very pretty specimen:[1] "Some think one most blessed, some another: and I think him who thoroughly enjoys beforehand his good and everlasting fame, and, having made sure of posterity, lives with his glory that shall be. And for me, but for the reward of eternity in my eyes, I could delight in deep fatness of ease. For all men in my judgment ought to meditate either their immortality or their mortality: exertion and effort are for these; repose and relaxation for those, lest they weary their short life in perishable labors: for many, as we see, by a pitiful and thankless parade of industry, come only to make themselves cheap. I tell you this, which I tell myself every day—I tell you that if you disagree, I may tell myself no more: though you will not disagree, since you have always something glorious and imperishable in working. Farewell."

[1] "Ep." ix. 3.

Here is a necessary qualification in a letter to Tacitus the historian:[1] "You do not applaud yourself; and I never take more pains to be strictly honest than in writing of you. Whether those to come will care for us at all, I know not: it is ours to deserve some care; I do not say by genius—that would be pride—but by study, by labor, by reverence for those to come. So let us keep on the road we are in: it has brought a few into light and renown, it has brought many out of darkness and silence. Farewell."

With all his care, the chief work on which he expected his fame to rest perished soon and completely. No one took the trouble to quote or read his speeches in the senate or the law courts, though he had striven hard to get back to the tone of the days of Cicero, and edited his speeches so carefully that he had no time for historical writing, to which his friends often urged him. He was so painstaking, and so amiable, and so anxious for reputation, that his friends in his lifetime took his oratorical pretensions seriously. Afterwards, the only speech of his which lived was the "Panegyric on Trajan." He is surprisingly explicit himself about the kind of success it had: he invited a few friends, if quite at leisure, to hear it when he had worked it up for publication; and, considering the importance of the occasion, he had made it so long that it took three days to recite, and nevertheless his friends (he says himself they were not many) insisted on hearing the end. Of course they stayed to dinner, though Pliny does not mention this; but they would have been released the first day if there had been nothing to interrupt the recitation. However, Pliny satisfied himself that their judgment had been deliberately given, and was a sample of the judgment of the world, and his speech has lasted because it was a model of the complimentary speeches which were so important in the third and fourth centuries. Pliny even had the distinction of being taken for the model of a separate style of oratory, the flowery and redundant style—a compliment which he would have hardly valued: if he had a higher ambition than to be a second Cicero, it was to be a second

[1] "Ep." ix. 14.

Calvus. Sidonius Apollinaris still knew of his speech in the case of Accia Variola, of which there is much in the letters; for Pliny thought it his masterpiece,[1] and compared it to Demosthenes's oration on the Crown. Consequently, Sidonius lays down that he won more glory by defending Accia before the Centumviri than by his Panegyric; but there is little proof that he had read the first. The Panegyric is an intensely clever work, which it is very hard to read; it is admirably written, and execrably composed. The author had a double object—to pay a long series of exquisite compliments to Trajan, and to make the most effective protest that he could against the system of Domitian. A modern reader thinks that the work is a piece of servile ostentation; Pliny thought it was a demonstration of antique courage. In fact, he praises Trajan fulsomely for conduct to which only an exemplary emperor would like to feel himself pledged. For instance, he is praised for not usurping the estates of his defunct subjects, as Domitian had done under the pretence that they had said Cæsar would be their heir. He is praised for his extreme punctiliousness about official formalities, actually staying through the whole ceremony whenever he was consul, and kissing each of the candidates he nominated when returned. And his conduct in office was equally sublime: he was consul when the Germans were troublesome, and he went to the frontier and decided cases in his toga, the sight of which awed the barbarians. The style of the speech is redundant if we take it in gross; terse and modest, if we take it in detail. One is continually tempted to compare the epigrammatic turns with Seneca, till one notes the entire absence of passion. Seneca is always thinking that he does well to be angry; Pliny could not be angry if he tried. Here is a fair specimen of the less epigrammatic passages:

"Everything,[2] Conscript Fathers, that I say or have said of other princes has this end, to show how long the custom of corrupting and defrauding the princedom has lasted, which our parent has to reform and amend. And otherwise there is nothing which it is not thankless to praise without a foil.

[1] "Ep." III. xxiii. 1. [2] "Pan." liii.

Moreover, the first duty of a dutiful citizen to our excellent emperor is to denounce emperors of other sorts; for who can love good princes enough, unless they hate evil princes enough? And remember that of all the merits of an emperor none is greater or better known than this, that we may assail evil princes in safety. Have we forgotten our pain when Nero was avenged but now? A man who thought his death a crime was likely, methinks, to give leave to attack his fame and repute, to refuse to understand of himself what might be said of one so like him. Wherefore, Cæsar, for my part, I rate this above many of thy gifts, and equal to the best, that we are allowed both to avenge ourselves on evil emperors gone by, and warn those to come by such example that there is neither time nor place for the ghosts of deadly emperors to rest from the curses of posterity."

His correspondence with Trajan is a natural sequel to the Panegyric, though two or three of the letters are earlier. In one he apologizes for having declined the office of prosecuting Marius, the proconsul of Africa, until it was pressed upon him by the senate; in another he returns thanks for having been appointed consul before his term of service at the treasury was over; in a third he asks a month's leave of absence, in order to arrange for a temple to several Cæsars, whose statues he had inherited and wanted to put safe out of the open air, and also, as he candidly states, to settle how much he would have to return out of his rents to his tenants. Most of them relate to a short two years of office in Bithynia, where Pliny was known as having defended Bassus, a former governor. He was sent there because local jobbery of all kinds had grown beyond bearing, and he hardly seems to have had energy enough for the post: he is continually writing to Trajan for surveyors or architects to check the contractors on the spot, who wasted the revenues of towns like Nicomedia upon abortive aqueducts, or theatres which were dilapidated before they were opened. Trajan replies that the works of the capital take all the architects within reach, and that, after all, architects come to Rome from the provinces. A rich provincial leaves his fortune to Pliny, in trust for two

towns, to be spent at Pliny's discretion on founding quinquennial games, or buildings in the honor of Trajan. Pliny wishes to be told which Trajan would prefer, and Trajan replies that Pliny must decide: the testator had known enough of Pliny to choose him for a trust which it was too late to evade. In the same way Pliny is referred to his own discretion in questions of towns which wished to have a Roman detachment, with a centurion at its head, stationed among them to preserve order.

The letters on both sides are admirably short and friendly and frank; they have very much the tone of private correspondence. Modern despatches would be far more formal, perhaps we should say more servile, though there is a certain backsliding in Pliny's always addressing Trajan as *Domine*, "Lord," after the emphatic distinction between Lord and Prince in the Panegyric.

The nine books of private letters were deliberately collected and revised for publication by the author, whose boundless self-complacency found here a safe opportunity for expansion. They really serve all the purpose of a polite letter-writer; and this explains their popularity and the diligent imitation of them by Symmachus and Sidonius Apollinaris, neither of whom attains to the measure of Pliny, who is a perfect model of the *purum et pressum genus* at which he aims. One must accept that it is always his intention to flatter himself or his correspondent, or both; that every feeling has to be reduced to the limits within which one can be proud of it before it is expressed. Pliny, for instance, when he does a kindness, never asks to be thanked; he only boasts to some one else of his delicate and reticent generosity. The only feeling which is clearly unamiable is his safe vindictiveness against all who were connected with the persecutions of Domitian. This was sharpened a good deal by his professional rivalry with M. Regulus, the leading counsel of the day, who in the latter part of Nero's reign had been a very active promoter of prosecutions for treason. Such prosecutions had ruined his father and brother, and he wished to retaliate, and make a reputation and a fortune. Under Domitian he was

simply a very active advocate, who traded a little, or more than a little, on the jealousy of the dynasty; he was a personage intimate at court, and he did not keep his suspicions of disaffection to himself. He was something of a bully, and pressed Pliny very severely to give his opinion on the loyalty of a connection of one of his clients, a man actually banished for disloyalty. Pliny very properly refused to give any opinion of his own on such a subject, and felt that he was displaying antique virtue. Such encounters disposed Pliny to be very particular in relating all the stories about the fussy, pompous man: one is really amusing. A lady asked him to witness her will, and put on her best clothes for the ceremony: Regulus actually insisted that she should leave them to him by her will, although she was very likely to survive him. Another story is less discreditable than Pliny seems to think. A lady was ill. Regulus assured her that she was going to recover on the strength of favorable sacrifices, and took the further trouble to consult the Chaldæans, whose report was equally favorable. He swore by the life of his son that she would recover, whereupon she made a will in his favor, and, as was not surprising, died in spite of aruspices and Chaldæans. It was his habit to swear by the life of his son, which convinced Pliny's circle that he could not love him. So Pliny and the rest were surprised when the son died, and Regulus made an immense parade of sorrow, which Pliny describes in a tone of bewilderment which borders on respect. The least unkindly letter is after Regulus, too, was dead; he admits then that he respected himself as a pleader, and maintained the dignity of the profession; he prepared elaborate written speeches, though he failed to learn them by heart. But still an inflated pleader, who insisted on being heard at length, was a boon to a man like Pliny, who lets us see in very many places that the public was getting tired of literary pretensions of all kinds. Pliny's voice was as bad as Regulus's memory: when he entertained his friends with his speeches he had to employ a young freedman with a fresh voice, and actually debated whether he should follow the absurd fashion of the time, and go through the pantomime of

recitation, while the freedman delivered the words. The alternative was to listen and applaud, like everybody else. Pliny himself was very good-natured in the matter of applause: he could not understand going to hear a man you called a friend recite and not applauding, nor could he quite understand the general reluctance to go, especially among those who composed themselves. It was the only conventional duty which he discharged quite cheerfully: he was always delighted to get out of town to escape from conventional duties; he thought himself better employed in cultivating his constitution.

He does not seem to know who is most ridiculous in his story of "Passienus Paullus,"[1] a countryman and descendant of Propertius, who was reciting an elegy before a company which included Javolenus Priscus, a celebrated jurist, who was so absent-minded as to be suspected of insanity. Unluckily Paullus began an elegy with *Prisce, jubes*, the regular formula of a consultation, "Priscus, do you advise?" Priscus immediately answered, "For my part I do not," and Pliny was surprised—at least distressed—that after this the recitation went off badly.

It is not surprising that we find Pliny making Martial a present of money for his journey to Spain, for Martial was a notorious beggar; but we are surprised that he could press a present of between 300*l.* and 400*l.* in our money on Quinctilian on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, excusing the small amount as a tribute to Quinctilian's modesty, for Quinctilian had been a successful teacher, and stood quite at the head of his profession.

But it does not appear that even in its best days the economical condition of the empire was sound or easy. A standing question throughout the provinces was, what was to be done with "nurslings," as free-born children exposed in infancy and reared as slaves were called: it is one of the few points which Trajan does not think Pliny ought to have decided without help.

In Italy at least there was an attempt to provide a remedy

[1] "Ep." V. v. 1.

as early as the consulate of Pliny; he had to thank Trajan for including children in the public largesses.[1] Pliny himself conferred on Comum, his native town, an endowment of 30,000 sesterces (between 200*l.* and 300*l.*) a year for the bringing up of freeborn children, secured upon an estate of considerably greater value. He did not like to give the capital sum of 500,000 sesterces which he had promised, because the corporation were not to be trusted to keep it; he did not like to give an equivalent in land, because public fields were never properly cultivated; and so concluded to convey his own land in satisfaction of his promise, and have it conveyed back to himself subject to a charge decidedly below its annual value, which charge he hoped was permanently secured.

Perhaps something should be said of Pliny's enthusiasm for suicide, which is remarkable, because he has none of the strong feeling of human misery which we find in his uncle and Tacitus. A life that is either enjoyable or memorable, in his judgment, may be an unmixed good; but he still admires the resolution which enables a man to end it at a moment's notice upon utilitarian grounds. He not only approves of a woman who got her husband, suffering from a loathsome —as she thought an incurable—disease, to let her tie herself to him, after which the pair drowned themselves in Lake Como, but actually compares her achievement to Arria's,[2] who killed herself to encourage her husband, and handed him the dagger with the famous words, "Pætus, dear, it don't hurt." Pliny had a system of detecting heroism in common life, and thought that his neighbors needed nothing but an equal station to command an equal fame. In the same spirit he decides that all the acts of Arria which proved her resolution to share her husband's fate were as great, though not as glorious, as the last.

His letters are full of old news; sometimes, as in this case, it might be unknown to his correspondents; but often he repeats what they must have known simply as an exercise in style. For instance, he tells the story of Domitian's execution of the senior Vestal,[3] because he has just heard that

[1] "Pan." vii. and xviii. [2] "Ep." VI. xxiv.; cf. III. xvi., III. xi. 3. [3] IV. xi.

a man of prætorian rank who had, under some pressure, given himself up as her paramour had turned professor in Sicily.

When he has a piece of real news, he commonly makes it fill two letters, even if it is no more than that an advocate was retained to oppose the application of a consular for leave to establish a market upon his own estate, which might interfere with a neighboring public market. The advocate did not appear, and the senate decided that he might return his fee and be discharged from the suspicion of having sold the case. Often a letter will be filled with an account of a sentimental visit to the villa of Scipio, or the description of his own Laurentine or Tuscan villas. Sometimes one almost suspects him of using his correspondents' letters as a theme for his own ingenuity. In the first book there is a letter, rather priggish in tone, on the benefits of taking a note-book out hunting; in the ninth there is a reply to the effect that it is pleasant enough to take a note-book into the woods, but then one must renounce the hope of killing boars. Both are nominally addressed to Tacitus; and, as we cannot suppose that a letter of Tacitus's got mixed up accidentally with a careful collection, the alternative is that Pliny appropriated two suggestions of their real intercourse for two letters, of which most modern readers will prefer the later and simpler. When all other topics failed, he could turn an elaborate note on his anxiety if a friend did not write. Besides, correspondence about his own and his friends' literary work was practically endless. He could not imagine a greater happiness than to revise a work of Tacitus's, and send his own work to Tacitus for revision: although the final revision of his own speeches was always a weary task, and he managed to spend much time over them without improving them—a temptation of which he was quite aware in the case of others. In poetry he seems to have suspected that he could hardly succeed; he admired the contrast between a strict life and a wanton muse, and after defending the contrast by copious precedents he finally admits that his muse had been too wanton; for his hendecasyllables had never been really published or recited,

they had only been read to five or six friends, and were subject to revision. Probably they were attempts in the style of Catullus, in the same way as his orations were attempts in the style of Cicero: at least a contemporary[1] imitated the abrupt grace of that poet with considerable success.

[1] Sentius Augurinus, whom we know from a compliment to Pliny, which the latter reproduces, IV. xxxii.

CHAPTER III.

QUINCTILIAN.

It is very seldom that a reaction produces a work so sane, so perfect, and so commonplace as Quinctilian's twelve books of the training of an orator. Nothing is left out, and nothing is left to the reader. Every point of composition, of language, of delivery, of gesture, of tact, is fully discussed as if nothing were obvious, in language which is astonishingly like Cicero's, considering that Quinctilian wrote a hundred and twenty years later. He does not write so as to be mistaken for Cicero, but he writes very nearly the same language. There are occasional deviations, which look more like misunderstanding than the growth of language. The twelve books were the work of his old age, after he had retired from teaching; and as a teacher his career had been long and brilliant. His full name was M. Fabius Quinctilianus; he was a native of Calagurris in Spain, but settled at Rome by Galba,[1] where he proved the best rhetorical teacher of the day, and was appointed by Domitian to educate his nephews, and received the consular ornaments. He was a friend of the younger Pliny's, who made him a present of about four hundred sterling on the occasion of his daughter's marriage.

In his youth he wrote on the decline of eloquence, so that he has sometimes been credited with the dialogue on the subject ascribed to Tacitus; but the conjecture is quite unfounded, for it would have come down to us under his name, like the collection of declamations which seems to have been ascribed to him in the third century.

[1] Apparently he was at Rome with his father, a rhetorician too, and a contemporary of the elder Seneca: in his youth, if St. Jerome's notice in his supplement to Eusebius is correct, his father's success was not enough to encourage him to remain in Rome.

In point of fact, we know that he did declaim in public, for he speaks[1] of his memory, which enabled him to compliment a distinguished hearer who came in during the performance by repeating *verbatim* what he had said before his arrival. He never speaks of publishing his declamations, and if they were reported he had no occasion to mention them, for it is quite incidentally, in mentioning the one speech which he did publish, that he is led to observe that the published reports of all his other speeches were altogether unauthorized. He seems to have succeeded to his own satisfaction as an advocate, for he ventures to illustrate a thesis now and again from his own speeches, though he prefers explaining the points which he had to make, and did make, to quoting what he expected to be in the hands of all his readers.

His lectures, like his declamations, were reported by zealous disciples, and he occasionally has to correct their misreports, and to avow changes in his own opinions in the published lectures. Apparently he found another work in possession of the field, for he repeatedly criticises Celsus as if he passed for an authority. He gives a very large field to the subject, making the training of an orator include all education, for he holds strongly to the doctrine that a good orator is *ipso facto* a good man: the question had a practical side to it, for the *patronus* was sinking into the *causidicus*, and Quinctilian was disposed to protest against the change with indirect solemnity.

Like the elder Pliny, he begins his work with a table of contents. The first book deals with what the pupil has to learn before he is ready to go to the rhetorician, and contains Quinctilian's views of grammar, which are rather safe than suggestive. In the second book he ventilates his views on rhetoric in general, and plays fast and loose with his ideal of a virtuous advocate. Then come five books on the choice of topics and the arrangement of the heads of a speech, in which the author attempts to simplify the rules invented by Greek rhetoricians. He always tends to common-sense, and discourages what savors of paradox, and therefore rebukes all

[1] XI. ii. 39.

the ferocious ingenuities of Severus Cassius. The illustrations are taken by preference from Cicero and Vergil. The author chooses Vergil and other poets because he wishes to be attractive; but he chooses Cicero out of a principle of deliberate preference. He nowhere explains his reasons for setting Cicero above all Latin orators, he enumerates the points in which an orator who knew Cicero might improve himself by studying others; but his real inarticulate conviction is expressed by the famous words, "Is multum se profecisse sciat cui Cicero valde placebit."

Then come four books on elocution, a subject which is stretched very wide: it is made to include both memory and gesture and dress. Memory again includes not only the art of learning a speech by heart and keeping the whole of a case in mind, but also the art of illustration; for an advocate with a well-stored mind would of course be able to produce a much greater effect than one who knew nothing but his case. Accordingly the tenth book is devoted to a sort of review of Roman literature as profitable to the orator. One may say of the whole that it is extremely well adapted for its purpose; it would be, for an aspiring advocate of fair intelligence, an admirable guide in his reading. As a contribution to literary history it is disappointing: the remarks are sensible, but obvious: the chief use of them to us is that Quinctilian's silence or depreciatory candor lessens our regret for many works which contemporaries praised. Even here we cannot trust him. He tells us that the only lyric poet worth reading is Horace, and very properly criticises the occasional unfitness of that poet for the study of youth. Of course Catullus is still more unfit for miscellaneous reading, but Quinctilian passes him over altogether. The writer upon whom he is fullest is Seneca, whom he reserves to the last because he was the chief representative of the fashion against which Quinctilian was inclined to protest. The protest is candid and respectful, and not instructive: he says nothing which any cool reader of Seneca might not say for himself; he says nothing of the moral contrasts which are the most remarkable thing in Seneca, perhaps because he is not himself in opposi-

tion. This makes his criticism, such as it is, of the early orators of the empire interesting, because he is the only writer who has no political bias against them. Upon Lucan he makes the obvious and false observation that he would have been a very great writer if he had lived to correct the fire and exuberance of his youth by his maturer judgment. History does not supply a single case of a writer who has written a work as vast and powerful as the "Pharsalia" before attaining his maturity, and has afterwards chastened and refined himself.

As to etiquette, Quinctilian is not uninstructive. We learn that the toga had been rehabilitated, and that the vicious custom of speaking in the lacerna had been abolished: for the writer assumes that an advocate will wear the toga, and requires to be told how to wear it. We are half-way to the state of things described by Tertullian, when the toga was made up in the most becoming way, and damped so that it might be fitted into graceful folds, after which the wearer had to slip it on, if he could, without disarranging them. As to other matters, Quinctilian is very particular in his directions: for instance,[1] he rebukes Pliny the Elder for prohibiting a gesture which would ruffle the hair, since Pliny very properly objected to elaborate hair-dressing. The author describes the tone appropriate to each of many famous phrases of Cicero,[2] and what would be the appropriate motion of the fingers to express every word.

The declamations which have come to us under the name of Quinctilian are full of faults which he rebukes, but they are more sober, less unreal, and less brilliant than those which we know from the elder Seneca. There is much less about tyrannicide, less, too, about fathers disowning their sons; there is an attempt every now and then at actuality: for instance, there are several declamations on the subject of suicide as limited by human laws, and there is a reference to the actual legislation of Marseilles. Again, a young man is disowned because, in spite of his father's disapproval, he insisted on fulfilling his promise to provide for the family of a poor friend.

[1] XI. iii. 148. [2] *E. g.* XI. iii. 97.

The father was clearly unreasonable, as the son had been taken by pirates, and sold for a gladiator, and the friend took his place and was killed. It is noticeable, too, that the class of themes which arose out of the imaginary rights of ravished women has nearly disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

FRONTINUS.

ANOTHER decorous and loyal writer was Sextus Julius Frontinus, who survived Quinctilian for eight years and Domitian for seven, and who was employed under Domitian as a land-surveyor, and afterwards commanded against the Lingones in Gaul and the Silures in Britain, and his final employment as a consular was the charge of the aqueducts at Rome. Every office produced a book, and his military service produced two. His work on land-surveying[1] has only reached us in a few fragmentary excerpts: "De Agrorum Qualitate," "De Controversiis," "De Limitibus," "De Controversiis Aquarum." It was written under Domitian; but after the invasion of Dacia, and as he mentions his work as early, it has been suggested that there must have been another Frontinus who wrote on the same subject. He wrote a tactical work, perhaps in Greek—at any rate, Ælian spoke respectfully of his knowledge of Greek tactics, and Vegetius uses him for Roman tactics. This work has been lost; it is not improbable that the illustrative matter has been collected as an appendix to the manual of military devices which has reached us under the title of "Strategematon." The first treats of what has to be done before engaging, the second of what has to be done in and after action, the third of forming and raising sieges. The anecdotes are not particularly authentic or accurate—for instance, we are told that it was Crœsus instead of Cyrus who frightened his enemies' cavalry by his camelry—but they are seldom too far from fact to be suggestive. The writer observes that it would be easy to supplement his collection, and it seems to

[1] The proper title of this class of works is *gromatic*, from *groma*, or *gruma*, a surveyor's pole.

have been the fashion to do so to such an extent that what he had inserted in one place was put in another; whence it sometimes followed that the interpolation has displaced the original passage. The interpolations are identified by the formulæ which introduce them. The original work consisted of instances of a special kind of ingenuity, each instance with the name of one commander; but the interpolations link the instances together with "the same man," or "likewise," or "also," or give the story as a tradition. The fourth book, so called, is full of stories which appear in the earlier ones: many of the rest seem to be taken from Valerius Maximus. The compiler in a pompous preface claims to be fulfilling a promise which he had made in the interpolated preface of the first book; so that it is not unlikely that he was really intent on giving all the stories which circulated under the name of Frontinus.

The last work of Frontinus is his best: it is an account of the aqueducts of Rome, from the point of view of a man who has to administer them, not from that of a man who has to construct them. He gives a list of them, and the distance of the source of supply from Rome, and the length of each aqueduct, and what proportion of it is carried upon arches. Occasionally he ventures a doubt whether the aqueduct was worth building: the Aqua Alsietina was not used to drink and was not wanted, and Frontinus can only suppose that Augustus objected to wasting good water on a sham sea-fight. The author seems inclined to agree with "Vitruvius and the plumbers" that the true meaning of a "quinary" pipe is not a pipe holding five times as much as a pipe with an opening round or square of a twelfth or a sixteenth of a foot, but a pipe made by folding a piece of metal five twelfths or sixteenths of a foot in width into a square or round channel. The water-supply of Rome was not felt to be abundant until the Aqua Claudia had been completed. As late as the reign of Augustus the senate had to decree that the number of public fountains should neither be increased nor diminished. Even when Frontinus wrote, the right of private persons to tap an aqueduct was jealously limited. It was feared that the pipes would leak

if they were tapped, and so the rule was that the water could only be drawn from a reservoir, and this involved the erection of joint private reservoirs, which were under the superintendence of Frontinus; it being his business to choose suitable spots within and without the city. Still, he insists on the rule that water privileges are absolutely personal: they do not pass to heirs, or pass with the lands. Apparently it was essential to reserve the whole of the emperor's patronage, though it is scarcely possible that the successors of subscribers to a private reservoir can have been refused when they applied for a new privilege. On the other hand, baths had a prescriptive right to their supplies: Nerva is praised for restoring the water-rents to the state; Domitian had put them into his privy purse.

He treats Domitian upon the whole respectfully: he praises him in his earliest work for relieving all Italy from its alarm lest the state should assert its rights over the strips of land which fell outside the rectangles which were surveyed for private ownership; he gives in the "Strategematon" an honorable place to the way in which he (we are to understand his generals acting under his auspices) baffled the Germans; he speaks of him as "a high commander," but apparently his respect is paid quite as much to the office as to the man. There is nothing of the homage to Domitian personally which we find in Martial or even Quinctilian. Perhaps Frontinus had too much self-complacency to feed another's vanity. This rather grew upon him: he wrote upon the business of his earlier offices when he had retired from them; he wrote on the business of his last soon after his appointment. He crowned his career by forbidding his heirs to spend anything on his monument: he hoped the deserts of his life would perpetuate his memory. His style is admirably direct and simple: perhaps it would be better if his technical vocabulary were more copious.

CHAPTER V.

TACITUS.

TACITUS stands alone in the Flavian period: he is the only writer who would not resemble the Augustan age if he could. In his early works he is still to some extent under the influence of the neo-classical fashion of which Quinctilian was the theorist. The older he grew, the further he withdrew from ordinary speech into a systematic exaggerated mannerism, founded partly upon Sallust, partly on one side of the work of the rhetoricians and of Seneca. One can trace the growth of this mannerism from its beginning, in the "Agricola" and "Germany," through its development in the "Histories" to its culmination in the "Annals." The "Dialogue on Oratory" is so like ordinary Latin, and has so few of the peculiarities of Tacitus, or even of the "silver age," that it has been doubted whether it was his work at all, for the same reason as modern readers might doubt the genuineness of Mr. Carlyle's early essays in the *Edinburgh Review* if he had not collected them himself. Tacitus himself was a famous orator: he was selected by the senate to conduct the prosecution of Marius; which is a proof, stronger than the friendly admiration of the younger Pliny, that he ranked among the first orators of the day. We may well believe, as Pliny tells us, that the characteristic of his oratory was σεμνότης, which is inadequately translated "dignity." That Tacitus was an orator at all proves that he had the power of keeping his mannerism under control, though σεμνότης probably includes a good deal of proud reserve. Still, sarcastic innuendoes can only be occasional ornaments of oratory, while they may be made almost the staple of history. Of course, too, a history is a long work compared with the longest oration, and, if the author's idiosyncrasy is such as to find

relief in mannerism, the mannerism has room to grow. The perfect transparency of Cæsar's style is unique, but Livy and even Sallust resemble Cæsar in telling a straightforward story. Livy strives to tell his story fully; Sallust, though he overlays his story with reflections, strives to gives facts and reflections alike in the curtest possible phrases: still, both tell their story, and tell it to the reader. Tacitus, on the contrary, seems always to be soliloquizing about events which he despises too much to describe plainly. He often expresses his contempt for his subject, especially in the "Annals;" and even in the preface to the "Histories" he says that he has reserved the reigns of Nerva and Trajan for his old age, as a subject at once more fruitful and safer to handle. We can understand that it was difficult to write of the reign of Domitian without giving offence to families which had risen by abetting his tyranny. But it is strange that he should have felt the subject of the "Histories" barren: the civil wars which accompanied and followed the fall of Nero were among the most dramatic events in Roman history, and the checkered campaigns of Domitian in Dacia were interesting in a way that Trajan's perfectly organized military promenades can hardly have been. We should have been surprised if a historian of the Indian empire had found the Chinese wars more interesting than the days of the Mutiny, or the Sikh or Afghan campaigns. Of course Trajan was a masterly commander, and it was possible to dwell upon his operations in detail with entire complacency, while the scenery of his exploits was unfamiliar, and very meagre descriptions were acceptable to Roman curiosity. It is true, also, that the wars of Trajan were an attractive subject to a Roman aristocrat, because they were comparatively like the wars of the republic, to which Tacitus looks back with implacable regret. The dull feud which always raged between the senate and the emperor, unless the emperor was a general of approved merit like Vespasian or Trajan, or could find a distraction, like Hadrian, in endless tours of inspection, bore no resemblance to the struggles between the fathers and commons, or to the rivalries of military chiefs, each of which Tacitus thought a happier subject than his own.

Tacitus is a writer who is inspired by his antipathies, like Balzac and Thackeray: he always succeeds best in analyzing what disgusts him. The sum and centre of Roman history in his judgment is precisely the fatal conflict between the ruler and the opinion of the capital as represented by the aristocracy. He passes over all the questions which seem fundamental to a modern reader: what was the position of the provinces under the empire; what was the power of the army; what was the character of that singular institution, the prætorian guard, which in the first century appears as the bulwark of the emperor against the senate, and to a certain extent against the armies of the frontier; in the third century, as the bulwark of the senate against the emperor and the armies of the frontier.

It is true that in the "Histories," and still more in the "Annals," Tacitus is at an awkward distance from his subject. In the first place, he is a continuator: he tells us at the opening of the "Histories" that many writers had treated the 820 years from the foundation of the city, so he begins at once with the 821st, although he is profoundly dissatisfied with his immediate predecessors. Down to the battle of Actium the history had been the history of the Roman people, and had been written with eloquence and freedom, the two going naturally together; afterwards there was nothing but flatterers or pamphleteers. The latter were the most eloquent, but Tacitus distinctly aims at impartiality, at any rate in the "Histories:" he boasts that he had received no benefit and no injury from Galba, Otho, or Vitellius, and that he was under equal obligations to all the members of the Flavian dynasty; so that he could treat the worst fairly. It is obvious that Tacitus, like other continuators, was at a disadvantage compared with historians of the older school, who either gave a complete history of the city, or, like Sallust and Arruntius, treated a single episode. In either case the staple of the narrative was a compilation from the writings of previous authors: the compiler relied upon his superiority in style and judgment; and in either case was expected to tell everything that he knew. The staple of the work of the historians of the empire was the tradition of good society: the best source for the secret history,

which it was the principal endeavor of every writer to give, was practically inaccessible. We read that after Mucianus had entered Rome as regent, the leaders of the independent party in the senate appealed to him to allow the senate to inspect the "Imperial Commentaries:" whence it would appear who was responsible for the different accusations which had thinned their ranks. The senate knew who had conducted the prosecutions, or who would have conducted them if the victims had not anticipated condemnation by suicide; but the ostensible prosecutors always professed that they acted on the emperor's orders, or at least that they had some special reason to propitiate the emperor: the "Imperial Commentaries" contained confidential and trustworthy information upon this and other points. But they were obviously reserved for the exclusive use of the emperor. Nero during the best part of his reign never thought of producing them, when Suillius declared that he had prosecuted Asiaticus by the orders of Claudius; instead, he simply pledged his word that they proved the falsehood of Suillius's defence, as "his father" Claudius had never ordered any prosecution at all. In default of such documents, writers had to draw upon the official records (which were very tedious and full of trivialities and falsifications), and the oral tradition of good society, which was full of partialities, supplemented by the memoirs of the agents, which were incomplete and colored by personal prepossessions. There was no publicity, and under most reigns curiosity was unsafe. Tacitus gives as a reason for the unsatisfactory way historians had treated the period between the battle of Actium and the fall of Nero, that men in general knew nothing of the public business, which was no business of theirs.

And this feeling tells upon Tacitus himself. He never cares to explain any of the administrative measures of the emperor: he notes them in passing, with a word or two of praise if he thinks it deserved. For instance, the centurions had been in the habit of taxing those among the rank and file who were best off, to pay for furloughs and relief from fatigue-duty; and if they preferred to stay in camp and attend to

their ordinary duties, still the centurions secured their blackmail by heaping extra work upon them till they yielded. One would imagine the natural remedy would have been to have raised the centurions' pay, and to have allowed the rank and file their holidays at regular intervals without payment. Instead, Otho, when he decided to redress a grievance that had been festering at least since the accession of Tiberius, simply charged the fees for furloughs on the exchequer. Vitellius, the private soldier's emperor, of course maintained Otho's reform, and Tacitus informs us that even good princes did the same. Here the event is explained, though at much less length than Tacitus thinks necessary in dealing with a state trial of secondary importance. But very often the narrative is so brief as to be obscure to all except contemporaries. What were the surcharges[1] of 2 per cent. and 2½ per cent. that were abolished by Nero and had not been re-established when Tacitus wrote? Were the indirect taxes which Nero wished to abolish altogether the taxes of the whole empire, or, as Dean Merivale thinks, simply such indirect taxes as were levied in Italy or the towns which had the privileges of colonies? According to Tacitus, it was the people of Rome who complained; and yet the abolition of the taxes,[2] whatever they were, was to be a boon to the human race. Again, what was the nature of the occasion when the solvency of the state was in danger and protected by an advance, apparently from the exchequer to the treasury,[3] of 320,000*l.*? What was the precise nature of the financial measures by which Tiberius averted a general bankruptcy?

In fact, the personalities of history have a much larger interest for Tacitus than for most classical historians; and, as it has been noticed, this peculiarity grew upon him: it is far more conspicuous in the "Annals" than in the "Histories," partly, no doubt, because the period covered by the part of the "Histories" we have left is so full of military revolts and national insurrections, that it was impossible to treat the fate of individual nobles as of paramount importance. Besides, while the armies were fighting out the question who should be emperor, the emperor who was in possession of the capital for

[1] "Ann." XIII. li. 2. [2] Ib. l. 1. [3] Ib. xxxi. 2.

the time being was not likely to molest the nobility who gave him a compulsory allegiance; which, so far as it went, was quite sincere; for, when armies were in the field, the intrigues of the senate were powerless. But in quiet times the really significant events were increasingly impersonal, and Tacitus's ideal of history is a narrative of the achievements of famous individuals, and he imagines that the next best thing is a narrative of the baffled achievements of a few, like Corbulo and Agricola, who might have done more but for the empire; and the more or less dignified sufferings of the more numerous notabilities, great and small, who, thanks to the empire, had to fight out their quarrels by secret denunciations in the palace, instead of by the more manly and less deadly struggles of the forum and the senate-house.

The feeling that the empire lowered the standard of individual life is surprisingly strong in Tacitus, considering that he rose himself higher and more rapidly than he could have done under the republic; but it never occurs to him to rank *la carrière ouverte aux talents* as any compensation for the evils of the empire. In his earliest work of all, the "Dialogue on Oratory," we have already a clear perception how the empire dwarfed Roman life. Maternus has to mutilate his tragedy of "Cato," and the reader is hardly expected to be so well satisfied as Maternus professes to be with the compromise of putting the same speeches into the mouth of Thyestes. It is roundly laid down that the empire in establishing order had ruined oratory. Tacitus does not disparage the transcendental explanation that genius, and therefore oratorical genius, has times and seasons of its own, incalculable to man: he dwells, with rather exaggerated emphasis, on the mischief done to eloquence by an exclusive and fantastic rhetorical training; but he insists that the decisive cause is, that orators are of much less consequence than they used to be. He professes, indeed, to think that this is a change to the advantage of every one but the orators: it would not be worth while to have the eloquence of the Gracchi sounding again in the forum at the price of having to vote upon their laws.

We cannot fix the period at which the dialogue was written

precisely: it purports to have been held 75 A.D.,[1] the sixth year of the reign of Vespasian; but the author speaks as if he had to go back some distance to recover the memories of his first youth, when he resorted, with exaggerated expectation, to the most famous of such orators as were still to be found in his days. Any time in the reign of Titus or the early years of Domitian would suit these indications tolerably well; at any time after 90 A.D., the severities of Domitian's government had grown so excessive that the deliberately cheerful tone of the writer would be strange.

The dialogue is beautifully written, with an evident imitation of Cicero's great dialogue "De Oratore"— upon a smaller scale. Aper, whom we only know from the dialogue, and Julius Secundus, who is a hero of Quinctilian's, are meant to be contrasted, something as Antonius and Crassus are contrasted in Cicero. Tacitus reports and extenuates the unfavorable estimate current upon each of his heroes exactly in Cicero's vein, and he marks the transition from the first part of the dialogue to the second by the same device of introducing fresh speakers. In Cicero, Crassus and Antonius first discuss the question whether the orator is to have any culture besides what is necessary to his business as advocate, and then describe alternately what are the necessary conditions of his education, whether he takes the wider or the narrower view of his profession. In Tacitus, the first stage is a discussion of the comparative merits of the oratorical and poetical career, conducted by Aper and Maternus, who is almost as obscure as a poet as Aper is as an orator. Quinctilian sets his tragedies far below those of Pomponius Secundus: apparently his fame was largely due to a tragedy called "Nero," which was an effective pamphlet against the misdoings of a personage disguised under the name of Vatinius. The main point of Maternus's speech is that a poet is as famous as an orator, and lives a happier and, upon the whole, a safer life. Aper's

[1] The absence of allusion to the fate of Marcellus Eprius, who was convicted of conspiracy against Vespasian, in 78 A.D., proves this: there are no allusions in the body of the dialogue in "De Oratore" to the future fate of the characters.

reply is what would be called "realist:" he compares the ridiculous position of Saleius Bassus, who has to beg people to come and hear him at his own expense, with the glorious position of Marcellus Eprius and Vibius Crispus, whom it was worth an emperor's while to court. Their adhesion is a real boon to the emperor, while Saleius must be thankful if the imperial munificence should enrich him with a sum a little over the equestrian census. The contrast between the style of Maternus and Aper is interesting: Aper would be like Cicero if he could: the long sentences are not unlike, although a little overlabored. They come too thick together, and there is too much logic in their structure and too little swell for the illusion to be perfect: the short sentences lack Cicero's simplicity and animation. There is a gain in other ways: without encumbering the style, greater weight and significance is given to individual words. For instance, we are told that Marcellus Eprius had no bulwark against the anger of the fathers but his own eloquence. Cicero might have carried the figure so far: Aper goes on: "Qua accinctus et minax disertam quidem sed inexercitatam et ejusmodi certaminum rudem Helvidii sapientiam elusit"—"That was a weapon to be girt with and to brandish, good to baffle Helvidius and his philosophy, that might be well spoken, but lacked exercise and practice in such strife." Here is another phrase, which has a curious felicity beyond the age of Cicero. If the orator comes forward with something fresh and newly conned, and his spirit quakes a little, "his very anxiety gives success a grace and panders to the pleasure"—"Ipsa solicitudo commendat eventum et lenocinatur voluptati."

The speech of Maternus, we are told, is full of daring flowers, fitter for a poet than for an orator: a modern reader hardly recognizes anything beyond the bounds of prose, except where Maternus speaks of Fame (the orator's fame) as "pale" (with fear). The prose, however, has become musical and simple: the tendencies of the silver age get free play; ablatives absolute replace conditional clauses; each member of the sentence is generally reduced to a noun or two and a verb or two. He winds up with a wish that the statue on his

tomb may have a smile on its face and a crown on its head, and that his memory may run no risk of official honor or condemnation.

At this point Messalla comes in, and apologizes for his intrusion, as he finds company; when reassured, he compliments Secundus on his life of Julius Græcinus, and Aper, rather ironically, on his still continuing to declaim and spending his leisure in the studies of a Greek rhetorician rather than of a Roman orator. This brings us to the real subject, the decline of oratory, which Messalla has often wished to have explained, and cannot believe that Aper seriously denies.

Aper's denial is hardly serious: he will not allow that the orators of the late republic and of the reign of Augustus are ancients at all; he even quotes an aged Briton, still alive, who had fought against Cæsar, and so might have heard Cicero. This is a cumbrous way of saying that the classical period was not over, and that the orators whom censorious contemporaries ranked as ancient were classical writers compared to their predecessors. Aper throws his real strength into a contention that the oratory of the age of Cicero and Messalla and Pollio was really overrated, and still more overpraised; that, in fact, few who praised it could have listened to it with patience. He just admits that Cicero can still be read with some approach to satisfaction, and that Pollio's vocabulary is choicer than Cicero's, as Cicero's was choicer than his predecessors'; but Cicero is very long, spends much space on technicalities, and has a good many mannerisms. As for Pollio, his significance is that he, like a Cicero, marks a stage of the gradual progress to the refinement and animation of the fashionable speakers of the day. Even this is too much honor for Messalla, who is gently ridiculed for always preluding with a deprecatory reference to his health. Aper insists that the speaking of his own day is much terser and more entertaining, much fuller of quotable bits, and much fitter for the ears of a fastidious audience than the speaking of the golden age: when admirers of the past praise its speakers for their "sound and healthy style," this is only a confession that such speakers had little vigor. Messalla takes no pains

to meet Aper's criticisms; he does not pretend that all, or nearly all, the orations of the Ciceronian age were worth reading; he does not care to deny that the average speaker of his own day commanded a more brilliant style. His case is that none of the fashionable speakers had left any durable reputation, while the dullest speakers of the age of Cicero belonged in a way to literature. It would have been invidious to retort Aper's criticism in detail upon contemporary speakers or those of the last generation, so Messalla assumes the decline of eloquence, and only discusses the reasons for it. Even these, he maintains, are obvious, and his explanation is rather reticent: symptoms are constantly substituted for causes: that children were left to Greek nurses and pedagogues, instead of being brought up by their mother and some elderly relative who was willing to act as governess, was an effect of the general decline in family pride; that rhetorical training should have been substituted for philosophical culture was a consequence of the growing poverty of thought, which told upon oratory as upon other things. The habit of speaking in the *pænula* was no doubt unfavorable for oratorical animation, but animated speakers would never have given in to the habit; and when matters were reformed, as we learn they were from Juvenal, to the extent that the advocate always took off his wrapper before he began, eloquence did not revive. If the public had cared for its orators, they would not have been reduced to reserve their set speeches for the centumviri. Messalla's reserve is obviously calculated: he sees, as has been already stated, that there were privileged periods at which a constellation of genius appears, and that the turmoil of the last century of the republic was admirably fitted to develop oratorical talent. But, after all, it is left to Maternus, the uncalculating poet, to close the discussion for the time with an eloquent harangue on the price of political repose.

There is more apparent originality, both of subject and treatment, in the next work of Tacitus: for, though it was the fashion in his circle to compose edifying biographies as a protest against a period of tyranny that was over, none of these have

reached us except the "Agricola." This is at once a political programme and a panegyric on his father-in-law, a cautious and respectable officer, who performed considerable services in Britain, and was allowed more opportunities of distinguishing himself than an emperor, who was not a great general himself, could commonly allow the commander of a distant frontier. No doubt the successes of Agricola against the barbarous Caledonians, who had neither arms nor discipline, passed for the exploits of a heaven-born general in patriotic circles, where it was hoped that the empire would be discredited by the numerous misfortunes of the checkered and costly campaigns against the Dacians and their allies.

Agricola escaped uninjured from the zeal of his friends; he even had offers of further employment, though Domitian's intimates were allowed to suggest that they had better be declined. The real offence of Domitian in the matter seems to have been that he did not press Agricola to accept the emoluments of the office he refused; and this was aggravated by what passed for an improper curiosity as to the course of his last illness.

It is clear from the preface that the life was written soon after the accession of Trajan, and the author apologizes for the stiffness of his style on the ground that under the reign of Domitian he had had no practice. Already he was meditating a work on his own times, which was to begin with an indictment on the tyranny that had gone by, and end with a testimony to the happiness that had come in its place. The book is an essay on the advantage of being a good and loyal subject, and this is put forward with the air of discovery. Agricola was a tribune of the commons under Nero, and he did not give himself the airs of a Gracchus or a Thrasea; he was quæstor under a corrupt superior, whom he did not imitate or denounce. He was prætor with nothing to do but to preside over the games, and he did not attempt to do anything. Vespasian picked him out to be the legate of a mutinous legion; he kept his men in good order, and pretended that he had found them so. He was employed, and discharged his employments well, and got more credit because he sought

none. When in command he gave his subordinates due credit, though it was one of his few imprudences to give offence by harsh language (soon forgotten on his side) when he was not satisfied. Nothing that Tacitus tells us of his father-in-law proves that he was as important as Suetonius Paulinus or Cerealis, or superior to Poppæus Sabinus, who is sneered at for attaining imperial friendship and prolonged command by being up to his work and not above it; but neither Sabinus nor Paulinus nor Cerealis had the good fortune to have a great writer for a son-in-law.

The style of the "Agricola" is not yet the mature style of Tacitus: it is sometimes rather bald than severe, rather contorted than condensed. The epigrammatic obscurity is confined to reflections, and seldom affects the narrative. In his later works Tacitus's obscurity seems due to a proud reserve; he is full of thoughts, and will not let them overflow; in the "Agricola" he is obscure when he deviates into a pretentious little digression. Here, for instance, is what he says of Agricola's married life: "Vixeruntque mira concordia, per mutuam caritatem et invicem se anteponendo, nisi quod in bona uxore tanto major laus quanto in mala plus culpæ est." Apparently he means that the love of both was equal and equally meritorious, except that the wife deserved most credit, as marriage is more to a woman than to a man. Such liberality in treating the relation of the sexes is not conspicuous in Tacitus's later writings, where we should not have had to remark that the qualifying clause (beginning with *nisi*) refers back to *mutuam*, though it logically ought to refer to *invicem se anteponendo*. There is the same sententious obscurity in a passage on Agricola's prætorship, when he was *uti longe a luxuria ita famæ propior*, because there were people who thought it distinguished to avoid vulgar expense; though, after all, Tacitus does not venture to say that Agricola distinguished himself much. When Cicero tells us that Crassus the orator was *elegantium parcissimus*, as Scævola the jurist was *parcorum elegantissimus*, he is quite as piquant and less puzzling. But, apart from such surface blemishes, the "Agricola" is a masterpiece of biography; it would be hard to find a more eloquent page in Latin

than the peroration, which begins with a skilfully veiled apology for Agricola's personal appearance, who looked, it seems, very amiable and gentlemanlike, and rather insignificant.

There is nothing equal to this peroration in the "Germania," which was written almost immediately after the "Agricola," in the second consulship of Trajan, and is, upon the whole, a maturer, though a less interesting, work. It is at once a tribute to Pliny the Elder, a guide to the country which it was hoped the emperor might undertake to conquer,[1] and a pamphlet against the corruptions of Rome. Possibly Tacitus himself had served on the German frontier, for in the "Histories" he describes the topography of Castra Vetera at what seems disproportionate length. The work is more remarkable for insight than for method; and one rather pines for the good faith of Herodotus, who never leaves us in the least doubt as to the sources of his second-hand intelligence. Tacitus's *accepimus* does not even tell us whether he is quoting from books or from travellers or from natives. He has no clear conception of the differences of race beyond the Elbe, which is excusable, as he tells us that Roman knowledge of that river and its neighborhood had gone back since the days of Augustus. On the southeastern frontier he is aware of differences of language, but he lays more stress upon differences of customs. The Sarmatians, who always moved with their cattle when they changed pasture, are distinguished clearly in Tacitus's mind from the Germans; but the Lygii and the Venedi, who are just as certainly Slavonic, were settled to the same extent as the Germans were, and Tacitus was not aware that they spoke a different language, or that the Fenni and Estii were further from the kindred of Rome and Greece than any of the races of Europe, except perhaps the Basques. So far as his opportunities extended, Tacitus was a good ethnologist: he notes the German physiognomy and language of the Caledonians, the Iberian affinities of the Silures; if he had known that Slavonic was spoken generally beyond the Elbe, he would have noticed it, and we may almost infer from his

[1] Trajan had commanded upon the Rhine, and was the first to commence the fortification of the frontier of the Agri Decumates.

silence that German was the language of trade on the farthest Baltic coasts known to the Romans.

In general the description of customs is better, that is, clearer, than the description of institutions. The *comitatus* is tolerably well explained: it was striking to the imagination, and had just enough analogy to the nearly obsolete custom of Roman commanders taking noble youths in their train to their provinces. We are not told precisely what were the sources from which a famous chief was able to be liberal to his followers, except that, in a general way, a chief with a famous band was always welcome where there was a war. On the other hand, though what we hear of hundreds[1] is instructive, and becomes clearer in the light of modern inquiries, to a reader with no other source of information it would be impossible to tell what the hundreds exactly were, and doubtful if the author knew. There is the same difficulty about the relation of the local elective authorities to the hereditary or quasi-hereditary kings; a still greater mystery is the position of the priests: we are told what they did, not who they were, or how they were appointed. Again, it is not clear whether the dower that the husband gives the wife[2] is to be explained of the morning gift, or of the practice of purchasing a wife, or of the practice of making a settlement upon the wife. He is commendably free from any tendency to idealize the ancient Germans: he notices that the Germans believed in their women and consulted them, and that their women were venerated by the whole nation more sincerely than the ladies of different dynasties at Rome, who each by turns had her chance of deification;[3] but he mentions, too, that the Germans, like most other savages, left all serious work to women and slaves.[4] Indeed, in describing the laziness of the Germans, Tacitus is at pains to be emphatic and, for him, almost diffuse: he recurs to it again and again. They do not even hunt; they eat as soon as they wake; they spend their time between eating and sleeping. The only subject on which he is fuller is their chastity, and here he loses sight a little of reality: he sentimentalizes about the meaning of the marriage

[1] "Germ." xii. 3. [2] Ib. xviii. 2. [3] Ib. viii. 3. [4] Ib. xv. 1.

gifts in a way worthy of a French writer of the eighteenth century. The remarks upon the law of hostages and the polygamy of the rulers are more to the point, though modern readers will find it difficult to believe that masculine caprice had nothing to do with the latter. In other points, too, he may be thought credulous: he narrates that the Germans deliberate over all things of importance drunk as well as sober, without the least suspicion that their sober deliberations were often compromised by the boasts to which they had committed themselves in their cups. One may notice also a little inconsistency in the description of German dwellings. We are told in two consecutive sentences[1] that they are altogether without ornament, and that in some neighborhoods they are adorned with different-colored earths.

The style of the "Germany" is already the mature style of Tacitus, and the note of sarcasm is already predominant. There is nothing much bitterer in any of his writings than the passage in which the fall of the Cherusci is traced to their becoming peaceable, good neighbors;[2] and the sneer at Rome is bitter enough when we read that the Germans do not call it the way of the world to corrupt and be corrupted.[3] The bitterness is quite impartial: when the Germans go quietly into slavery for a gambling debt, they call it honor, and Tacitus calls it madness.[4]

Of the early works of Tacitus, the "Dialogue on Oratory" and the "Germany" would probably have been forgotten if they had not been by the author of the "Histories" and the "Annals." The "Histories" and the "Annals" were never popular: they were superseded by Suetonius, who confined himself to what was really interesting to the Roman public. The emperors were the state, and all that the world cared to remember was the incidents of their reigns, and the authentic or apocryphal anecdotes that illustrated their character. Most of the details of the struggles in the senate and the frontier wars lost their interest for the public as soon as they were over. In aristocratic circles, it was natural that all these battles should be fought again keenly for two or three genera-

[1] "Germ." xvi. 3. [2] Ib. xxxvi. 2. [3] Ib. xix. 3. [4] Ib. xxiv. 4.

tions, as long as representatives of the heroes or victims kept their place in high society; but few families under the empire lasted long. The consequence is, that both the "Annals" and the "Histories" have reached us in fragments. The "Annals" consisted of sixteen books. Of these the greater part of the fifth, the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and the beginning of the eleventh, and the last half of the sixteenth, are lost. The "Histories" have been mutilated yet more severely: out of fourteen books we have lost the last nine and a half, perhaps rather more. Here it is conceivable that antiquity may have exercised a choice: the first five books would have contained a complete account of the wars which followed the accession of Galba, incomparably the most interesting and picturesque part of the whole; the reign of Vespasian must have been nearly barren, and the reign of Domitian probably appeared simply as a period in which the *delatores* raged more furiously than ever. The narrative of the Dacian campaigns would have been interesting if it had been frank and impartial, but it was Tacitus's conviction that a Roman historian ought to find Roman defeats too painful for description; and we should have found Domitian severely blamed for calamities whose extent would have been left uncertain, while his part in them was measured by his deserved unpopularity in the class to which Tacitus belonged. The opening of the "Histories" is curious and perhaps unfortunate: it is fixed too strictly by the calendar; Tacitus does not begin with the death of Nero, nor with Galba's arrival in Rome, nor with his recognition by the senate, but with his accession to the consulate. The result is, that we have only a very incomplete account of his transactions on his way through Italy: we are told incidentally of a massacre of unarmed troops just outside Rome, of the execution of two consulars, of the discontent of the German army, of their enthusiasm for Verginius, and his supposed desire to profit by it if he had only dared; but all these are alluded to as known from earlier writers, or perhaps from the official gazette.

As it happens, the collapse of the rule of Nero and the accession of Galba are some of the obscurest events in ancient

history: Tacitus makes it quite clear that the army of Italy and the common people of Rome were at bottom attached to Nero to the last: it is tantalizing that he does not explain the intrigues by which they were both induced to put on the appearance of revolt. In the "Annals" it is true that some explanation must have been given, but the "Annals" were written later than the "Histories." Another obscure point is the rising of Vindex: the accepted theory tended to minimize the importance of the collision between him and Verginius; Tacitus without explanation or controversy tends to maximize it.

These defects do not make themselves felt after the first few pages. From the first mention of Galba's adoption of a successor the reader is carried on without a break to the butchery of Vitellius. The war in Germany and Northeastern Gaul is a less satisfactory subject, and by bad luck we have lost the end of the story, and do not know upon what terms Civilis was allowed to capitulate. And the end of the Jewish war is only known from the windy rhetoric of Josephus, and one or two excerpts from Tacitus in Sulpicius Severus, a late Christian writer; from which it is clear that Tacitus did not believe the legend which Josephus tried to circulate, in excuse for his enthusiasm in favor of his captors, that Titus could and would have saved the Temple if the insane obstinacy of the Jews had permitted him. On the contrary, Tacitus tells us[1] that if the city had been permitted to capitulate, one of the conditions would have been that the inhabitants should abandon their city: a condition they regarded as worse than death.

Galba is treated with surprising leniency, and Vitellius with surprising harshness. Otho had a good right to expect to succeed Galba, and it is difficult to see how the state suffered by his taking advantage of the disappointment and discontent of the prætorians to displace a harsh, unpopular, and inefficient ruler. However, Tacitus will have it that the military insurrection was a crime of the worst kind; he sets the act by which Otho gained power, and the act by which he left it,

[1] "Histories," V. xiii. 4.

over against each other: one was as shameful as the other was glorious. What seems to shock Tacitus most is, that the movement was completely spontaneous. Two common soldiers contracted to transfer the Roman empire, and they did transfer it. That the chief of a province should revolt, with the assurance that he had sympathizers in the senate who would instal him legitimately if he succeeded, was not intolerable as times went; it was a crime for the prefect of the prætorians to intrigue in his own interest; but all order and discipline were subverted if the troops were to choose for themselves. Besides, Tacitus is compelled again and again to recognize the abiding popularity of Nero, and he is angry with Otho for having profited by it. He is more concerned for the respectability of the central administration than for its popularity in the capital, or its beneficence in the rest of the empire. Vitellius was no more suspicious than Galba: he did not order more executions of nobles, he ordered fewer executions of soldiers, even counting the hundred and twenty victims who suffered for thinking their zeal against Galba and Piso a title to reward. But Vitellius was an elderly man, with a strong tendency to over-eat himself. Such capacity as he had was that sort of perception of what is fair that goes with an easy temper; and, to judge by the enthusiasm of the German army in his cause, he had this perception in a very high degree. The army had an instinctive appreciation of his kindliness; but Tacitus is only struck by his self-indulgence. He made the same mistake as Mucianus; he underrated what Antonius could do by advancing with forces inadequate to the task before them. Believing that it was impossible that the crisis should arrive as soon as it did, he did not keep himself ready to meet it, and, as might have been expected, he broke down under it. Till it came he enjoyed the privileges of his position, and no doubt his good nature made it easier for him to accept the invitation pressed upon him by loyal landholders and corporations than to refuse them; and every time he accepted their hospitality was remembered against him by the implacable aristocracy, greedy of all opportunities of degrading the monarchy, and much too

resolute to be propitiated by the sincere endeavors of Vitellius to make his office as constitutional as possible. In fact, to writers who came after Domitian this seemed perhaps an aggravation of his offence: after Domitian the affectation that the Republic still subsisted was impossible. The best emperors governed through the senate: they kept their procurators and the claims of their private exchequer within bounds, they dispensed with degrading homage, but they did not pretend to treat their subjects exactly as equals. If they lost their temper in the senate, they did not say that it was nothing new for one senator to disagree with another. If Vitellius had been a modern ruler, his gastronomic excesses would not have been branded as decisive of the civil war.

The truth is, that both Otho and Vitellius fell before the contempt of the aristocracy, and Tacitus accuses both of having been unequal to the situation they had seized. Otho fought too soon, partly out of an impatience of suspense, natural to a voluptuary, but prudence and patience were hardly possible when he knew that his officers were treating over his head. Vitellius, who had been raised to the empire by ambitious subalterns, fell because one of them speculated on betraying him. If opinion at Rome had accepted either as it accepted Galba, who fell by his own mistakes, their subordinates would have been loyal. But Tacitus treats the pretension of both as preposterous, and only treats Otho with very qualified respect on account of his soldierly bearing during the war and the gallantry of his end. Besides, he had reasons to respect the feeling of many important personages, who had sympathized with Vespasian, without having declared for him. From the first news of Vespasian's proclamation, all the upper class were disposed to calculate on his success: and this explains the ferocious resentment with which Tacitus details the homage paid to each pretender on his accession. The superiority of Vespasian in the long-run was so obvious that he had no intention of pushing forward into Italy, and the battle of Cremona was due to the ambition of a single partisan. The burning of the Capitol and the bloody fighting at the entrance of Rome were due to the attempt to carry out the

abdication of Vitellius prematurely; which seems to have been chiefly due to the ambition of Vespasian's brother, who wished to have his share in the foundation of the dynasty, and partly to the general incompetency of elderly Romans, which allowed Vitellius to be forced back into the palace for want of proper arrangements, although he himself would have been glad to carry out the capitulation to which he had consented in the interest of his family. Here Tacitus's narrative is ambiguous: he gives all manner of discordant rumors, and does not express an opinion of his own. Part of the difficulty was, clearly, that the common people as well as the soldiery were still on the side of Vitellius, whose good-nature and kindly interest in the public shows won popularity of a kind that Tacitus is glad to depreciate. He gloats over the brutality with which the rabble exulted over Vitellius's fall, as a contrast to the servility with which they had applauded his extravagance. At the same time the nobility were no better: they were ostentatiously loyal to Otho and Vitellius, and claimed credit on Vespasian's accession for having joined Sabinus and Domitian in the Capitol. Their treachery disgusts Tacitus: he will not allow that when they deserted Vitellius for Vespasian they were moved by the public good. Much as he disliked Fabius Valens, he takes leave of him with the observation that he was renowned by the perfidy of others. The ascendency of Mucianus and Marcellus was quite as scandalous as that of Vinius and Icelus under Galba, or that of Valens and Asiaticus under Vitellius; if it was shorter, if it came to an end with the arrival of Vespasian, Tacitus does not say.

Another point on which he would have been equally mysterious is the real relation of the revolt of Civilis to the movement in favor of Vespasian. It is quite clear that most of the higher officers whom Vitellius had left on the Rhine were ready to find or make an opportunity of abandoning him. It is certain that Civilis in the first instance declared for Vespasian; certain also that he went on fighting after the army, to the great disgust of the rank and file, had been brought to swear allegiance to Vespasian; and that, when certain Gallic cantons proclaimed the Gallic empire, he joined his forces to

theirs, though without swearing allegiance to their cause. After the first defeat he was allowed to capitulate on the ground that he had been acting in the interest of Vespasian. Tacitus seems to lean to the opinion that Civilis meant to prepare himself to take the lead in a German conquest of Gaul; though it is hard to see that he had any part in the death of Hordeonius Flaccus, or that he took the initiative in the Gallic insurrection, which seems to have broken out spontaneously on the news of the burning of the Capitol. Until these events, he did nothing incompatible with his professions of devotion to Vespasian.

A still more extreme instance of Tacitus's unwillingness to be at pains to investigate facts is his account of the origin of the Jewish nation, which is placed at the opening of the fifth book. It is evident the writer had never taken trouble to speak to Josephus or to read him, much less to read the Septuagint. Herodotus is always careful to give the native account, if possible, of all questions of national antiquities: Tacitus seems to have set himself to give at second-hand all the speculations about the origin of the Jews which Greek writers had been able to invent or to collect among their neighbors. It is possible to trace some remote thread of fact through most, except the suggestion meant to do them honor, that they were connections of the Homeric Solymi. The suggestion that *Judæi* is a corruption of *Idæi*, from Ida in Crete, is obviously absurd, but it may point to the latest form of a real tradition of the Philistine migration which gave its name to Palæstine. The Assyrian mixed multitude who occupied part of Egypt, and eventually retired into the cities of the Hebrews and the nearer parts of Syria, are obviously our old acquaintances the Shepherd Kings. It is harder to say what can have been the foundation for what was obviously the commonest story, that the Jews were the descendants of a horde of diseased and filthy immigrants expelled from Egypt by King Bocchoris, who came to the throne, according to the chronology of M. Brugsch, 733 B.C. As Bocchoris was burned by Sabaco, King of the Ethiopians, it might be a question whether any of the expelled immigrants were Ethiopians, and whether this was the substra-

tum of fact in another story about the Ethiopians who left their country in the time of King Cepheus. There is no trace in the monuments of any such measure of King Bocchoris, and the whole story is made much more suspicious by being mixed up with a preposterous parody of the Exodus. Moses placed himself at the head of the exiles, and by the help of a herd of wild asses found water for them in the wilderness, and at the end of seven days led them to Jerusalem. Apart from this the story is plausible, and perhaps general tradition may warrant us in admitting an enforced migration from the Delta to Palestine in the eighth century B.C. Jewish institutions are less grossly caricatured than Jewish history, although it is difficult to guess what is meant by the statement that among themselves the Jews were singularly licentious in sexual matters, or whether the limitation of immortality to the souls of those who died for the law on the scaffold or the battle-field lay in popular belief or in the ignorance of Tacitus. We have no means of checking what Tacitus has to tell of Velleda, the German prophetess who supported Civilis; but German beliefs were simpler than Hebrew, and the Romans in trying to master them made fewer mistakes.

The real greatness of Tacitus as a philosophical historian lies in his analysis of the conditions of Roman public life, and his speculations as to the power of human conduct to modify them. Such a sentence as this, on the temper of the prætorians when Otho entered their camp, is the measure of his power: "Julius Martialis, a tribune, was the officer of the watch on duty. He, stunned at such a monstrous sudden crime, or may be fearing that corruption had spread further in the camp, and that he would pull against the stream at his peril, gave ground to general suspicion that he was in the plot. And the rest of the tribunes and centurions preferred a certainty to an honorable risk. And the condition of their minds was that few had daring, many good-will, and all consent for an execrable deed." So, too, the often-quoted phrase that Otho did everything like a slave to be master, and the bitter jest that "Otho had not yet authority to prevent a crime; he was already able to order one;" and the yet bitterer epigram that

"when the day had been spent in guilt the turn of the worst evil came—men had to rejoice."

A more elaborate picture is the revolt of the German army. All the complicated influences at work are unravelled. "Vitellius had taken pains when he inspected the winter-quarters of the legions: one of the legates thought he had been slighted by Galba; another was in danger of being punished for peculation. The army itself had only joined Galba after Nero's death, and then had been anticipated by troops lower down the Rhine. Then the Treveri and Lingones, and any other states that smarted under harsh decrees of Galba or the loss of territory, came into close contact with the legions in their winter-quarters; whereupon there was much seditious talk, and civilians corrupted the soldiery, and their good-will to Verginius was at the service of anybody else. The state of the Lingones had sent, after its old custom, a present to the legions, right hands joined as a token of hospitality. Their ambassadors were made up into a show of mourning and dishonor, went through the parade-ground and the quarters complaining of their own injuries, the favor shown to their neighbors, and, when the soldiers were inclined to hearken, of the peril of the army and the despite done thereto. And they were nearly ripe for sedition, when Hordeonius Flaccus bade the ambassadors go away, and that by night, that they might leave the camp more secretly. Thereupon rose a shrewd rumor, for most affirmed them slain, and that but for their own better heed all the briskest of the troops who complained of things as they were would be killed in the dark and the rest know nothing. So a silent league bound the legions together: the soldiers of the auxiliary forces were brought in, though at first suspected, as though squadrons and cohorts were being mustered to surround and charge the legions. Soon it was seen they brooded more fiercely on the same offences, for it is easier among bad spirits to consent for war than for concord in peace. Still the legions of Lower Germany were brought to swear allegiance to Galba on the solemnity of the First of January. With much delay, and but few, and those in the front rank, swore aloud, the rest kept silent, each waiting for

his neighbor to be bold, as mortal nature is made to follow and be loath to begin."[1] There is a touch of satire further on, when we learn that a part of the army swore allegiance to the senate and people of Rome, and a few days after to Vitellius on the ground that their former oath was empty.

The declaration of the Syrian army needed less explanation, for Vespasian was a very different commander to Vitellius; and although Mucianus was in command of a larger force, he preferred being the first subject of the empire to being emperor: for what he wanted for himself was license and luxury, not power. There were too many scandals about him for it to be safe for him to reign in his own name. Tacitus makes a mystery of him. "He was notorious alike in prosperity and adversity. When young he had been lavish in attentions to great friends; soon, when his means were impaired and his estate but slippery, and the anger too of Claudius seemed upon him, he appeared, as he lay in retreat in Asia, as near an exile as afterwards near a prince. He was a mixture of luxury, energy, courtesy, arrogance, evil ways and good: excessive in pleasures when at leisure, great in virtues as often as it served his turn. In public a man to praise, his privacy was of ill-report. Still, various alluring arts gave him power over subordinates, over kinsmen, over colleagues, enough to make it easy for him to grant a sway too hard to hold."[2] This reminds us of the over-elaboration in the "Agricola;" further on we learn that Mucianus contrived to make a parade of his politic adhesion to Vespasian.

It is very noticeable that Vespasian is nowhere characterized in the part of the "Histories" which has come down to us. Tacitus's rule in the "Histories" seems to be to describe every important personage upon his first appearance, and again when he disappears from the scene. It is, therefore, deliberate reticence that leaves us to judge of Vespasian almost exclusively by his deeds, with only a touch of comment here and there. Vespasian set the example of a frugal table; he was admirably firm against largess to the soldiery, and had the better army for it; he refused redress for the exactions

[1] "Hist." I. lii.–lv. [2] Ib. I. x.

devised by Mucianus, "though in the beginnings of his empire he was less stiff in holding his ground when wrong, till, between base counsellors and the indulgence of fortune, he learned and dared to be unjust."[1] Vespasian's elder brother, who was taken and massacred by the partisans of Vitellius, after the latter had been hustled out of his attempt to abdicate by their boisterous loyalty, was always considered the ornament of the family while both were in a private station. All this seems as if Tacitus had little esteem for his first employer, though "no doubt it was the interest of the commonwealth that Vitellius should be conquered." Less is said of Titus, but the notices are kindly in the main, while there are abundant hints given in advance of the fatal idiosyncrasy of his younger brother and successor. In general, Tacitus does not flatter his own side. No one is more severely handled than Antonius Primus, who actually decided the overthrow of Vitellius, and seems to have survived his disappointment in the partition of the spoils with decorum. It is one of the evils of war that he obtained an amnesty, having been condemned under Nero for forgery: he is the worst of men in peace, in war above contempt. Of all the commanders who actually took part in the war on Vespasian's side, Messalla was the only one who brought a good character to the cause. Cornelius Fuscus is treated with some approach to respect, though his character seems to have lacked solidity: he dreaded anxiety, and he liked excitement; he laid down his rank as senator for the sake of a quiet life; he took the lead in his native town for Galba, and was rewarded with a place as procurator, in which he threw himself energetically into the cause of Vespasian, "delighting more in perils than in their reward." In fact, it is doubtful whether unblemished characters were common in any camp. It is clear that the senate was always inclined to screen informers, even when an interregnum left their hands free; examples were made of the worst cases, but any general measure would always have touched very influential men, who, when their position was assured, often were dignified and bountiful enough. Many rising men had done

[1] "Hist." II. lxxxii. 3; lxxxiv. 2.

questionable things; there was a general feeling at the end of each tyrant's reign that the survivors ought to be safe. Besides, it is obvious that under the constitution the senate must have been recruited with a constant stream of imperial nominees, who were naturally more imperialist than the emperor, because the more they could harass families whose consideration dated from the days of the republic, the more of the patronage of the empire was free for their own promotion. Tacitus, who measured the merits and demerits of all emperors by their respect for the dignity of the senate, and their willingness to allow it a real share of the administration, systematically keeps silence as to the standing cause of the servility upon which he spends so much indignation.

This makes Tacitus unjust to all the emperors who did not repress all accusations of high-treason. For a hundred years before the empire the nobles had been given to bitter quarrels among themselves, which were aggravated by the ambition of those who wished to push into their number; but these quarrels had often come to nothing under the republic: the prosecution was unsparing, but the court was considerate. Under the empire every prosecution came before the senate, every prosecution had a political character, every prosecution involved the charge of treason; for Augustus, by an oversight, had made all discreditable conduct treasonable, as part of his laborious and unsuccessful endeavors to make the upper classes at any rate respected and respectable. Lastly, the imperialist majority in the senate insisted that every charge of treason should be treated seriously: acquittals were the rule in state trials under the republic, convictions were the rule under the empire. The only remedy the nobility had was to frown persistently upon all who conducted state prosecutions, and especially upon all who conducted them of their own accord; and whenever an emperor succeeded who wished to protect the nobility, both classes professed that they had been coerced by the fallen tyrant. Even when a real crime had been committed, it was generally mixed up with a more or less imaginary charge of treason; and then the condemnation was more invidious than the crime. Genuine loyalty was

extremely rare, and nearly all rulers felt it necessary to treat visible disaffection as a capital offence. Any sign of disrespect was construed into disloyalty, and this led to endless elaborations of homage, soon carried to a point[1] intolerable to self-respect. The least approach to a parade of reserve was itself a proof of disaffection, for the majority visited any resentment they might feel for their own abasement upon those who refused to share it. The emperors were embarrassed also by another difficulty, which Tacitus half hints at in a phrase which he puts into the mouth of Galba—that the Romans could not bear either thorough slavery or thorough freedom. The vastness of the empire and the corruption of the times made a single ruler necessary: no serious politician denied this; Tacitus insists upon it repeatedly. But though all real power, or almost all, was in his hands or those of his delegates, he was not a sovereign and the rest of the Romans his subjects: they were free and independent citizens, though his will counted for almost everything, theirs for almost nothing. The only *rationale* of this which the most audacious emperors put forward was that they were superhuman. As a rule, emperors were deified after death: an emperor who chafed under republican fictions anticipated his apotheosis, and so multiplied the difficulties of those who regretted the republic. Tacitus is the echo of their indignation. He blames the emperors almost exclusively for their misgovernment of the capital; if he blames them for rapacity in the provinces, or for military failures on the frontier, it is only because these scandalize the opinion of the capital. The proof is that rulers who, like Tiberius or Claudius, did much for the provinces receive no credit from Tacitus.

In most things, indeed, Tacitus is rather illiberal: he has no sympathy whatever with the progressive innovations of Claudius. He is positively shocked that he should have given the officers of his exchequer jurisdiction in civil and criminal

[1] This point was often reached earlier than a modern could imagine. For instance, a senator made himself ridiculous by an ineffectual proposal to have the decrees of the day on which Tiberius's arrangements for the succession were ratified engraved in letters of gold in the senate-house.

causes;[1] he has no eyes for the administrative convenience of the change; he only sees that it was monstrous for freedmen to exercise the same jurisdiction as consulars. So, too, he distinctly approves[2] the vote of the senate for the execution of a whole household, over four hundred in number, who passed the night under the same roof as their master, who was killed by a slave to whom he had refused freedom, and records that the populace was in favor of mercy, or, as we should say, justice.

The "Annals" are decidedly gloomier than the "Histories," probably simply because the writer was older: he sees evil everywhere; his recognition of merit always has the air of paradox. All the emperors were tyrants, and it was natural that under a tyrant everything should go wrong; that all offices should be filled by servile instruments of tyranny, that virtue should have no alternative but retreat or martyrdom. When he takes leave of a noble like Lepidus or L. Piso, who were always in high place, and lived to the end of their days without peril and without shame, Tacitus always pauses to observe upon the singularity of their fate. The prudence which preserved them is always treated as a discovery: the natural course for a virtuous man being that of silent or public protest; for the virtuous man was presumably a Stoic, and a Stoic was bound to be instant in the assertion of his principles. Tacitus himself was sceptical as to the value of philosophy, especially of Stoicism. It is mentioned to the honor of Agricola that his early tendency to philosophize more deeply than became a Roman was checked in time; and Helvidius Priscus is praised for making it the object of his studies to strengthen him for public life, while most contemporary Stoics only cared to talk. Besides, Tacitus had two strong convictions quite at variance with the Stoic creed: he disbelieved in providence, he disbelieved in fate. He is never weary of illustrating the thesis, as old as Ennius, that the gods care no more for the righteous than the wicked, whence it follows that Providence, in the Stoic sense of a power overruling all things for the best, is a fiction. He excludes fate with providence

[1] "Ann." XII. lx. [2] Ib. XIV. xlii–xlv.

in order to make room for prudence, but even then he has not excluded the gods from the affairs of mortals.

This is one of the most important contrasts between Tacitus and Sallust. Sallust never discusses the question at all: he has no occasion to go beyond the sphere of human prudence and human passion, in which he finds the reason for everything. Tacitus does not escape so easily: he is never sure that the gods' wrath is not formidable, because it is useless to count upon their justice: he never gets beyond the epigram,[1] "The gods care not to protect us, and yet they care to avenge us." All misfortunes, like the grandeur and downfall of Sejanus, are referred quite simply to the anger of the gods. All precedents which enable men to scan their inscrutable ways are anxiously recorded: for instance, when Vitellius assumed the office of chief pontiff on the day that the Gauls had smitten the Romans on the river Allia, it is an astonishing proof of his own blindness and that of his friends. He is afraid to dispute the legend of the strange bird which appeared to excited eyes during the last night of Otho, and he investigates the miracles of Vespasian with the utmost simplicity. When he has proved that they were not invented to flatter Vespasian, he is satisfied, and takes no pains to get behind the formal report of the physicians, who evidently thought Vespasian might safely undertake to heal patients who might be well without help when they pleased. In the same way Tacitus accepts the prophecies, whatever they were, which were supposed to be fulfilled by the accession of Vespasian, in an ironical spirit, as if superhuman wisdom were always useless for human guidance. Vespasian was not the least influenced by the prophecies which all the world agreed he had fulfilled; the Jews thought that they justified their own insane resistance. All the omens, great and small, which were noticed in a town that canvassed everything, are solemnly recorded for what they may be worth. Tacitus gives no decision: he writes as if it were his object to give posterity the materials for forming one. The will of the gods seems to

[1] "Hist." I. iii. fin.: Non esse curam diis securitatem nostram, esse ultionem; cf. Lucan, iv. 807.

count for a good deal in the order of the world, but their judgment has no respect to individual worth: they prosper and punish communities as instruments of their designs; perhaps it is safe to assume that they are offended by the neglect of the established ceremonies of propitiation. The transition from Seneca to Tacitus is like the transition from Shaftesbury to Bolingbroke: Tacitus failed long ago to find any trace of "moral attributes."

Here he has the advantage of appealing from theory to what he takes for facts, but his criticism of fatalism suffers from his Roman contempt for "minute philosophy." Apparently he leans, like Pope, to a belief in a power

> Who binding nature fast in fate
> Left free the human will.

The only alternative which he recognizes is the crude fatalism of the Oriental—what will happen, will happen whatever we do. He does not understand the Stoic doctrine of "confatalia"—that conditions were fated as well as results—and therefore he does not discuss it. He gives his measure by uniformly describing a natural death as a "fatal" one, as though fate was set aside whenever a man killed himself or was killed. The extreme instance of this loose way of thinking which he records and shares is a passage on the Rhine being unusually low during the revolt of Civilis.[1] "In time of peace this would have been nature or chance, in war it seemed fate and the anger of the gods." This makes his solemnity less impressive. Plato's doctrine of the inward misery of tyrants is hardly established by the quotation of Tiberius's letter[2] when asked to sanction the prosecution of Cotta Messalinus. Tiberius probably meant nothing by his outburst, except that he felt it a great tax to write to the senate; and, as his self-control was impaired by solitude and indulgence, he actually swore at himself in a despatch; which appeared phenomenal because the ancients were not addicted

[1] "Hist." IV. xxvi. 2.

[2] Quid scribam vobis, patres conscripti, aut quo modo scribam hoc tempore di me deæque pejus perdant quam perire me quotidie sentio, si scio. —"Ann." VI. vi. 1.

to that special form of profanity, and generally were capable of decorum in their public acts. The eloquence of Tacitus has rather blinded us to the fact that it was really very provoking for Tiberius to be asked to put another old friend on his trial, because there was more or less reason to think he spoke disrespectfully of the senate and the emperor in his cups. His annoyance broke out in an irritable confession of his failing powers, after which he settled the case sensibly enough.

In fact, the whole account of the reign of Tiberius is a masterpiece of detraction: the emperor gets no credit for his faithfulness to old friends, very little for his munificence on all public occasions. Though one of the most splendid instances of it comes in the last year of his reign, we are told that Tiberius retained that virtue long, while putting off all others—as if he put that off at last. The instances of his honest, manly dislike to flattery are carefully enumerated, not without a certain sympathy; but we are reminded that many attributed such modesty to self-distrust, and not a few to a craven spirit, dead alike to fame and virtue. Tacitus is pitiless to his repeated and undignified professions of his sincere desire to abdicate, and his efforts to cover his despotism with antiquated forms. He is especially angry when an old law worked without straining in favor of the new despotism; as if the monarchy was bound systematically to soften republican procedure, especially by depriving prosecutors of their legal rewards. Tiberius held that the laws would lose all effect if the machinery for enforcing them was suddenly thrown out of gear; Tacitus's comment is, that a detestable race of informers, who can hardly be kept in check by punishment, were warmed to life by rewards; which, though a fair retort from a political opponent, comes short of historical impartiality. Again, Tiberius quite honestly regretted the precipitate execution of a Roman knight who had been foolish enough to read an elegy on Drusus, the son of Tiberius, at a time when he was expected to die, after having been rewarded for an elegy composed after the death of Germanicus. Accordingly he rebuked the senate, who passed a rule that for the future no capital

sentence should be registered or executed for ten days. Tacitus's comment is, that after the sentence was recorded the senate had no power to recall it, and Tiberius grew no milder in the time. This is literally true, though the senate frequently waited on the chance of his interference, though no one was ever punished for the delay, which the irritable old man occasionally resented. The instances of moderation are all mentioned in their place, but without comment or emphasis, except an occasional regret that when Tiberius knew what was best he so often chose to do what was worse.

Sometimes the harshness of the historian makes his elaborate pictures enigmatical. For instance, a son accused of high-treason a father already sentenced to exile, and after a time wished to abandon the charge, which had broken down, as the slaves could not or would not swear to anything against their old master. Tiberius insisted that the son should carry the prosecution through, and, when the father was convicted, inflicted no greater penalty than exile, even taking pains to insist that he should not be banished to an island without water. The scandal is emphasized with all the art of Tacitus; but it does not appear upon what principle, if any, Tiberius acted. Had he real grounds for believing that impotent malice had turned an exile into a conspirator, while resolved to treat him as insignificant when convicted? Again, it is a crime of Tiberius that he allowed the law of high-treason as extended by Augustus to be put in force; it is not a merit that for some time he exerted himself to check the fantastic developments it seemed likely to receive from the ingenious malignity of Roman idlers. Even in his later years he did not encourage prosecutions for such purely constructive disrespect as swearing falsely by the deity of Augustus, or breaking up his consecrated image for old silver, both of which seemed deadly crimes to eager prosecutors when the law and Tiberius's rule were new. In general, a modern historian would blame what Tacitus blames, but less severely. But in the matter of Hortalus, Tacitus blames Tiberius for simple good sense. It was an excusable mistake of Augustus to give a worthless and harmless man a small fortune because he was

the grandson of a celebrated orator, and it was hoped that his marriage might keep up an illustrious family; but when Hortalus made an opportunity of begging in the senate for a further supply, Tiberius could only refuse, and it is surprising he should have conceded so much as he did to the facile and factitious sympathy of the senate.

The campaigns of Germanicus and Corbulo are the only part of the history of the early empire on which Tacitus dwells with any complacency: it was the great fault of all the emperors till the days of Domitian and Trajan that they took no care to extend the empire. The two generals who showed some inclination to renew the traditions of conquest seem to be overrated. Corbulo was clearly very jealous of other commanders, and inclined to leave them to difficulties; Germanicus was reckless and irresolute, and very much less careful of his men's lives than Tiberius. Tiberius invaded Germany three times, and each time he defeated the enemy and brought his army back safe; and the only result was that his admirers hoped another campaign might bring the enemy to submission. It would be curious to know why he invariably went back to Gaul for winter-quarters—because he could not maintain himself in Germany, or because Germany was too poor a country to support an army of occupation? Tacitus thinks the policy of Germanicus too obvious for explanation; that of Tiberius seems to have struck him as curious and interesting. Tiberius was not at all disposed to non-intervention; he had too keen a sense of the possibilities of a German invasion of Italy. He told the senate that Maroboduus, who for a long time maintained a powerful kingdom in Bohemia and Bavaria, was more formidable to the Roman people than King Pyrrhus or King Philip, and was delighted when his kingdom collapsed and he had to take refuge on Roman territory. What he dreaded was the consolidation of any power in Germany strong enough and durable enough to direct the force of the race against more desirable lands. It was easy enough to keep the Germans at war among themselves, for every ruler disgusted his family and tribe after fifteen or twenty years of rule—just like the rulers of Norway in the interval between

Harold Harfager and Harold Hardrada, and the rulers of France since the revolution of 1789. On the eastern frontier the policy of the empire was somewhat more decided, though it did not go beyond the lines marked out by Pompeius after his great command. No attempt was made to conquer Parthia, but full advantage was taken of the readiness of the dynasty to have a possible pretender kept in Italy till the throne became vacant. He was generally called upon after a palace revolution: he received a Roman escort, and never succeeded in establishing himself permanently among subjects to whom he had become a stranger; but the Romans never regarded their prestige as affected by the failure of their *protégés*, while the Parthian monarchy gradually weakened itself by internal dissensions. Tacitus is rather indifferent than contemptuous when he speaks of the pretensions of the emperors to confer a diadem which their nominees could not retain. He is less ironical in his treatment of the Roman claim to a protectorate in Armenia. The Parthian pretender had rather a better chance, upon the whole, than the Roman; but even the Parthian pretender had to reckon with Rome, because the small states of Upper Mesopotamia leaned to the power which held the road to the Mediterranean; while the small states between Armenia and the Caucasus were dependent on the commerce of the Black Sea, which also was in the hands of Rome.

The dissensions of the imperial family fill a larger space than the frontier warfare in the "Annals" of Tacitus, and there is no part of his narrative that is more puzzling—we never know what evidence he had for the majority of his charges. We know that he used the memoirs of the younger Agrippina; he does not seem to have used the memoirs of Tiberius, and no public documents except the trial of Locusta would throw much light on the alleged assassination of Claudius and Britannicus. In the case of Drusus, we know the story told by Apicata, the divorced wife of Sejanus, eight years after the time, which Tiberius believed, and the Roman people improved upon. According to the latest version, everything passed after the fashion of a schoolboy's theme. Seja-

nus told Tiberius that his son was going to poison him, and so lured the suspicious father to force the poisoned cup on the unsuspecting son. Tacitus rejects this story, and hardly thinks of testing Apicata's, who, after her divorce, can only have learned Sejanus's plans from slaves who deceived him and perhaps her. Though a slave of Drusus and a slave of Sejanus confirmed her story under torture, a modern court, and even a modern historian, would have doubted.

The case of Germanicus is equally perplexing. Plancina seems to have tried to bewitch him; and when Tacitus describes her death, which followed closely on Agrippina's, he takes her guilt for granted. In the narrative of the trial he does not go beyond strong hints that Livia's patronage, which saved her from sharing her husband's condemnation, was exercised unjustly. Clear facts are not distinguished from suspicions: the whole proceedings passed for an act of laudable vengeance for the death of Germanicus, whom it was alleged, but not proved, that Piso had poisoned with his own hand at a banquet. What was proved, according to Tacitus, was that Piso had behaved as if he wanted to make himself independent in his province, and that he had attempted to resume possession forcibly after being dismissed by his superior officer, whose authority to do so he contested with some plausibility. He committed suicide; and Tiberius, who apparently did not believe in the story of the poisoning, and had most probably sent Piso to Syria as a check on Germanicus, professed that if he had awaited sentence he would have saved his life.

The catastrophe of the house of Germanicus, who seem to have been fairly represented by Caligula, falls within the part of the "Annals" which has been lost to us, so that it is uncertain how Tacitus distributed the blame between the jealousy of Tiberius, the intrigues of Sejanus, and the ungovernable temper of Agrippina and her sons. Enough is said to make it clear that the heirs were jealous of the minister and expected to share the power of the reigning monarch—another proof that an avowed monarchy would have answered better than the preponderating influence of a single family disguised under republican forms.

The influence of Sejanus over Tiberius is treated as a fatal mystery; and the elaborate character of the favorite explains nothing, and is not meant to explain anything. The conception that there are classes of character with common tendencies does not occur to Tacitus. All his generalizations (and he is fond of generalizing) extend to mankind at large, and they are almost always pessimistic. The inbred depravity of mortals is a favorite formula, which recurs with the fatal facility of the ablative absolute to explain everything. Like Sallust, too, Tacitus likes to dwell on the impossibility of carrying any movement through that requires general co-operation. He takes a sort of malicious pleasure in analyzing the failure of attempts to punish delation, to organize the senate and people for the defence of the capital, or to reform manners by public authority. The nobility of the old republic were irreclaimable: so long as they had any money they could not abandon the ostentation of splendor and power; the multiplication of gastronomic oddities passed for splendor among a semi-barbarous race; a dish of nightingales' tongues was accepted as a luxury well worth the price; it was a mark of spirit and taste to import and slaughter a menagerie for every banquet. The fashion lasted, Tacitus says, till the accession of Vespasian; and then a thrifty old emperor and thrifty old courtiers, who had formed their habits in the provinces, were strong enough to set a new fashion. Naturally he does not inquire into the question, which seemed so important to Juvenal, how this reformation affected the majority who were used to depend upon the munificence of the great. Tacitus counts it pure gain that the rich ceased to waste their substance in ways that gave them no selfish pleasure or profit, though ready to sneer at an old age of shabby power, and the influence of a rich, childless old man, which is strong enough to protect its owner under good and bad rulers alike.

In truth, the severe self-repression of Tacitus is often a mask for caprice: he is not faithful to any doctrine or to any plan. He never carried out his intention of following the History of the Flavian dynasty with a History of Nerva and Trajan. His success had been sufficiently marked to enable

him to compete with the reputation of a Fabius Rusticus, a Pliny, or a Cluvius Rufus, on the ground of the early empire. In the "Annals" he expresses an intention, if he lives, of going back to the reign of Augustus; as if he wished to carry his cynical frankness right through the imperial period—perhaps he suspected that the reign of Trajan was a fitter theme for flatterers than for historians.

His contempt for his subject seems to make him inaccurate: he tells us that Augustus was the only ruler between Sulla and Claudius who enlarged the Pomerium, forgetting, if he ever knew, that Julius had begun the work which Augustus simply carried out. In the same way he tells us that the gift which the Knights dedicated on the recovery of Livia had to be taken to Antium because there was no temple of Equestrian Fortune at Rome. Such a temple certainly existed in the age of Augustus: we have to choose between believing that Augustus, the restorer of temples, demolished this, and suspecting that Tacitus, who knew that the offering was dedicated at Antium, invented the reason which determined the pontiffs. Again, it is impossible to reconcile his account of the relationships and successions of the Parthian royal family with Josephus, an earlier writer who must have been familiar with the facts. It is not easy to understand how the younger Agrippa could figure among the *veteres reges* in A.D. 54: he had only been in possession of the principality of Chalcis six years, and that principality was neither venerable in itself nor an ancient possession of the house of Herod.

In such matters there is some excuse for carelessness or uncertainty: it is more noticeable that Tacitus makes, or seems to make, Felix governor of Samaria, while Cumanus is governor of Judæa; while Josephus makes Cumanus the successor of Festus, himself the successor of Festus in both offices. Even at Rome all the details of administration are slurred over, even in such an important matter as the fashion in which Tiberius appointed the consuls; and it is not surprising that more than once, when Tacitus takes leave of an official, it is hard to reconcile his summary of his services with the Fasti.

Most of these sacrifices to a fastidious taste and more fas-

tidious style occur in the "Annals," and have been collected in support of one of the most ingenious paradoxes of literary history. It has been suggested that the "Annals" were forged in the fifteenth century by Poggio Bracciolini, and it is certainly curious how little unambiguous mention is to be found of them either in antiquity or the middle ages. Sulpicius Severus quotes with very little change the passage on the martyrdoms in Nero's reign; John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, speaks of Tacitus as an author who described the cruelties and downfall of tyrants. St. Jerome, in his Chronicle, speaks of thirty volumes of histories from the death of Augustus. Perhaps this is the clearest testimony of all: it is absolutely decisive, unless we suppose that Poggio contrived to get all the MSS. of the Chronicle interpolated to support his forgery. His testimony proves, in all probability, that the "Annals" and "Histories" had been already arranged as a continuous work, though it is possible to discredit it on the ground that it is difficult to imagine how the "Annals" can have been compressed into sixteen books, or the "Histories" into fourteen, while even the "Histories" cannot have been extended into thirty books. It is possible and comparatively easy to contend that, instead of Sulpicius Severus copying Tacitus, Poggio Bracciolini copied Sulpicius Severus. It is certain that John of Salisbury would have reckoned Otho and Vitellius, not to mention Galba, as tyrants like Domitian; so that it would be possible to think that he was speaking of the "Histories," although what he says certainly fits the "Annals" better, for Tiberius, Gaius, and Nero had more opportunity to display their "cruelty" before their "downfall" than Otho or Vitellius.

The strong point of the hypothesis is that about 1422 and 1423 Poggio's correspondence proves that he was hesitating between a professorship and some literary enterprise, and finally decided upon the latter as more profitable. There is enough mystery about the matter to suggest that he was meditating a magnificent forgery, especially as the mystery recurs at the time when the fragment containing the latter half of the "Annals" was upon the point of being sold.

It is hardly fatal to the theory that another MS. containing the whole remains of the "Annals" and "Histories" was produced long after Poggio's death, and purchased by Leo X.; for of course it may be maintained that Poggio improved with practice, and left the second part of his work ready to be copied in an archaic hand. Nor is it fatal that the two principal MSS. from which the rest are held to be derived are both, on the face of them, much older than the fifteenth century, for one of the most suspicious circumstances is that Poggio is anxious to get an old MS. of Tacitus in Lombardic letters, and to get into communication with a skilful copyist. Still it is very hard to suppose that two forgers (for by the hypothesis Poggio employed two copyists at least), working in the fifteenth century, before palæography was at all scientifically studied, should have done their work so well as to escape all suspicion till the nineteenth century was three parts over. There is the further difficulty that all MSS. of the once well-known "Histories" must have disappeared except those which Poggio procured for his accomplices, and that the accomplices, to keep faith with their employer, gave up those MSS. to him or his agents to be destroyed, and that this was punctually done not only in Poggio's life, but after his death, when the temptation to sell the second MS. of the "Histories" either before or after the enlarged copy would have been very strong.

Nor is the attestation of the "Histories" so very much clearer than that of the "Annals:" we know, indeed, from the life of the emperor Tacitus that Tacitus the consular had written something which passed under the name of "Augustan History," for the emperor ordered that every public library should have ten copies of his works taken because they were getting rare, and it was to be feared that careless readers might destroy the few existing copies. What is really decisive is the letter of the younger Pliny, in which he describes his uncle's death as a contribution to the historical work on which his friend was then engaged, which can only have been the "Histories."

But in truth the discussion is idle; it is simply incredible that Poggio or any other scholar of the fifteenth century could

have written two pages of the "Annals." The style of the "Annals" is the unique style of the "Histories," with its mannerisms a little exaggerated: it is in no sense a caricature, and no inference can be drawn from the undoubted difference of tone, though this is not quite explained by the difference of subject. The "Annals" are more personal than the "Histories," because an interest in personalities had grown upon the author: this is a part of the reaction from the hopes which Trajan's accession had inspired. The author thinks worse of the world as a whole, and its larger events seem dim and shadowy; they fail to dwarf the details which are still able to sting: besides, the matter is in itself more depressing, for instead of the conflict between armies we have the conflict between the emperors and the nobility, and this conflict is made still more depressing by the persistent assumption that the victims were always innocent. This assumption is strained very far in the case of Barea, who had allowed a town in his province to defend its art treasures by force against an imperial agent. According to Tacitus, to put such a governor on his trial for treason was an attack upon virtue itself. Barea may have been, and probably was, virtuous: he can hardly have been loyal; and we cannot trust Tacitus that the charge of treason rested so much as he implies upon the charge of magic, or that the pathetic denials of Barea's daughter were unimpeachably sincere.

But the style does not fall off, at least in the first half of the "Annals," with the author's loss of interest in his subject. It may even be said to gain both in concentration and flexibility: there are still passages in the "Histories" which are almost impersonal, ordinary narrative that any accomplished and reserved writer might have written. There is nothing impersonal in the "Annals;" the accent of personal scorn or suspicion or indignation breaks out everywhere; where nothing else is characteristic there is always the severe repression and the endless variety of phrase. The stately architectural structure of the age of Cicero and Livy has quite disappeared; the clauses are at once fragmentary and elaborate; the sentences would be incoherent if they were not condensed; po-

sition and emphasis are made to do the work of grammatical subordination and conjunctions and auxiliary verbs. The ablative absolute and long compound substantives and adjectives attain their fullest development. It is, perhaps, a sign that the richness of suggestion is passing over into decay that nothing is quite simple; there is a touch of fancy or reflection everywhere, even when nothing is really added, and the author is only reinventing with superfluous ingenuity phrases which had been rubbed threadbare. For instance, he is very fond of marking evening, but he never says simply "at evening," but "as the day waned to evening," or "when the day was turned about to evening." In the same way Tacitus can never say simply a man killed himself, even when he does not know or care to mention the manner of death, he prefers to say "he devised his own death," *sibi mortem conscivit.* But, after all, the style of the "Annals" is a matchless instrument for expressing and stimulating thought and imagination of a certain order.

CHAPTER VI.

SUETONIUS.

SUETONIUS TRANQUILLUS was a *littérateur* of a new kind. He was at once a grammarian and an official; he was employed as secretary to Trajan and to Hadrian; he was dismissed from the latter office for disrespect to the Empress Sabina, with whom, according to some, he had an intrigue. He was not a rich man, and his own marriage was unlucky, so that he had to obtain the rights of a father of three children from Trajan by the intercession of the younger Pliny.

He has none of the pretensions or the prepossessions of the senatorian writers: one may call him unprejudiced or unscrupulous. He does not aim at blackening any emperor in the way that Tacitus aims at blackening Tiberius or Nero; he has still less of the genuine though not unofficial enthusiasm of Velleius; he is a gossip, and speaks evil of every one without an intention of doing harm.

His "Lives of the Cæsars" are his principal work, and they are very tantalizing, as they are to us a substitute for history. They are not orderly biographies, but biographical portraits, and the chronological skeleton which we cannot supply was still accessible when he wrote. He is careless of truth of detail, but all the stories which he gives might have been or ought to have been true. They illustrate a sound view of the character which is under discussion. Very few French or English *éloges* have the easy mastery we find in Suetonius's "Lives of the Cæsars," or at least in the first six. Whether materials or courage to be frank failed the author, the last six are comparatively meagre. Of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius there was, of course, little to say; their administration was too short to have a well-marked character, and Suetonius's plan

does not lead him to dwell at length on the events of their reigns. Even on his plan more should have been said of Vespasian and Domitian, but the treatment of the events of their reigns is even more meagre in proportion, just because tradition was fresh; and he could take for granted the vague knowledge of events, which was all he ever thought it necessary to communicate as a framework for personal anecdotes.

The life of Julius, if nothing has been lost, begins abruptly, as if the author did not care to give the traditional glories of the Julian house, which must have been hackneyed when he wrote. The first thing we are told is that he lost his father at the age of sixteen, and the year after parted with a rich wife to whom he had been betrothed in his nonage, in order to espouse the daughter of Cinna, the last chief of the Marian party. He makes up for this reticence by a long list of all the conspiracies of which Cæsar was suspected in his early years. He came back to Rome from his stay in Bithynia, about which there was scandal that Suetonius takes care to retail, in order to see if he had a chance with Lepidus; and as he disapproved of Lepidus, and did not believe in his chances, he went to Rhodes to be out of the way and study rhetoric, after which he distinguished himself against Mithridates and the pirates.

After his term of office in Spain he came back before the time to claim full citizenship for the Latin colonies, and to conspire with Crassus to massacre a competent number of senators to secure the consulate to Sylla and Autronius, while Crassus and he were to be dictator and master of the horse. Suetonius does not give a single hint of Cæsar's share in the conspiracy of Catiline, the most formidable of all. The author's reticence appears to be imposed by the pressure of a loyalty which he does not share; for the treatment of the Civil War is, upon the whole, impartial. We are told cynically how Cæsar made a party by bribing all the surroundings of Pompeius and great part of the senate with gifts or easy loans, while everybody of lower rank, who visited him by invitation or otherwise, received splendid presents. He helped everybody in difficulties who was not too far gone to be helped

decently, and hinted that he should be able to help these too if there came a civil war.

Suetonius does not trouble himself to make the negotiations which preceded the Civil War intelligible. He tells us that the tribunes who had fled to Cæsar's camp were only the pretext of the Civil War, and gives a list of the different conjectures as to the real cause. "Pompeius was in the habit of saying that as Cæsar could not finish the works he set afoot out of the means of a private citizen, nor fulfil what he had taught the people to expect of his coming, he decided to confound everything in one medley. Others say he feared to be compelled to give account of all he had done in his first consulship against the laws and auspices and the tribunes, since Marcus Cato had given notice not once or twice, and that with an oath, that he would put him on trial as soon as ever he had let his army go. It was a common forecast that if he came back a private man he would have to plead his cause, after the precedent of Milo, with armed men round about. This has been made more credible by the testimony of Asinius Pollio, who says that in the battle of Pharsalia, looking on his enemies smitten and beaten down before him, he uttered these very words: 'They would have it; after all my achievements I, Gaius Cæsar, should have been condemned if I had not asked help from the army.' Some think he was caught by the habit of command, and, after weighing his own strength and that of the enemy, took occasion to snatch the mastery which in his first youth he had desired."[1]

The campaigns are hurried over in two short chapters,[2] in which all the serious risks of the hero are completely disguised: one hardly knows why, for there is no approach to adulation; not even a laudatory comment on his clemency, so unknown in civil wars. Something is said of this last in the long enumeration of personal traits which follows the summary of the Civil War; but it is put on a level with his kindness in beheading the pirates who took him prisoner, before he kept his word by crucifying them, and simply putting a confidential slave, who had undertaken to poison him, to

[1] Suet. "Jul." xxx. [2] Ib. xxxiv., xxxv.

death. This praise is balanced by an elaborate indictment of his greed. When governor in Spain he borrowed shamelessly from the natives, and actually plundered several Lusitanian towns without provocation. In Gaul he pillaged fanes and temples of the gods that were full of offerings, oftener for plunder than for punishment, and so he came to great plenty of gold, and could offer it for sale in Italy and the provinces twenty-five per cent. below its value.[1] Here it is doubtful how far Suetonius understands his story: it seems, upon the whole, that Cæsar only offered gold in practically unlimited quantity for silver at the legal rate of exchange, while Suetonius imagined that the legal rate of exchange was as high as it was in his own day. Of course his informants knew that gold even then commanded a premium.

But after commenting on Cæsar's virtues, including his efforts to restore order and external decency by considerable severities, Suetonius decides with startling plainness that everybody thought he was justly put to death. Suetonius rejects all the dramatic incidents of Cæsar's death and burial: he does not believe in the reproachful cry to Brutus or in the ironical speech of Antonius at the funeral; on the other hand, he believes implicitly in all the omens and prophecies, and in Cæsar's own feeling that his time was come.

In the life of Octavius he reaches the type which he preserves thenceforward: he begins at the very beginning with the legendary history of the Octavii, the leading house at Velitræ, which had come down in the world in the century before the birth of Augustus. Though his father had been prætor, he could be plausibly accused of speculating not only in silver, but in the jobs of the Campus Martius, for it was believed he was among those who undertook the lucrative office of distributing bribes. The son was born at Rome, and the place of his birth, Suetonius tells us, was turned into a chapel long after his death, while the cupboard in the old house outside Velitræ, which served as his nursery, was too holy to be entered except as an act of reverence, for when the owner attempted to use the place as a bedroom he and his bed were turned out

[1] Suet. "Jul." lv.

of doors by miracle. And all miracles which were alleged in the honor of Augustus are admitted without hesitation, though Suetonius hardly admires him. No ancient author is so copious on his cruelty up to the war of Perusia, and the official tradition that he was forced to consent to the proscriptions is treated with a very perfunctory respect.

The contrast between his virtues and vices is designedly drawn out as a riddle, and no scheme of his policy, such as we find even in Dio, is apparently present to the writer's mind. The list of his domestic measures is a pretty long one; but their dates, and generally their details, are left to conjecture. It seems that we are meant to feel that the praise predominates; but a modern reader will feel the admissions are too great—for one thing, if Suetonius is to be believed, the emperor was little better than a coward. The most interesting parts of the book are the purely personal traits, such as his dislike to dwarfs and idiots and monsters of all kinds, and his dislike to early rising, which was a singularity in Rome: for hard-working men began early, while Augustus went on late. He agreed with a good many modern statesmen in eating at irregular hours, though he adhered in other respects to the extreme fashion of Southern abstemiousness. Suetonius knew his autographs, which were careless and full of mannerisms; he inclined to phonetic spelling, and did not divide his lines neatly, but ran them on anyhow till he came to the end of his word or phrase. He was a purist in his distaste for archaic and outlandish words, but his partiality for certain catchwords bordered upon slang. One may add that he was naturally cold-blooded, for he scraped his skin till he was sore.

In some ways the life of Tiberius is more instructive. For one thing, it admits of being more closely compared with Tacitus than any other of the earlier lives; for another, Suetonius is not so overpowered by his subject: almost always, when he differs from Tacitus, he seems to differ for the better. The long enumeration of the early troubles of that emperor and his hunted childhood explain much that is enigmatical in his later life. Even the genealogy is significant, and we have

to thank Suetonius for our knowledge that the Claudii had a burial-place assigned to them under the Capitol, though he obviously does not know whether they settled in Rome in the days of Romulus or Brutus. The family pride, or rather one should call it haughtiness, combined very oddly with a real timidity, partly congenital and partly the result of circumstance, to train the emperor to the singular irony and hypocrisy which marked his tyranny. We are told repeatedly that Augustus had a poor opinion of him, pitied the Roman people who would be ground so slowly between toothless jaws, and hesitated seriously as to whether he should not assign the succession to Germanicus, or even to Agrippa, his own grandson, whom he visited in the last months of his life to see whether he could not be brought home from exile. And it does not weaken the effect of this that Suetonius quotes many passages from Augustus's letters when he has resigned himself to the inevitable, full of the praise that would sooth a sensitive, suspicious officer to whom the emperor had certainly behaved badly. The whole narrative of his hard-drinking youth and his imprudent retreat to Rhodes, and the abject shifts to which he descended when he found that his retirement had turned into a disgrace, dispose decisively of Tacitus's solemn paradox that he was of excellent life and repute while he was a private citizen or in command under Augustus; while Suetonius does full justice to his really admirable services as a general both before and after his retirement to Rhodes.

His hesitation in proclaiming his assumption of the empire is explained by the fear, which Tacitus does not mention, that the armies might pronounce in favor of Germanicus, with or without encouragement from the latter. Nothing substantial is said of Germanicus's campaigns, but, on the other hand, the account of Libo's conspiracy is much clearer. The author does not care to explain that this was the first specimen of the persecution to which the stupid nobility were liable, nor that Libo was in all probability crazy, but he does not throw any doubt on the reality of the conspiracy. This is not to spare Tiberius, for Suetonius is rather depre-

ciatory of his munificence to the public, and hints that his advance of a large loan from the exchequer without interest to debtors with real but unavailable assets was made necessary to mask the failure of his schemes to compel capitalists to invest two thirds of their resources in Italian land. In the same spirit he tells us that when Tiberius was "correcting the morals of the state," he appointed L. Piso (whom Tacitus praises for his moderation, temper, and manliness) prefect of the city, because in the course of a three days' uninterrupted drinking-bout he had found him "a friend for all hours." Again, when the ædiles took up the question of sumptuary laws, and some strict senators were anxious for a thorough reformation, Tacitus gives us the ironical letter of Tiberius and the hollow debate in the senate; Suetonius tells us the regulations which the ædiles were actually set to carry out.

Suetonius is as capricious as Tacitus in the lives of Gaius, Claudius, and Nero: in every case the life up to the accession is better than the life after, although there was no abrupt break in the case of Claudius. The peculiarities of Claudius are explained at great length, and it appears that an extreme *gaucherie*, and in later life a very weak memory, were the worst of them, and it is surprising to see how completely they ruined his life. He was treated like an idiot, and then the public were surprised to see how completely he was in the hands of his household. The public were more scandalized that he sometimes made mistakes when judging in person than edified at his resolution to break through the system of keeping trials pending for years. If a party to a trial might attend when he pleased to find it perfectly convenient, trials would never be decided, and so Claudius always gave it in favor of the party who was present, and is the true father of the proverb, "The absent are always in the wrong." The legend that he only heard one side has the same respectable origin. There are very amusing stories of the way advocates used to presume on his good-nature: they would never allow him to rise until they had done with him; they would call after him, and, if he did not stop, catch at the fringe of his toga. One, after apologizing at great length for the absence of a witness,

and evading the inquiries of the court as to the cause, had the ingenious impudence to explain at last, "He is dead; I suppose he might be dispensed with." Another, returning thanks for permission to reply, added, "After all, it is commonly granted." Certainly Claudius, who knew himself to be irritable, and that it was easy to make him permanently angry, had a right to boast that his irritation was short and harmless, if he could hardly say that his anger was always justifiable. The stories of his censorship are less piquant: he deprived a wealthy and distinguished Asiatic knight of his horse (and his equestrian rank) because he could not speak Latin, while he passed over a youthful profligate with a reprimand, "There is really no occasion for me to know the name of your mistress." What is curious is that, with so much shrewd good-nature, Claudius combined so much of the cruelty of an overgrown schoolboy. A man was condemned to be flogged to death at Alba, and Claudius thought he should like to see the ceremony; as the executioner was away, Claudius waited patiently till one could be fetched from Rome. When a forger was brought up for trial, and somebody called out that his hands ought to be cut off, he actually ordered up a knife and a chopping-block, though it appears from Suetonius that he was stopped in time.

Our author is so neutral and phlegmatic that he hardly gives us an opportunity of distinguishing the cruelty of Claudius, who was a diligent and public-spirited administrator, from that of Gaius and Nero, who were both thorough egoists: he recounts the worst excesses of both without any spontaneous disgust. It is therefore surprising how full he is on the early benevolence of both; though he does not draw the inference, it seems that they were both much inspired at first by their situation. Before their accession both indulged themselves in baseness; afterwards, for a time, both exerted themselves to be worthy of their place. In his life of both, Suetonius divides their good and evil deeds sharply and without chronological order. In the case of Nero it is surprising to find not only the persecution of the Christians, but also his artistic exercises placed among the actions which were either

commendable or blameless. But his chariot-driving and singing are qualified as severely as Tacitus could qualify them, though Suetonius does not seem shocked that he induced senators and knights to perform in public. One notices that both Gaius and Nero had the feeling that the senate was the fifth wheel which was likely to upset the coach. They both were suspected of a desire to abolish the senate and manage the provinces and the armies by Roman knights, though Nero carried his hypocrisy so far as to assign ample allowances for the support of the dignity of decayed noble families.

Of all the emperors there is none whom Suetonius's candor depreciates more than Galba; if he is to be trusted, during the later part of his rule in Spain Galba deliberately elected as a matter of prudence to play the part of King Log, while his personal morality was almost on a level with that of Tiberius. Otho, on the other hand, gains a good deal from his narrative: it is clear that he retained much of the noble nature of his father, one of the best men of the time. For ten years he was an exemplary provincial governor, and these years were a better clew to his true character than the elegant ostentation with which he had sown his wild oats before he fell in love with his own wife, whom he was compelled to abandon to Nero. Suetonius has special information from his father (a namesake, and no doubt a client, of the famous Suetonius Paulinus) that Otho had a genuine conscientious abhorrence of civil war, and would not have had Galba massacred upon any account, if he had thought any one would fight for him. It is noticeable that he omits all mention of what Tacitus passed over lightly—the strong probability that, if the war between Otho and Vitellius had been protracted, their officers would have treated over their heads: while he is more respectful than Tacitus to the negotiations between the principals. Vitellius fares badly with him; he mentions hardly anything to his praise, except his honest anxiety that his escort should have their breakfasts, and even this praise is qualified by the mention of the way in which Vitellius vouchsafed to guarantee that he had had his own.

The Flavian dynasty is treated, upon the whole, with marked respect, "though Domitian suffered the due penalty of his cruelty and covetousness." It is curious that though Vespasian set his face against pedigree-makers, who might have disguised the real facts by their inventions, it was quite impossible for Suetonius to ascertain whether his great-grandfather was a thorough Italian. There was a report that the great-grandfather came from beyond the Po, and was a contractor for the gangs of harvestmen and vintagers who used to come out of Umbria into the Sabine country properly so called. The grandfather had served on the side of Pompeius, the father had never served at all; but this was too much for Roman loyalty: historians would have it he served as long as his health allowed, and only differed whether he had reached the rank of *primipilus*, or had only attained to be a centurion when discharged. He earned a more solid distinction as a revenue farmer, for several cities set up statues and inscriptions in his honor. After this he lent money at interest to the Helvetii. Vespasian himself served a long round of offices rather above his means before he came to the empire. In Nero's reign he was so heavily in debt that he had to pledge his property to his brother, and contract for the supply of mules upon the highways in order to keep up his rank. Even this was not enough: he had to make money out of rash young men who wanted to be senators in despite of their fathers. However, he never sank so low as to force himself to keep awake during Nero's performances in Greece. He actually was in danger of death until the revolt in Judæa broke out, when he seemed insignificant and able enough to put it down. Suetonius abstains from all reflection upon his household arrangements, though his wife was the cast-off mistress of a Roman knight, abandoned by her own father, who afterwards paid Vespasian the compliment of proving that she was not only a freedwoman but a freewoman. Naturally enough, after his wife's death he took a real freedwoman for concubine and treated her almost as well as a wife, while upon her death he provided himself with many successors.

Most of the life of Vespasian is taken up with the presages

of his accession and his death, and with his humorous economies. The best of the latter is the story of one of his household[1] who wanted an appointment for somebody he called his brother. Vespasian inquired what the "brother" was to pay, and took the fee on the appointment himself, and told the brother to find another "brother;" "since," he said, "the one you told me of is mine." He was very nearly impartial between the senate and the knights, for he decided that, if a senator began abusing a knight, the latter had the right to retaliate.

His administration, according to Suetonius, was nearly faultless, only he raised a revenue upon contracts, on which no ruler who respected himself properly would have made a profit. It is strange to see him praised for not punishing a Cynic philosopher who met him on his way to exile and showed him no sign of respect; and for commending a pleader who ventured to say, "If my client is worth a hundred million sesterces,[2] what is that to Cæsar?" Confiscations seem to have offended public opinion much less than other sources of revenue, which only offended good taste. It is clear from Suetonius that Vespasian was by no means chary in spending: he actually objected to do his public works cheap, because he was anxious to feed "the poor people." His action in reference to the standing question of suits in arrear was conspicuously moderate: he only issued special commissions to overtake the work. Domitian had to go further: he quashed all processes that were over five years old, as Augustus had done, and enacted that whoever recommenced such a process should do so at his peril. The impression that Suetonius gives is that Domitian was a capable and not unpopular administrator. He by no means endorses Pliny's view as to the cruelty with which he punished the Vestals who had been false to the duties of their station: the executions which he ordered are treated as if they were just of a piece with the restoration of the exclusive privilege of the knights in the theatre. Suetonius states expressly that there was no such reaction of public feeling against him as against Nero.

[1] Suet. "Vesp." xxii. [2] Not quite 1,000,000*l*.

The "Lives of the Cæsars" are the only works of Suetonius which have reached us in anything like integrity, but throughout classical antiquity he continued to be a popular compiler. Not only does St. Jerome refer, in the Preface to the "Ecclesiastical Writers" and the "Letter to Desiderius," to his "Lives of Men of Letters" as a model which he was asked to imitate, but Servius Probus, Suidas, and Tzetzes, and the author of the "Etymologicon Magnum," continue to quote him as far as the thirteenth century; in the Byzantine period he took the place of Varro.

A work on "Grammarians and Rhetoricians," containing notes which in neither case seem to go below the Augustan age, is printed in his works with Lives of Terence, Horace, Lucan, Pliny the Elder, and Juvenal, which are probably extracted from the work which St. Jerome imitated.

In addition to these, he wrote probably twelve books of *Prata*, or Miscellanies, and four books of *Ludicra;* the latter probably cover the book περὶ Ἑλληνίκων παιδιῶν καὶ ἀγώνων ("On Greek Sports and Public Games"), and the three περὶ Ῥωμαίων παιδιῶν καὶ θεωριῶν ("On Roman Sports and Public Shows"), which Suidas mentions: the latter is quoted by Tertullian, and it is thought that both were written in Greek and in Latin. The *Prata* probably cover the treatises on proper names, on the Roman year, which included much archæology on different festivals, besides chronology, on the names and shapes of dresses and shoes, on Rome and its laws and customs, and a supplementary course of philosophy treating of the universe, animal nature, and perhaps mineralogy and botany. A defence of Cicero as a politician and an etymological dictionary of abuse were almost certainly written in Greek. His work on the pedigree of the twelve Cæsars, in eight books, is probably a recast of that which we possess.

His style is terse in a very high degree: he has no pretension to be epigrammatic or abrupt; sometimes he is elliptical through carelessness. The only "corrupt" phrase that he can be convicted of using is "numerous" in the sense of "many," which shows that he belonged to a generation which had lost its hold upon the traditional meaning of the word.

It should be added that he uses technical and official words more freely than is compatible with perfect purity of style. He requires a commentary in the same way as a racy Anglo-Indian novel.

CHAPTER VII.

FLORUS.

L. Annæus Florus was in all probability the last survivor of the literary movement which expired in the second century. Some of the MSS. of his work gave his name as Julius Florus, a poet of the days of Hadrian, who rallied him on his work; a good many critics were disposed to insist that his name was Seneca, because Lactantius quotes Seneca as having distinguished the four ages of Rome which coincide exactly with the four ages of Florus. In fact, we may believe that he was connected both with the house of Seneca and with the Florus whom Hadrian knew; but he can hardly be the contemporary of either Seneca or Hadrian, as he speaks of an interval of nearly two hundred years between Augustus and his own day. Now Augustus only received that title in 27 B.C.; consequently Florus, if he used language with any accuracy, must have written between A.D. 148 and 173, even if we suppose that he dates from the accession of Augustus, after the battle of Actium, not from his decease, which would be the more logical way of putting it, as the author complains that, during the period of nearly two hundred years which he describes, the empire had been simmering away in old age, till, to the surprise of all the world, it renewed its youth for a season under Trajan. Augustus was a conquering emperor up to the defeat of Varus, and therefore the old age of the empire cannot be fairly dated from his accession. It is a more doubtful question whether the author wrote after Varus, whose not wholly barren campaigns might have ranked as another revival of the aged empire. There is one more clew to his identity which deserves mention. A certain [P.] Annius Florus, in the introduction to a lost discussion of the question whether

Vergil is to be considered an orator or a poet, condoled in the reign of Domitian with a friend who believed that the emperor had deprived him of the prize in the competitions of the Capitol, in a style which is very like the Epitome—there are the same airs of independence, the same tendency to windy rhetoric; the author congratulates himself that he is what he is, an independent grammarian of Tarraco, without even a salary from the state, rather than anything else from a centurion up to an emperor, though everybody would think it great promotion for him to be made a centurion. All the MSS. of the Epitomist give either the prænomen of Lucius or none, but it is quite admissible that P. might stand for *Poeta* instead of *Publius*. The best MS. gives the principal name as Julius, and this again has been explained by supposing that it is a clerical error for Lucius.

The work itself falls into two parts, one of which deals with all the foreign wars down to the conquest of Gaul by Cæsar; the second deals with the civil strife from the days of the Gracchi to the battle of Actium, and one or two of the more important foreign campaigns of Augustus. The arrangement is curious, and does not harmonize very well with the four periods into which, after (the Elder?) Seneca, the whole history is divided: the years of the monarchy correspond to the infancy of Rome; the years in which the Italian peninsula was conquered correspond to the vigor of youth: it is in that age that Rome was most fruitful in great men; then comes the period in which Rome conquered the world, which is divided into two halves, marked by the fall of Carthage and the legislation of the Gracchi. The first is the true Golden Age: the second is a time of calamity within and even without; with the establishment of the empire under Augustus old age sets in.

The work was undoubtedly popular through the middle ages as a spirited compendium of ancient history: the writer, though grandiloquent, has a certain insight: he observes that the history of Rome is the history of the world: his way of saying that Rome conquered all known nations is to say that she pacified them. He is fond of philosophizing about the way in which mild climates destroy the energy of vigorous

races. He is curiously destitute of political opinions; he moralizes or pragmatizes about the struggles of the republic just as the writer of a modern schoolbook might do: he has no liking or disliking for the empire, nor much understanding of it. He tells us (ii. 54) that Augustus was made "perpetual dictator." One cannot tell whether he sides in the Civil War with Julius or Pompeius; almost his strongest expression of feeling is a regret that Julius did not succeed in stopping Pompeius at Brundisium, and so end the Civil War.

Florus, like many other writers, imagines that the battles of Pharsalia and Philippi were fought on the same site: this proves that he is not exclusively dependent upon Livy. But he follows him in the main, and most MSS. and editions call his work an epitome of Livy's. He tries to improve upon his author occasionally—for instance, Livy, speaking of the first Etruscan campaign of Q. Fabius Maximus, says "he drew up towards the hills;" according to Florus, he "seized the upper ranges, whence he could thunder down at pleasure." His style is monotonous and tricky; he is much given to introducing figures with *quasi*, not so often with *velut;* he deals largely in frigid exclamations and questions, and often informs us that this or that taxes the resources of language. He uses *horror* and its derivatives almost as expletives in the way in which "awful" is used now. The marshes, the prison, chains, and exile, "horrificaverant Marii majestatem," "had added awe to his majesty." This and many phrases have a certain poetical color, as if verse were breaking down into prose—for instance, we have *radiarentur*, where a safer writer would have said *illustrarentur*, of the virtues of Augustus; and at rare intervals a broken phrase reminds us of Tacitus. With all his faults of style and arrangement, his compendium is spirited, and might be read with ease and pleasure by any one who, as the author intended, was gaining his first and only acquaintance with Roman history from it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JURISTS.

THE reign of Hadrian was marked by an important legislative change. Salvius Julianus, prætor A.D. 131, when he drew up his edict, codified the whole body of Roman equity as it then existed, and his work was sanctioned by an imperial constitution and a decree of the senate, and became binding on all his successors: they retained in theory the right of declaring how new points would be decided during their term of office, but they lost the power of modifying the law as a whole. Salvius Julianus belonged to the liberal and monarchical school of jurists, who traced up their tradition to Ateius Capito, who was consul A.D. 5. He did not attempt to work out legal principles for their own sake, and professed to build upon precedent and tradition; but he only recognized precedents which were sensible and convenient. He had the generosity and discretion to speak highly of his elder rival,[1] M. Antistius Labeo, who had declined the consulate which Augustus pressed upon him, though his republicanism was not too stiff to accept the prætorship. He died A.D. 13, at about the age of seventy, after writing 400 volumes, a task to which he devoted himself in the country for the half of every year. His text-book, which only occupied three books, was abridged by Javolenus Priscus under Trajan, and his "Probabilia" are quoted in the "Digest." Capito's great work was the "Conjectanea." Two other lawyers of the Augustan age were Blæsus and Fabius Mela.

Neither Capito nor Labeo gave his name to the school which he founded. At first Labeo, as the cleverer writer and

[1] A. Gellius, XIII. xii. 1.

the more independent character, seems to have had the more distinguished representatives. The first was M. Cocceius Nerva, the grandfather of the emperor, who was consul A.D. 22, a year before the death of Capito, and held such a high position that Tiberius was distressed by his suicide eleven years later. The heir of the learning of Capito was Masurius Sabinus, who was only a knight, and could not have ventured to enter what was rapidly becoming the close profession of a public teacher of law without the special encouragement of Tiberius. He was dependent upon his pupils for maintenance, so perhaps admitted more: at any rate he gave his name to his master's school, and his "Answers" were a popular text-book, upon which Pomponius, Paulus, and Ulpian all thought it necessary to comment. He also wrote three books upon civil law, which were introductory. Sempronius Proculus, the successor of Nerva, does not seem to have been of much more importance in the state than Sabinus. His first name is uncertain, but he overshadowed the reputation of Nerva's own son, who had also the ambition of being a jurisconsult, and gave his name to the school of Labeo. Both Sabinus and Proculus were succeeded by men of position, who in turn gave their names to schools they did not found. Q. Cassius Longinus, the pupil of Sabinus, consul A.D. 30, was excerpted by Javolenus Priscus, and gave his name to the Cassian school. Pegasus, the son of a captain in the fleet of Misenum, named after his father's figure-head, was appointed prefect of the city under Vespasian, and gave his name both to the *Senatus Consultum Pegasianum*, which dealt with trusts and legacies, and to the Pegasian school. The last conspicuous representatives of this school were Neratius, who filled high office under Trajan, and was thought of for his successor, and Juventius Celsus, who was celebrated for the brusqueness with which he replied to silly questions. Cælius Sabinus, who was consul suffect A.D. 69, and was the highest legal authority under Vespasian, wrote upon the edict of the curule ædiles. His successor was the learned and eccentric Javolenus Priscus, who had the misfortune to be disliked by the younger Pliny as much as anybody

who was not a delator could be. Pliny mentions another Sabinian contemporary,[1] Urseius Ferox, whose answer to a friend struck him as learned and hesitating. He seems to have heard Sabinus, and Salvius Julianus addressed him.

Besides his work as a legislator, Julianus was a voluminous writer. Out of his ninety books "Digestorum," fifty-eight dealt with the topics of the prætor's edict, and were completed under Hadrian; the rest were written under Antoninus Pius. Hadrian was careful that his legislation should hamper the activity of learned lawyers as little as possible. He laid down the principle that every senator who had served the office of prætor had *ipso facto* the *jus respondendi*, which since the days of Augustus had been confined to such lawyers as had received an express imperial authorization. Moreover, he made the privilege more valuable, as well as more accessible, by decreeing that the unanimity of jurisconsults should have the force of law, while when they differed the judge was at liberty to follow which he pleased, so that he followed one. Other important contemporaries of Julianus were L. Fulvius, Alburnius Valens, and Sextus Pomponius, prætor A.D. 138, who wrote an interesting little tract on the history of Roman law and magistracies, which survives in a mutilated shape in the "Digest." We have also an interesting quotation from the seventh book of his letters,[2] where he says that up to his seventy-eighth year he had thought learning the only reason for living. He wrote a handbook and thirty-five books of Commentaries on Sabinus. M. Vindius Verus, consul A.D. 138, was a follower of Julian. Sex. Cæcilius Africanus, who was a correspondent of Julian, wrote admiringly of the twelve tables, and composed nine books of questions. Terentius Clemens was one of the first writers to devote himself to the working of the *Leges Julia et Papia Poppæa* on the interesting subject of inheritance. He was followed by Junius Mauricianus (a pupil of Julian), who wrote on the same subject, and also on penal law; by Venuleius Saturninus, who wrote

[1] "Ep." I. xxii. 1.

[2] Correspondence on legal questions formed a large section of many lawyers' works.

on all points of practice; and by L. Volusius Mæcianus, who conducted the legal education of M. Aurelius, and wrote on trusts (then a branch of the law of inheritance) and on the *Judicia Publica*. Ulpius Marcellus wrote, under M. Aurelius, thirty books "Digestorum," and one "Responsorum." Gaius, who did not possess the *jus respondendi*, wrote, besides his "Institutes," which were published A.D. 161, seven books on daily practice that were called golden, and six books on the twelve tables, beside works on the law of trust and inheritance. He seems to have been a native of the eastern parts of the empire, and, according to Mommsen, lived and taught all his life in the Troad. Cervidius Scævola was even more important than Gaius, for he was the tutor of Papinian. His forty books "Digestorum" were written after the death of M. Aurelius, who is quoted under his official title as Divus Marcus. Papirius Justus, about the same time, wrote twenty books on imperial constitutions. Æmilius Papinianus studied with the emperor Septimius Severus under Cervidius, and was appointed by him prætorian prefect: he was massacred A.D. 212. His works date from the reign of Severus: he wrote nineteen books of "Answers" and thirty-seven of "Questions," besides works on the law of marriage, inheritance, adultery, and police. Callistratus, whose fragments are full of Græcisms, wrote four books on the rights of the exchequer, and two of "Questions" under Severus, and a work on procedure under Severus and Caracalla. A Claudius Tryphoninus wrote on Scævola's "Digest." Domitius Ulpianus, of Tyre, who was assassinated A.D. 228, during a military revolt under Alexander Severus, wrote his voluminous works under Caracalla. There were eighty-three books on the Edict, fifty-one on Sabinus, a book of "Rules," and two of "Institutes," which we still have in fragments. His work "De Excusationibus" dates from A.D. 211. Julius Paulus was also prætorian prefect under Alexander Severus, but survived him: though he belonged to the western half of the empire, he is a worse writer than Ulpian. He wrote eighty books on the Edict and five books on sentences (a manual for his son) before A.D. 212. The three books on "Decrees" were earlier; his "Responsa" date between A.D.

222 and 235. Ælius Marcianus, among other works, composed six books of "Institutions." Herennius Modestinus, who also is cited in the "Digest," was *præfectus vigilum*, or head of police, A.D. 244

PART VII.

FRONTO AND HIS SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

FRONTO.

As Cicero stands at the head of one literary period, Seneca of another, Quinctilian of another, so Fronto stands at the head of a period too: he is at once the lawgiver and the example of his associates and successors. We are in a position to judge accurately of the claims of Cicero and Seneca; even Quinctilian's reputation is intelligible: he was an admirable if a wearisome stylist, and it is easy to believe that he was yet more admirable as a teacher. But Fronto is completely inexplicable: he was regarded in his own day as a rival to Cicero, to whom even Pliny the Younger could only rank as a successor, and his reputation lasted quite as long as that of others; he had a great name in the fifth century. Most of his works are lost, and there is nothing in his fragments to explain his celebrity.

He came at an unfortunate time: his pupil, Marcus Aurelius, wrote his private meditations in Greek; and, in fact, it may be said that, from the reign of Hadrian onwards till the translation of the empire to the East, the intellectual needs of the capital, such as they were, were supplied by the eastern half of the empire; all the upper classes learned Greek in the nursery, and it was the language of fashionable conversation. Even as far back as the days of Claudius, a barbarian chief, who had learned Latin and Greek, could be congratulated by the emperor on his knowledge of "our tongues." All people

who professed to be serious entertained a Greek philosopher: their only reason for keeping up Latin literature at all was that the cleverest people who had received a literary education wished to be poets or historians or orators—an ambition which was sustained by the competitions endowed by Domitian, and by the professorships which were founded by his predecessors and successors. Another cause, whose operation was still more transitory, was the revival of spirits among the aristocracy on the death of Domitian. They felt that it had been unsafe to think or speak, and during the reign of Trajan oratory and history were zealously cultivated, and everybody played at poetry.

Besides, for those who could not be idle, there was a more serious work provided by Hadrian's legislation. From the reign of Augustus jurists had shown an increasing inclination to write, but their works had not been systematic; each had dealt with the particular department of case law which happened to attract him. But matters altered after the decision of Hadrian that the city prætors should lose the right, which their predecessors had enjoyed, of laying down the law according to their own sense of equity by the edict which they published on coming into office.

Henceforth all prætors were to act upon the same standing edict, which was called the *edictum perpetuum*, and the process of modifying and improving the law passed from the hands of judges into the hands of writers of text-books, who were at liberty to prove that the edict meant whatever it ought to mean. Henceforward a great lawyer could only hope to make himself felt as the writer of a text-book, and not as a judge, and consequently Roman law competed more and more severely with Latin literature.

But there was one province where the aspirations of the literary class could appeal to an unexhausted public. Pleaders, Juvenal tells us, had a better chance of a living in Africa than Rome, and as the tribes of the Atlas had been effectually repressed, the commercial importance of Carthage steadily increased throughout the second century. Its administrative importance made it the centre of a kind of literary culture,

and, as Latin was the language of administration, it was, on the whole, more likely that this culture would be Latin than Greek. It naturally had some peculiarities: the African settlers of Utica and Carthage brought with them the plain speech of the republican period, and escaped the influence of the refinements which came in and went out of fashion in the capital, even more completely than the villagers of New England, who have preserved so many idioms of the seventeenth century.

This was important, because the literary class at Rome had reached the point at which it is easier to make books about books than about life, and of course for such a purpose the oldest books are the best. Consequently, an African settled at Rome, if he were clever enough, was in the best position to put himself at the head of an antiquarian revival.

M. Cornelius Fronto seems to have been a man of considerable property, though he speaks in a deprecating way of his modest means, which is not surprising, considering that his correspondence dates from a time when he had long been familiar with emperors. He says what any one who was not as scandalously rich as Seneca might be expected to say in writing to an emperor. It is possible that his brother, who was also a consul, may have been the capitalist of the family. Fronto himself was a distinguished advocate, and apparently had more business than Quinctilian; for a reflection on a *rhetor* might have wounded Quinctilian, while Fronto's position as an *orator* was too firmly fixed for him to be hurt by an allusion to a *causidicus*. Still, the position of the orator was so much lower, and that of the emperor so much higher, that it was promotion for the first orator of the day to be appointed private tutor to the heir of the empire. Cicero only became a teacher when his career as orator was spoiled, and none of the powerful advocates of the earlier empire would have dreamed of accepting such a charge; even Seneca, who had no independent position, was intrusted with the whole education of Nero. Fronto was only the Latin teacher of rhetoric: he was liable to be accused of being jealous of other members of the household; he frankly admitted that he was jealous of philosophy, which he thought

would spoil his pupil as an orator. Characteristically he thought that oratory was the higher and more difficult study, and that philosophy, where there was no trouble in framing a prelude or in picking a vocabulary, was a refuge for laziness, which was rather a plausible charge when we consider the pains which Epictetus had taken to purge philosophy from all speculative and rhetorical ambition. The perfect Stoic tended to go through a round of duties with zealous, disinterested punctuality, without caring for any of them, or putting his strength into any. Fronto found it difficult to believe that his pupil was as attentive as he was gifted: he could not be brought to see that it mattered much what compound of a verb was used, and Fronto has to admit that, if any one chose to say he was a senator or prefect, and superior to grammar, nothing could be said to the contrary; only, after all, we have the choice of rough-hewing language with mallet and crowbar like quarrymen, or carving it with a graver and light hammer like jewellers.[1] Fortunately, in the same letter Fronto explains how in his judgment language might be made as precious as jewelry. If we speak of washing the face, the proper word is *colluere;* if of washing the pavement of a bath, *pelluere; labere* is the proper word for washing the cheeks with tears; *lavare* for washing clothes; *abluere* is the right word for washing *off* dust; *eluere* for washing *out* a stain; and, if the stain will not come out without risk to the stuff, then it is worth while to read Plautus in order to know that we had better say *elavere.* Then *diluere* is right for wine and honey, *proluere* for rinsing out the throat, *subluere* for washing down a horse's legs.

Again, Aurelius is not sufficiently careful in the order of words: he does not see why one ought to say *tricipitem Geryonam* and *navem triremem.* Of course Fronto is quite right; everybody knows that Geryon had three heads, and that a trireme was a ship, so that the epithet in one case, and the substantive in the other, would be superfluous if not put first. Aurelius is commended for attempting a figure in a speech on the Parthians, who, it seems, wore loose sleeves "in order that there might be room to keep the heat in suspense." Unfortunately,

[1] "Ad Marc. Cæs." iv. 3.

it was quite impossible to hang up heat in a loose sleeve, and the object was not to keep the heat in, but to let it out; and then Fronto gives a long list of words that would have done better, though a modern reader will think that none of them are very good.

Another merit of Aurelius is that he is ambitious, though prematurely, to compose a speech of the most difficult kind, the speech of simple display, though he had read nothing more inspiring than Cato and Gracchus.[1] Later on, he is praised for his success in turning a Greek gnomic saying into something quite worthy of Sallust,[2] and exhorted to persevere in the same exercise, never being satisfied till he has turned the same sentiment two or three times. Later still, we find Fronto in a more indulgent mood: he is seriously anxious that he cannot get his pupil to take a holiday, just as before he complained that he could not get him to apply himself. Fronto's idea of a holiday[3] was to polish one's self with Plautus, swell one's self with Accius, sooth one's self with Lucretius, fire one's self with Ennius—or, if appetite for such delights failed, at any rate to sleep one's fill.

To fire one's self with Ennius rather than with the "Æneid" or the "Pharsalia," to sooth one's self with Lucretius rather than with Horace or the "Georgics," seems at first sight a singular aspiration, till we remember the French Romanticists of the second generation, few of whom cared to read any work of the *Grand Siècle.* The latest writer he approves is Sallust, Cicero the latest whom he admires—very much upon the usual grounds, only he decidedly prefers[4] his letters to his orations, in which he anticipates the judgment of most modern readers. He complains that Cicero never treats his readers to a new and unexpected word, giving several reasons for the omission: that he did not choose to take the trouble to hunt up such words; that he had a spirit above such niceties; that he was satisfied with a simple and dignified vocabulary. No doubt this is better than to use far-fetched words inappropriately; but what Fronto really likes is a constant stream of far-fetched words

[1] Front. "Ad Marc. Cæs." iii. 16.
[2] Ib. 11.
[3] "De Feriis Alsiensibus," 3.
[4] "Ad M. Ant. Imp." ii. 5.

coming in appropriately, which was also what Théophile Gautier liked—and Fronto knew, like Théophile Gautier, that this could only be got by reading up old literature; no doubt, if a Latin dictionary had existed, it would have been his favorite reading.

The only one of Fronto's numerous works which has reached us in anything like a complete form is his "Correspondence," from which we learn the names of his principal speeches—on behalf of the Bithynians, and of the people of Ptolemais; a speech against Herodes Atticus[1] (M. Aurelius's Greek rhetoric master), and against a certain Pelops, which Sidonius Apollinaris tells us Fronto counted his masterpiece; and a thanksgiving speech in the senate for some favor to Carthage. We have fragments of his historical works, of which the most important was a panegyrical account of the Parthian campaigns of Verus, which is meant to be stately.[2] A modern reader would find the remains rather solemn than impressive. There is nothing characterstic in the author's private correspondence in Greek or Latin except the fact that it is bilingual. One of the correspondents to whom he writes at most length is Appian, a laborious compiler of Roman history in Greek. His letters to Verus, of which we have two books, are chiefly remarkable for their ecstatic loyalty, and those to the elder Antoninus are not remarkable at all. To M. Aurelius there were ten books, five when he was Cæsar, five when he was Augustus; but of the last series only two books have reached us. They are certainly attractive, the affection on both sides is so strong;[3] though Aurelius never thought it worth while to be an orator after Fronto's heart, he was heartily attached to him. His letters show a pathetic endeavor to write in a strain which his master would think pretty; and he is as unfeignedly interested in his

[1] "Ad Marc. Cæs." iii. 3.

[2] It is characteristic of Fronto that *pompaticus* is a word of praise; with him the distinction between "stately" and "pompous" has not yet emerged.

[3] Fronto remarks, "Ad Ver. Imp." ii. 7, that Latin has no word for affectionate (φιλόστοργος), because the thing was so rare at Rome. Marcus quotes the pet word of his master, i. 11.

master's delicate health as his master is interested in his. Both seem to pay the penalty for their uninspired endeavors after perfection, in chronic valetudinarianism, and it is difficult not to smile at the punctilious professor who quotes his old Greek master for a metaphor about the relief of shifting a load, to explain how much easier it is for him to know Faustina is ill than to know that M. Aurelius is ill. Fronto is fond of "images"—so fond that he talks of them in a mongrel dialect of Greek stems and Latin terminations; but there is no trace in his writings that his fondness was prosperous. Perhaps the least unlucky is to be found in the eighth letter of the third book to M. Aurelius, where we have an elaborate description of two islands, of which the larger shields the smaller from the sea. Fronto thinks M. Aurelius will often be able to apply the figure to the relations between the elder Antoninus and himself when he has to return thanks in the Senate.

CHAPTER II.

APULEIUS.

THE style of picturesque and sentimental description which attracted the clumsy ambition of the austere Fronto is not without a real charm in the hands of L. Apuleius, a writer of a younger generation, who is generally thought to have been born in or about A.D. 125, as he was only about twenty-five when he was tried for magic by a philosopher, Claudius Maximus, then proconsul of Africa, whose lectures M. Aurelius had attended. The conclusion is a little uncertain: Apuleius was a great deal younger than his wife, and he said that his wife was forty when he married her; everybody else thought her an old woman of sixty.

He was a native of Madaura, on the border between Gaetulia and Numidia, as Fronto was a native of Cirta, the centre of the most civilized part of Numidia, as Constantine is the centre of the most civilized part of Algiers. He was a franker sophist than Fronto. There were years in his life when, after a sojourn at Athens for the sake of education, he had essayed to establish himself as a pleader in Rome, but he soon found it convenient to make a rich marriage, and come home and speak for glory, not for lucre. All the MSS. of his works describe him as a Platonic philosopher; he boasted himself that he could, by the admission of his enemies, speak equally well in Greek and Latin. He was popular at Carthage, where a statue was voted in his honor, though he had to make a speech in defence of the right to erect the statue, as well as a speech to return thanks for the honor. We do not know whether this statue and others were erected at the expense of Apuleius himself, according to a not uncommon practice.

He seems, in fact, to have lived upon his wife's fortune, de-

voting himself to the business of a popular lecturer, entertaining and instructing the public, and receiving more or less valuable presents from the liberality of his more distinguished hearers. The malice of his wife's family exposed him to a kind of prosecution: he was supposed to have bewitched his wife into marrying him, because there were some suspicions that he was addicted to magic. He took advantage of this to deliver a long harangue upon his own life and virtues, which is all the more comical because throughout the work (much enlarged, like all ancient speeches, in the interval between delivery and publication) the author is careful never to drop the mask of modesty: he would never think of mentioning his own virtues, if it were not necessary to show how incapable he is of crime. There is the same transparent artifice in the flattery of the proconsul Claudius Maximus, which is conveyed by a series of asides. He is asked confidentially to pity the prosecution for their gross ignorance of what every cultivated gentleman knows as a matter of course. The whole procedure seems to have been a comedy on both sides. The speech falls naturally into two parts, and it is only the second which has anything to do with the charge of magic. The prosecution seems to have used this as a peg on which to hang all the disparaging remarks they could think of, about a man whose vanity was obviously vulnerable.

Apuleius quotes them as saying, with a palpable imitation of Calvus, "We have to accuse a handsome philosopher equally eloquent in Greek and Latin." And then Apuleius gravely proceeds to allege that it is no shame to a philosopher to be handsome, and that we have Plato's authority for the beauty of Zeno of Elea; so that if he were the least bit of a dandy there would be no disgrace in it. Not that he himself was ever more than tolerable-looking, even before the continuity of his literary labors "rubbed off all grace from his body, fined away his comeliness, dried up his moisture, turned his color dim, and weakened his vigor." As to his hair, which, if the prosecution were to be believed, he had been vain of, "it was all standing up in a twist and a tangle, just like tow out of a cushion, not trimmed to match, but shaggy, here in a

ball, here in a fuzz, quite past disentangling, having been left so long without smoothing over, and without brushing out or parting."[1] This is probably only half-sincere. The traditional portrait of Apuleius exhibits him with long hair carefully trimmed; and immediately afterwards he replies to the charge of sending a friend some tooth-powder[2] with a copy of verses. The use of tooth-powder certainly in ancient times implied some special care of the person, and the audience probably did not think the laugh wholly on Apuleius's side when he asked if the teeth did not deserve washing as well as the feet, and explained the pains that the crocodile takes to have his teeth cleaned by a river-bird.[3] Equally insincere is the plea for his poetry, which went to the furthest limit of Platonic naughtiness; and Apuleius had to own that he actually possessed a looking-glass, and did not venture to deny that he used it to know what he looked like; for who could be bound to take more pains than a philosopher to maintain a decent appearance at all times.

In the same way he was accused of having too few servants, and answered that this was a glory to a philosopher or to a Roman citizen. Here is a specimen of his praise of poverty: "Poverty was home-bred with philosophy long ago; thrifty, sober, mighty without much, jealous of praise, a weapon against wealth, a safe possession, simple in array, wholesome in counsel; she has puffed up none with haughtiness, corrupted none with insolence, brutalized none by tyranny; she cannot have, and will not have, the delights of the belly: for these crimes, and many more, are familiar to the nurslings of riches."[4] Great crimes are never found among the poor, nor great virtues in wealth. "Poverty, I say, in the ancient ages was foundress of all cities, inventress of all arts, empty of all sins, bountiful of all glory, fulfilled with perfect praise among all nations"—and so on and so on, till one is surprised to be reminded that Claudius Maximus was rich.

When, at last, he comes to the charge of magic, he begins by explaining that magic is only the Persian name for worship, and that Plato thought highly of Zoroaster, and Zamolxis and

[1] "De Mag." iv. [2] Ib. vi. [3] Ib. viii. [4] Ib. xviii.

Orpheus and Epimenides were justly celebrated, so that Apuleius might have come at once to his peroration without risk; but, as he had the right to be as long as his accusers, he goes into the charges in detail. The first was, that he bought up curious kinds of fish, having some curiosity in natural history and comparative anatomy; besides which, there is plenty of literary evidence that herbs of all kinds were much more like magical properties than fish, not that he had ever bought or been able to buy the particular kinds named. Even if the object had been to extract a medicine, the charge of magic would have broken down.

There seems to have been more foundation for another charge. Apuleius was half inclined to think that boys might be made clairvoyant by chanting or perfumes, and he actually tried to cure an epileptic boy by chanting over him. A fit came on, and he was rather, if anything, the worse for the attempted cure, and the prosecution attempted to prove that Apuleius had wanted to train the poor boy for a clairvoyant. It is a sufficient reply that he was not a proper subject for such training, which required perfect health of body and mind. There was another charge about an epileptic woman, whom he had not attempted to treat at all, but had simply inquired whether she suffered from noises in her ears. Both charges are made almost unintelligible by a flow of voluble declamation on the absurdity of supposing that so many as fourteen slaves of Apuleius knew of his alleged magic practices, and of refusing to examine them when produced.

At the same time, Apuleius boasts of his mysticism: he had been initiated in as many mysteries as possible,[1] and had all kinds of mementos of his initiation, which he kept carefully covered up; he was in the habit of worshipping a "King," whom he could not name on any account; he boasts of a public sermon he had delivered in praise of Æsculapius, and explains that his wooden image of Mercury[2] was constructed in strict accordance with the prescriptions of Plato in his latest work, the "Laws." As Mercury was carved out of the sides of a box well fastened together, it is not surprising that the

[1] "De Mag." lv. [2] Ib. lxiii.

prosecution fancied he was a skeleton, especially if the workman had not fastened the different slabs of wood together finally until he had nearly finished his carving.

The latter part of the speech is occupied with a detailed and convincing proof that Apuleius behaved as well as a man who marries a rich woman older than himself could possibly do. He would not allow her to settle more than a fraction of her property on him, and threatened her with divorce if she would not give up her intention of making a will in his favor at the expense of her sons, who had circulated a garbled extract from one of her letters to support the charge that she had been bewitched by Apuleius.

Another public speech of Apuleius which has been preserved in its integrity is an extempore harangue on the "God of Socrates," which is a very instructive document for the history of religion. He lays down a curious compromise between Epicureanism and Platonism. The Highest Gods have no share whatever in regulating the pitiful lot of men, on which Apuleius dilates in his most florid style: speaking of our quick death and doleful lives, our scrupulous worship and insolent contempt of the highest, which the most venerate but not aright, all fear but fail to trust, a few at the expense of piety deny. The special doctrine which he sets himself to preach is that pious people have a close intercourse with their genius. And here he appeals to the notion embedded in popular speech, that every man has his own genius, every woman her own Juno, the consort of Jove. These genii are of two kinds, the bodiless and the embodied, and the former confine their attention to pure souls like that of Socrates. The interest of the work lies in the author's theory of revelation, which turns round to a glorification of prudence and self-control, and finds its highest type in Ulysses, its poetical personification in Minerva. "With her unchangeable company, he drew nigh to all horrors, overcame all adversities. Forsooth, with her aid he entered the caves of the Cyclops, and came out; beheld the oxen of the Sun, and abstained; went down to hell, and came up thence with the same wisdom for guide; sailed past Scylla, and was not snatched up; was swallowed

in Charybdis, and not held fast; drank the cup of Circe, and was not changed; visited the Lotus-eaters, and did not abide; heard the Sirens, and did not draw nigh."[1]

Apuleius followed this up with at least two books on the doctrines of Plato, which are mainly occupied with the exposition of theism. There is no discussion, but the author attempts to parry all difficulties by insisting on the intermediate nature of man, and the responsibility entailed upon him by his free-will; while ignorance is the excuse for a great deal of his imperfections. "Virtue is free and lies in us, and is the proper object of our will; our sins are free no less and lie in us, and yet are not the fruit of that will. For he whom we spake of who has virtue in his eye, when he has thoroughly understood his goodness and the excellency of her kindness, will certainly strain forth unto her, and deem that for her own sake she is good to follow. But as for him who has perceived that vices not only bring disgrace on our repute, but are hurtful otherwise and bring a snare, how can he join himself by choice unto their fellowship?"[2]

There are four kinds of men to be blamed, who turn out to be the same as the timocratical, the oligarchical, the democratical, and the tyrannical men of the republic; and Apuleius comes back to this point in winding up his work. "Moreover, the tyrant, a single individual, arises then when he who hath broken the laws by his own contumacy gets the laws to be partners of like conspiracy, and so invadeth empery, and thenceforth ordaineth that the whole multitude of citizens should be obedient to his desires and covetousness, and order their obeisance unto such an end."[3]

Apuleius himself concluded the matter by a dull dialogue between Asclepius and Hermes Trismegistus, in which there is a great deal about the mystical sanctity of Egypt and the efficacy of enchanted images: while physical philosophy is done justice to by a paraphrase of a work upon the "World" which went under the name of Aristotle. Some other writer, whose work has found its way into most of the MSS. of Apuleius, completes the subject with a treatise upon logic of little

[1] "De Deo. Soc." *fin.* [2] "De Dog. Platt." ii. 15 *init.* [3] Ib. 28; cf. xl. 15.

independent interest, still printed as the third book, "De Dogmate Platonis."

The great work of Apuleius is his "Metamorphoses," which professes to be the autobiography of a certain Lucius, who went on his travels to sow his wild oats, and in the course of a love affair was turned into an ass by a waiting-woman, who intended to help him by turning him into an owl, only unfortunately she used the wrong salve. In his capacity as an ass he was the witness to a good many more or less unseemly love adventures, and overheard the tale of Cupid and Psyche, and travelled with the priests of Cybele; and finally ran away from the games at Corinth, and received a revelation of Isis that, if he ate the rose-wreath out of the hand of her chief priest at the next procession, he would be restored to human form. The chief priest had a revelation too, and gave the poor ass every facility for disenchantment. Of course it followed that Lucius was to be initiated in the mysteries: but he was made to wait, eager as he was, for some little time, until Isis vouchsafed another simultaneous revelation to him and to her chief priest; for the initiation was a death to the old life and a birth to the new, and it would have been perilous sacrilege to venture upon it without a call. By-and-by a few other revelations came to the chief priest and to Lucius that he ought to be initiated in the mysteries of Osiris; he had his head shaved, and appeared in a pure linen dress, and went to a good deal of expense, for all of which he was well repaid by the patronage of the husband and the wife, who favored him abundantly in his practice at the bar.

All this mysticism is at least half sincere; it is quite clear that the author sees and means to show the comic side of it; but there is a very plain contrast between the treatment of the worship of Isis and the worship of Cybele. The priests of Cybele are mere vulgar impostors, whose austerities are only intended to delude the people; who have nothing to teach and nothing that is not shameful to hide; who make a parade of self-torture to provide means for coarse debauchery; while the priests of Isis have the key to the secret of the world. It is quite clear that the same kind of feeling which gathers now

round the devotion to the Madonna had gathered then round the devotion to Isis. The priest, when Lucius recovers his shape, improves the occasion in the most edifying way. "After sharing many and manifold labors, driven by great tempests and exceeding storms of fortune, you are come at last, Lucius, to the haven of quiet and the altar of mercy. Neither your birth, no, nor your rank, and the very learning wherein you abound, could profit you, but in your green and slippery nonage you declined to slavish delights, to receive a luckless reward for unblessed curiosity. Howbeit the blindness of Fortune, while tormenting you with most woful perils, has but led you to this religious blessedness by malice without foresight. Let her go and rage with all her fury, and seek a victim for her cruelty elsewhere. For on such as the majesty of our goddess has laid hold to live her servants, deadly chance cannot prevail. What could robbers, or wild beasts, or slavery, or the changes and chances of most grievous journeyings, or the fear of daily death, profit Fortune in her cruelty? You are taken under the ward of Fortune—who is not blind, for the radiance of the light within her doth illuminate all other gods. Now put on a gladder countenance, which becometh your white habit; accompany the procession of the goddess of deliverance with joyful tread. Let the irreligious see, let them see and behold their error. For behold, Lucius, delivered from his past calamities, and rejoicing in the mighty providence of Isis, triumphs over his fortune! But that you may be the safer and better assured for yourself, give in your name to this holy warfare, for you were summoned but of late to enlist therein; dedicate yourself henceforward to the obedience of our religion, and put on the voluntary yoke of ministry. For when you shall begin to serve the goddess, then you shall gain more enjoyment of your liberty."[1]

Isis herself has proclaimed her titles when she revealed his deliverance to Lucius. "Behold, I am here, Lucius, for your supplications have moved me, who am Nature, the mother of the world, the lady of all elements, the offspring of the beginning of ages, the highest of deities, the queen of spirits,

[1] "Met." xi. 15.

the first in heaven, the unchangeable manifestation of god and goddess, wherefore the brightness of the lights of heaven, the wholesome flowings of the sea, the lamentable silence below, are all ordered at my bidding. And my deity, which is one only, under manifold forms, various rites, and multiplied names, is venerated throughout the world. Among the first-born Phrygians my name is the Lady of Pessinus; among the children of the soil of Attica it is Cecropean Minerva; among the wave-beaten Cypriotes it is Venus of Paphos; among the archers of Crete, Diana Dictynna; in the threefold tongues of Sicily, Proserpine of Styx; at Eleusis, the ancient Ceres; here it is Juno, there Bellona; Hecate with these, Rhamnusia with those; and all they who are enlightened with the beginnings of the rays of the Sun-god, the Æthiopians and Arians and Ægyptians, in the strength of ancient learning, who worship me aright, with ceremonies of mine own, call me by my true name, Isis the Queen."[1]

The same mysticism pervades the tale of Cupid and Psyche, though the allegory which occupies commentators about the soul and eternal beauty is a very secondary object with the writer. He is much more concerned with ordinary pietistic sentimentality about a maiden, of more than human beauty, brought especially near to the jealous gods, tried and failing, and delivered at last with the ease with which gods can do all things. The provocation which made Venus hate her at first is that Psyche was worshipped in her stead. Venus exhales her rage in a purely mythological speech, and asks, as she might have done in Statius, what she had gained by the judgment of Paris. But in fact what Apuleius cares for most is caressing pictures: after Venus has finished a particularly heartless petition that her son will entangle Psyche in the most disgraceful possible love; after kissing her son long and close with greedy kisses, she sought the nearest margin of the wavering shore, and, setting her rosy feet to trample the topmost foam of the quivering billows, alighted at last on the liquid crown of the deep sea, and at the first dawn of her desire, as if her precept had gone forth of old, all the service of

[1] "Met." xi. 5.

the sea is at hand. Then we have all the pomp of Naiads and Tritons simply to escort Venus to Ocean, where she has nothing remarkable to do. When Psyche is carried to her doom, Apuleius spends all his pathos on the nuptial procession, which is also a funeral, and does not attempt any struggle of paternal affection or youthful clinging to life with the harsh decree of destiny. Again, no pains are taken to account for Psyche's yielding to the temptation of her envious sisters, except making her so simple that when she has a secret to keep she tells two incompatible stories to hide it. At last they know enough, knowing that she has never seen her husband, to frighten her with the assertion that her husband is a monstrous serpent; then they "bare the sword of treachery, and smite the timid meditations of the simple lassie." When she is wound up at last to disobey, "she hurries, she delays, dares, trembles, doubts, is angry; and, when all is done, the same body is hateful as a serpent, lovely as a husband." The climax is that she pricks herself before she wakes him with one of his own arrows, after which the fatal drop of oil falls from the lamp and awakens the god; otherwise no mischief would have been done.

There is the same fundamental heartlessness in the treatment of Psyche's subsequent adventures. The cruelty of Venus makes no impression of religious awe, it arouses no thrill of human indignation; one hardly knows whether we are meant to pity Psyche, or to gloat over her sufferings as Apuleius's first readers gloated over the female victims of the arena. At best our minds are divided between the caressing tenderness of the style and curiosity about the matter. It is noticeable that though the author puts the story into the mouth of the housekeeper of a robber's cave, who tells it for the consolation of a captive heiress, he spends the whole treasures of his flowery rhetoric on ornamenting it. He is equally generous to the robbers: they describe the heroism of their fallen comrades in the same lyrical style as that in which Q. Curtius describes the feats of Alexander the Great. There is no connection between the different adventures of Lucius: when the author is tired of one scene of low life, his

unfortunate hero has only to escape into another; he does not even give himself much trouble, after the first, to explain why the ass is never able to munch the roses without the special grace of Isis. Many of the stories which he relates must have been old when he told them: in this he seems inferior to Petronius; on the other hand, it is to be said that his adventures are commonly voluptuous or comic, rather than indecent, in which we may recognize the effects of the improved morality of the age of the Antonines.

There is another curious question about the "Metamorphoses." The main story is very like a Greek work, "Lucius," which has come to us among the works of Lucian: there is the same transformation, not a few of the same adventures, including the hero's drunken onslaught on the wine-skins,[1] which he mistakes for robbers; but there is nothing of the mysticism which abounds in Apuleius, in spite of his irony. There is nothing weirder to be found in the ghostly side of literature than the story of Aristomenes[2] and his companion who had his throat cut in the night by witches, and died next day when the sponge with which the wound was plugged falls out when he stoops to drink. On the other hand, a Chaldæan is ridiculed who arrives after a very bad voyage and makes a great deal of money by promising good success to whoever would pay for his calculations. And the adventure of the wine-skins is treated ironically: it is due, no doubt, to the enchantments of the lady, who turns herself into an owl; but it is also a choice device for the service of the god Laughter, or, as we should say, for "All Fools' Day."

The narrative gives a lively picture of the state of the country parts of the Roman empire. The people outside the towns saw very little of the authorities. It was necessary to travel armed and in large bands, and any such band was liable to be mistaken for brigands, and there were savage affrays, which led to nothing. At the same time it was a great risk to be seen near a dead body, and the most innocent person in such a case had no idea of trusting his innocence. The authorities had the most arbitrary power: for instance, an ædile

[1] "Met." iii. 1–11. [2] Ib. i. 9–19.

could upset a dish of fish in the street and trample it under foot, to punish the fishmonger for overcharging; though it is probably a comic exaggeration to select a dish which a friend had bought and paid for, to teach the lesson.

The "Metamorphoses" are probably the first serious work of the author; they are overloaded with the most curious research, both of epithets and cadences. There is much more liveliness and variety in the speech on Magic, and even in the collection of elegant extracts from less carefully prepared speeches which has reached us under the name of "Florida." The title is elliptical, and would be "Flowery Meadows" at full (for "meadow" was a common name for miscellanies); and the nearest equivalent for it would be "anthology."

The principle of selection is not obvious; one is tempted to think that the author seldom wrote a speech at full-length; there was a skeleton and an ornamental passage here and there, especially an exordium; and probably Apuleius, or some literary executor, simply cut these loose from the skeleton and put them together.

His idea of ornament is to accumulate a number of short and symmetrical clauses as long as possible. The first specimen of all is very typical:

"Ut ferme religiosis viantium moris est, cum aliqui lucus, aut aliqui locus sanctus in via oblatus est, veniam postulare, votum adponere, paulisper adsidere: ita mihi, ingresso sanctissimam istam civitatem, quamquam oppido festinem, præfanda venia, et habenda oratio, et inhibenda properatio est. Neque enim justius religiosam moram viatori objecerit aut ara floribus redimita, aut spelunca frondibus inumbrata, aut quercus cornibus onerata, aut fagus pellibus coronata, vel etiam colliculus sepimine consecratus, vel truncus dolamine effigiatus, vel cæspes libamine fumigatus, vel lapis unguine delibutus. Parva hæc quippe et quamquam paucis percontantibus adorata tamen ignorantibus transcursa."

The author obviously trusted himself to improvise the proof that the city in which he was speaking had more obvious claims upon a passenger than the different wayside sanctuaries, the flower-crowned altar, the cavern with its fringe of

leaves, the mound with the hedge round it to hallow it, the trunk hewn out into the shape of a god, the turf with the libation smoking on it, the stone with the anointing still fresh on it. All such signs, we hear, are little in themselves, and, though the few who inquire into them will worship, those who know nothing may hurry by. Another characteristic trait is "I must hold a speech, and hold in my haste:" the author is fond of suggesting the necessity of verbal distinctions, by putting two closely connected words together so as to give an ignorant or careless hearer the impression of tautology. He is fond, too, of introducing strings of unmistakable distinctions, enumerating, for instance, the technical names of the notes of different birds. This is not the only point in Apuleius which reminds us of the literature of the later middle ages. His ideal of precise propriety of language reminds us of Dame Juliana Berners; his ideal of descriptive eloquence is very like what we find in the latest romances of the "Round Table." In both alike we may trace the ambition of a society which had not attained a full and rational development, and yet had passed into the stage of over-refinement.

Besides the works enumerated, Apuleius wrote voluminous compilations, which have not reached us, upon grammar and agriculture, and paraphrased the "Phædo" and the "Republic," in which last some suspect that he may have imitated Cicero and Aristotle as well as Plato. In addition to these he wrote a collection of jests and questions about banquets, containing such answers as his reading suggested to any question which might turn up at a party. This kind of compilation was always popular, because it enabled a reader to make a display of information where there was an audience to appreciate his knowledge. It is probable, however, that Apuleius came far short of the inexhaustible learning of an Athenæus. In his speeches he shows himself shallow. Of all the ancient authors who have mentioned Alexander's rule of only allowing the first artists to take his portrait, Apuleius is the only one who substitutes Polycletus for Lysippus. This proves that he did not know that Polycletus and Lysippus belonged to separate generations. He had learned a list of eminent

statuaries, and remembered that the name of Polycletus was on it. It is of a piece with this that his philosophical anecdotes, of which there are several in the "Florida," are taken from the same authority as Diogenes Laertius.[1] Nor is he at all strict in construction. One of the longest and most elaborate chapters in the "Florida" begins with a description of Samos, in which the fact that nothing will grow there but olives is twisted into several paradoxes; then we are told that the town is decayed, but that the temple of Juno is celebrated, and rich in offerings of all kinds. There is nothing anywhere that Apuleius admires more than the statue of Bathyllus, the favorite of Polycrates, which was wrongly ascribed to Pythagoras. Then we have an elaborate description of the statue, and an assurance that no philosopher could be the favorite of a tyrant (and apparently the dedication of Polycrates was the one fixed point about the statue), especially a philosopher like Pythagoras, who left Samos when the tyranny was established. Then we have the list of Pythagoras's travels, and his instructors, and his system of instruction, in which Apuleius, whose trade was to talk, naturally lays most stress on the inculcation of silence, and explains that he, for his own part, has learned to speak and be silent in due season.

The next chapter[2] is perhaps a little more methodical, but equally forced in its arrangement. Apuleius has to return thanks for a statue, and to explain why his absence has deferred his thanks. Further, he has to explain why he is bound in courtesy to explain his absence; then he tells a story how a similar honor was paid to Philemon on the occasion of his reading a new play, and this involves a perfunctory analysis of what that author's legitimate, if exaggerated, reputation has to rest upon. After the third act Philemon adjourned the reading, and when his friends met to hear the remainder he did not come; and they found, when they went, that he was just dead. So, when Apuleius was interrupted in a recitation by a shower, he was hindered from resuming it at the time appointed because he had sprained his ankle and shaken himself very badly, and expected, like Philemon, to take to his

[1] "Flor." ii. 15. [2] Ib. iii. 16.

grave rather than his bed. As soon as the hot springs had restored him sufficiently to enable him to hurry to Carthage, he came, though still lame, because the honor, being unasked, was so great as to deserve his utmost gratitude, both to the chief men of Africa who had voted his statue, and the illustrious consular who had stipulated for a good site, on the ground that he intended to put up the statue at his own expense.

It would be unkind to the busy, amiable, estimable man of letters to leave him here. His vanity, if we are to call it so, shows to less disadvantage in this extract:

"Philosophy did not endow me with speech of such a sort as the song which nature grants to certain birds for a short season, as swallows have a matin song, cicalas a noonday song, night-owls a late song, barn-owls an evensong, screech-owls a night song, cocks a dawning song. For all these creatures among themselves strike up and tune up their song by turn; for cocks have a rousing song, screech-owls a doleful song, barn-owls a plaintive song, night-owls a manifold song, cicalas a buzzing song, swallows a very shrill song. But a philosopher's discourse, both inwardly and outwardly, is for its season perpetual, for its learning venerable, and for understanding profitable, and for tune it sings in every key."[1]

"PERVIGILIUM VENERIS."

The most charming work of the African school is a little poem on the "Vigil of Venus," which is full of an exquisite feeling for the new birth of the year in spring. The delicacy of the whole and the exquisite grace of single lines more than atone for the want of order and structure, and for the numerous traces of the degradation of the language. There are repetitions, such as the appearance of Love disarmed, and making holiday among the nymphs of mountain, wood, and fountain; and again, the appearance of Dione on her throne of judgment, with the Graces as her assessors, which almost make one ask whether all the poem is by one hand, or whether it is not the result of some friendly rivalry in improvisation,

[1] "Flor." ii. 13.

which is all the more credible as the trochaic metre chosen is very easy. The meaning of single lines is often as vague as the structure of the whole is loose. What does it mean exactly?—

> Emicant lacrimæ tumentes de caduco pondere
> Gutta præceps arvo parvo sustinet casus suos.

The poet, or the poets, clearly mean that the dewdrop is just ready to fall, and still lingers on the bud; but does the second line mean anything that is not said in the first? And what is meant by a rose putting on the bridal veil? especially as we learn directly afterwards that "Cypris, fashioned of blood and of love's kisses and jewels and flames and the purple of the sun, will deign as a wife may to-morrow to unloose from its one knot the rosy blush which lay hid behind the veil of flame-color;" or what does it mean when the poet bids "Hybla burst the vesture of the flowers through all the plains of Henna?" After this it is comparatively a trifle that the preposition *de* is far on the way to acquire the sense that it has in French, and that we come on a phrase like *De tenente*, which has no analogy in the language of the best authors; for a language has a right to change, but no writer ought to be vague. It is also an abuse of poetical license to represent a wood coming into leaf after the spring rains, as "loosening its locks in the bridal of the showers." The full-grown foliage may possibly be accepted as waving locks which rustle in the wind; but locks must be there before they can be loosed; and the leaves are not there even when they are in the bud. The short imitation of the lecture on the Soul of the World in the Sixth Æneid is stately and glowing; but the real charm of the poem is a soft glow of feeling, which atones for defective meaning as exquisite coloring in a picture atones for defective drawing.

CHAPTER III.

AULUS GELLIUS.

Aulus Gellius, a contemporary of Apuleius, who probably belonged to a slightly later generation, only comes in contact with the African school as one of the numerous hearers of Fronto; and Fronto nowhere names him, so that he cannot have been one of the most distinguished. He shares the literary tastes, but not the literary aims, of his predecessor and contemporary; he is not a stylist, but an antiquary. He was a small official with a turn for reading, who, before he had grown absolutely old, resolved to publish his commonplace book; and, if his business and his duty to his children gave him leave, to continue it as long as he lived. Apparently he did not live long, for the commonplace book was not continued; we have only nineteen books of it, with the author's table of contents to twenty. It is the eighth book that is missing. The author, in his elaborate preface, rather plumes himself upon his modesty. He will not follow the example of those who have published their note-books under the title of "Forests," or "Muses," or "Broidered Robes," or "Cornucopiæ," or "Tablets," or "Meadows," or "My Reading," or "Ancient Readings," or "Anthology," or "Treasure Trove," or "Light on the Subject," or "Patchwork," or "Hotchpotch," or "Helicon or Problems," or "Manuals," or "Stilettos." Some chose the title of "Memorials," or "Pragmatics," or "Incidental Notes," or "Teachers' Manual." Then we have "Natural History," "Miscellaneous History," and the "Meadow" or the "Fruitery." "The Dust-heap" is common enough, and a good many have thought "Moral Letters," or "Questions of Correspondence," or "A Medley of Questions," a good occasion for displaying a surprisingly pretty

wit. As for himself, Aulus Gellius decides upon what he thinks a very modest, homely title, "Attic Nights," because he began them in the long nights of a winter of Attica. He implies that he took less pains than most of his rivals to write prettily, and asserts plainly enough that he took more pains to write usefully. His boast is not confined to his preface. The sixth chapter of the fourteenth book is devoted to ridicule of the follies of contemporary compilers. "A man of our acquaintance, not undistinguished in the pursuit of letters, who had spent great part of his life over books, said, 'I wish to come to the help and improvement of those "Nights" of yours,' and therewith he gave me a book, and a big book, abounding, as he told me himself, with learning of all kinds, which he said he had worked out for himself out of a great deal of varied and out-of-the-way reading, so that I might extract from it as much as I pleased of things worth remembering." Of course Gellius accepted the book eagerly, but when he came to read it he was astonished and disappointed to find nothing but a blank appeal to curiosity. "What was the name of the first person called a grammarian? How many celebrated persons there had been of the name of Pythagoras? How many of the name of Hippocrates? What sort of gallery-door there was in the house of Ulysses, as described by Homer? Why, when Telemachus was lying close to Pisistratus, he roused him with his foot, and not with his hand? How did Euryclea shut up Telemachus? and how is it that the same poet mentions oil of roses and never mentions roses? Then, too, all the names of the companions of Ulysses whom Scylla pulled out of the ship and tore to pieces, were duly written down. There was a discussion whether the wanderings of Ulysses were in the inner sea according to Aristarchus, or the outer sea according to Crates. There, too, was written how many verses there are in Homer where the numerical value of the letters is the same in two lines running, and how many lines there are which fall into acrostics, and the lines where each word is a syllable longer than the line before; and what Homer can have been thinking of when he wrote that all the sheep yeaned three times a year; and whether the golden

plate in the shield of Achilles was the outside or the middle of the five plates of which the shield was made. Besides, there were all the cities and countries whose names have been altered hitherto; one learned that Bœotia used to be called Aonia, and Egypt Aeria, and Crete was called Aeria just like Egypt, and Attica was called Acte and Acta by a poet, and Corinth Ephyra, and Macedonia Emathia, and Thessaly Hæmonia, and Tyre Sarra, and Thrace used to be called Sithon, and Sestos Posidonium. There was all this, and a great deal more of the kind, in that book. So, returning the book with all possible haste, I said, 'I wish you joy, most learned of men, of all your miscellaneous learning. Here is your learning back; unluckily it don't suit my poverty-stricken writings at all. For my "Nights" that you went in for helping and adorning are all concerned with a single verse of Homer, which Socrates always said was what pleased him beyond everything—

The good and evil that you meet at home.'"

In this temper it is natural that Gellius should have confined himself a good deal to compiling; and it is probable that his entire absence of pretension and his rejection of what was useless gave him the same kind of popularity in antiquity which he certainly enjoyed at the revival of letters. There are a great many MSS. of his works, and no old ones: the inference is that he was copied by everybody who could, from the fourteenth century onward, and he was reprinted a dozen times between 1469 and 1500.

In general it may be said that Gellius takes pains to be less petty than his contemporaries; that he is endeavoring to stretch grammar into a liberal education. He is always severe upon the tendency to specialize, and imagines that a really well-informed man ought to understand the whole of life; and, practically, he knows nothing but books, though resolute to make a sensible use of them. He marks a stage which always seems to be reached sooner or later, when books tend in ever-increasing measure to become the absorbing subject of pure literature. When his mind is quite at ease and at leisure (when he is in his litter, for instance, riding off to his

summer holiday), he naturally turns to a purely grammatical question, the different uses of *pro*, and decides, to his great comfort, that they can be explained upon a common principle, and yet are not absolutely identical. One notices the change in some fifty or sixty years from Pliny the Younger, who, when he was at leisure, had nothing to think of but the trivial epigrams which any accomplished nobleman might write when he was idle. He tells a pretty story of Domitius,[1] a learned grammarian who had a reputation at Rome, who was nicknamed the madman: he was by nature rather wilful and quarrelsome, and Gellius's friend Favorinus met him at the temple of Carmenta, and inquired whether *contiones* was the right Latin word for the Greek Δημηγορίαι. Domitius thought that the world was undone if philosophers condescended to grammatical drudgery, and promised Favorinus a book which would answer his question, declining to do so himself because he had higher aspirations. Favorinus remarked that only a man of genius could have been melancholy mad in such a way, and that the rude speech of the grammarian would have been quoted to his glory if he had been a professed philosopher; after which Gellius proceeds to copy some very dull notes from Verrius Flaccus, bearing vaguely upon the question of Favorinus. We have more reason to thank him for a little disquisition on the fashion set by the poets of lengthening *ob* and *sub* when compounded with *jacere* and its derivatives, whence we learn that in spontaneous pronunciation the modified *i* or *i* was not sounded at all, and that it was a positive solecism to sound the *i* in the first syllable of *injicit* long, even when the metre required it. Gellius hardly raised this point for himself.[2] He was indebted to Favorinus for the conjecture that the distinction between *præda* and *manubiæ* lay in this, that *præda* was the booty itself, and *manubiæ* the money derived from it. Indeed, Favorinus seems almost to have deserved the rebuke of Domitius: he was a Gaul of

[1] Gell. "Noct. Att." xviii. 7.

[2] He quotes Sulpicius Apollinaris, iv. 17, as having saved the metre by pronouncing the "i" in *Obicibus ruptis* (Georg. ii. 480) *paullo largius uberiusque* i. q. *obyicibus*.

Arles, and by profession a philosopher; he was also a student of Greek literature, but he was never tired of airing his "superficial" acquaintance with Latin. For instance, when some superficial pretender to antiquarian knowledge was boasting that he was the one man who could explain Sallust, he proved, with a great deal of Socratic display, that the boaster did not understand the hazy antithesis, that it was doubtful whether one of the Catilinarian conspirators was "duller" or "emptier," "*stolidior an vanior.*"

He had rather more success in a Socratic dialogue on the meaning of *penus*, "household stuff," and showed that several high authorities had given confused definitions, while the unlucky disputant had given no definition at all. The scene is laid in the "area of the palace," among a crowd that was waiting to salute Cæsar; and for the most part Gellius entertains us, when he is dramatic, with the talk of loungers in public places, instead of the prolonged discourse of a select coterie in some nobleman's villa or bedroom, which is the scenery of the dialogues of Tacitus and Cicero.

Occasionally Favorinus does get into good society in private: he pays a visit to a distinguished family which a baby has just entered, and preaches[1] a sermon on the duty of mothers to nurse their own children, of which the grandmother strongly disapproves. He philosophizes, too, in an elaborate harangue[2] against the pretensions of the Chaldæans. The temper of the speech is curious, at once rationalistic and pietistic. Favorinus takes most of the objections which a man of science would take (if one could be compelled to discuss the question). He asks how the planets can decide anything at the moment of birth? Is not the moment of conception more important? How is it that many who are born at the same moment under the same planet are so unlike? How is it that if an astrologer can predict the issue of a birth, he cannot predict the issue of a game at dice? If large events are more easily discerned, which of the events of human life can be considered large? and so forth. Lastly, if the planets determine fate, can it be said that every one of the crowd who

[1] Gell. "Noct. Att." xii. 1. [2] Ib. xiv. 1.

perish in a general catastrophe, like a conflagration or an earthquake, was born under the same planet or the same constellations? But, with all this, Favorinus does not presume to emancipate himself from the assumptions of the astrologers: he takes it for granted that the heavenly bodies must, in some way or other, dominate the affairs of our earth. He does not suppose that it is a mere accident when astrologers are right: there is a real connection which the astrologers dimly apprehend; if they could see it clearly they would be as the gods —an hypothesis too shocking to be credible. But Favorinus cannot stick firmly either to science or piety; he goes on to explain that men would be mere puppets, which is contrary to common-sense. After all, the objection to astrology was practical; the young men who haunted the Chaldæans compromised themselves in many ways. Elsewhere Gellius is content to transcribe the Stoic distinctions about fate with very little criticism, almost as if he thought them satisfactory.

Favorinus is the one original feature in Gellius's compilation, and generally appears at the beginning of a book to give a certain show of dramatic liveliness, though Gellius's modesty prevents him from giving this prominent position to a discourse on the duties of a judge. It was a sort of axiom of Roman law to decide cases which turned on a conflict of testimony between the parties, in favor of the defendant; it was an axiom of philosophers in such a case to prefer taking the word of the more respectable of the two. Gellius once had a case of this kind to decide, and adjourned it on purpose to consult Favorinus. The sage told him a good deal about his duty in general, especially as to the question whether the judge was to interrupt the pleaders and show his feeling as the case went on. As to the particular case, he enjoined on him by all means to decide for the plaintiff, who had a good character, against the defendant, who was a rogue. This struck Gellius as too great a responsibility, so he refused to decide at all.

In general Gellius appears as a hearer, not as an actor: on one occasion he found himself in the distinguished society of

Herodes Atticus, who edified him by quoting Epictetus against an insincere young Stoic babbler.

It cannot be denied that Gellius is a little censorious: he likes to correct his predecessors and contemporaries; he sneers at the elder Pliny for some of his stories about the chameleon; he is very angry with the people who express themselves unintelligibly in order to show their knowledge of ancient words; he abuses Seneca for his criticism on Vergil and Ennius; he corrects Verrius Flaccus, whom he often quotes, and oftener follows, for his explanation of Cato. The passage comes in a speech against the monstrous "regiment" of women. A woman brings a big dowry; she keeps back a big sum that she lends to her husband, and then, when she is angry with him, she sends a "receptitious slave" to dun him. Verrius Flaccus held a "receptitious slave" was a good-for-nothing slave—a slave whom the owner had to take back because the buyer found he did not answer the warranty given with him when sold. Gellius, for his part, thought that when the lady kept back her money she kept back the slave too, and that otherwise no slave who did not belong to his mistress's settled estate could be sent on such an errand. It is a very pretty quarrel.

So far as Gellius had a taste of his own, it was for the simplicity of ancient literature: he is fond of giving little excerpts from Claudius Quadrigarius and Piso, as if there were some charm in the bald, transparent sentences. On one occasion he compares the way Claudius aud Livy described the conflict between Corvinus and the gigantic Gaul, very much to the advantage of Claudius. In the same spirit he exults at Cato's speech where he boasted that he had not gone to the expense of having one of his villas plastered and whitewashed, and thinks that such an example would be the most effective medicine for the excesses of his own day, when philosophers on fire with covetousness used to talk of having nothing and wanting nothing when they were as rich as they were greedy.

Gellius himself is not exactly free from hypocrisy: he tells us a very pretty story of what he found in a book that he picked up at a second-hand shop while waiting at Brundisium

—and one may charitably hope he did pick up the book; but the excerpts had been made to his hand by the elder Pliny, a much more laborious and instructive writer.

As to style, Gellius has no pretensions; he is fond of assuring us that he spoils whatever he repeats, especially the Greek harangues of Favorinus, and devotes a whole article to the impossibility of finding a Latin translation, or even a Latin periphrase, for the Greek πολυπραγμοσύνη. He had been reading, he says, Plutarch's treatise against that vice, and when he came to explain the subject gave the impression that it must be a virtue. His chief fault is that he is long and heavy, or else bald and abrupt; his happiest attempts—they are never very happy—are in the way of light, rapid narrative. He translates Herodotus's story of Arion, which he thinks a model in that line, and the introduction is meant to vie with the translation. Still, it may be said that few modern compilers are so uniformly free from cumbrousness, ambiguity, and solecism. The chief signs of the decay of the language are the complete disappearance of harmony and rhythm, and the multiplication of abstract compounds and lengthened forms of words (*cognomentum*), with the occasional intrusion of words like *insubidus*, which properly belong to slang, in an author who keeps up a painful struggle for correctness, and anxiously insists that *dimidius liber* is wrong for half a book, and that it ought to be *dimidiatus*.

PART VIII.

THE BARREN PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

MINUCIUS FELIX.

It is difficult to fix the precise date of the earliest work of Christian Latin literature, the "Octavius" of M. Minucius Felix. The only two data which can be trusted are, that the author seems to write in a time when the Christians, though slandered, were not persecuted, and that the latest scholars agree in thinking that Tertullian imitated and misunderstood him, though the opinion of scholars of the seventeenth century was that he imitated Tertullian. Whether the earlier date or the later be correct, the author seems to belong to the African school; his principal speaker seems to be a provincial governor, who quotes Fronto, certainly as a countryman, perhaps as a contemporary. He describes the idolatry of the day in terms which are a distinct echo of Apuleius. But the scene of the dialogue is laid at Ostia, the speakers are supposed to be domiciled at Rome. Minucius is supposed to be paying a visit to Octavius, an older Christian and the chief speaker in the dialogue; and, as they are walking by the sea one morning, Cæcilius, a pagan friend, salutes an anointed image of Serapis. Octavius reproaches Minucius for leaving Cæcilius in his natural blindness. There is no hint that it would cost Cæcilius dear to have his eyes opened; the author speaks with less fervor of the sufferings of the Christians than the Stoics speak of the sufferings of their representative sages; earnestness is not his strong point. Lactantius praises

him for his work, which shows how much he might have accomplished if he had devoted himself entirely to such subjects. He does not even show any acquaintance with the Scriptures, or imply anything of their authority, or dwell in any way on such doctrines as the Trinity or the Incarnation. Christianity, in his eyes, is a doctrine of exclusive monotheism, without visible symbols, with the promise of the resurrection and the judgment of quick and dead. Probably this very neutrality of tone made his work more effectual in a time of general tolerance, when Christianity might be represented as a sort of continuation of the fashionable liberal Stoicism, only carried out more consistently. Ebert has pointed out that the argument of Octavius is the argument of the Stoic in Cicero's "De Natura Deorum;" while the argument of Cæcilius is the argument of the Academic. As soon as Cæcilius is attacked by Octavius, he begins a curiously modern criticism of Christianity; he objects alike to the creed and to its followers: the creed is objectionable because it professes to be the absolute religion, and every absolute religion is impossible, considering both the frailty of the human intellect and the ordinary sceptical objections drawn from the disproportion between men's lots and their worth. The first proves that no creed ought to be exclusive; the second, that no creed ought to be transcendental: we ought, in fact, to fall back upon "regulative" truth, and be content to know, on historical evidence, that the religious temper, the observance of historical ceremonies, brings good luck, the irreligious temper brings ill luck. As for the Christians, they are ill-bred, paradoxical persons, who are silent in public, and can talk fast enough in corners; who have no fear of death, and a great fear of nothing after they are dead; who deserve the worst that is said about their cannibalism and incest.

Minucius and Octavius do not take all these dreadful charges very seriously. Minucius, who is invited to judge, remarks that Cæcilius is in a better humor when he has said his worst, and Octavius talks of washing away all the bitterness of his revilings with a river of wholesome words. Octavius, who is the most dignified of the three speakers, holding

some provincial government, is not the least shocked at Cæcilius's language; he rebukes him gravely and lengthily for his rhetorical conceit, and then proceeds to reply at about twice the length of his opponent. The scepticism and pessimism of Cæcilius are met, as has been said, on Stoical grounds; his historical piety is derided upon Epicurean and Euhemerist grounds: his criticism of the Christians is met, partly by the ordinary apologetical considerations, and partly by a counter-criticism of philosophers, who are eloquent against their own vices, and borrow without acknowledgment the sublime wisdom of the prophets.

The style of the book is good and natural, though perhaps a little stiff; the description of the holiday at Ostia, during which the conversation is supposed to take place, is more in the manner of the younger Pliny than of Apuleius, whose influence cannot be traced with certainty, for such phrases as *impiatus* and *plurimum quantum* prove nothing. Many authors of our own day, who do not read each other's works, come to coincide in such doubtful phrases as "cultured" and the "converse" of a proposition, where in an earlier, perhaps purer, state of the language it was usual to say "cultivated" and "the contrary."

CHAPTER II.

TERTULLIAN.

An African writer, later by more than one generation than Apuleius, carried spiritual interests further with a more consistent devotion. Q. Septimius Florens Tertullianus wrote almost exclusively on religious subjects; his most nearly secular work was a pamphlet written to defend himself for going against the fashion which was coming up in Carthage of wearing the toga instead of the pallium. Almost throughout the author addresses the whole population upon common grounds, and only just at the close reminds us that the pallium is promoted to higher dignity, since it has become the garment not only of philosophers but of Christians. In the rest of his works he is as thoroughly a Christian as Seneca a philosopher: sometimes he is arguing with pagans, sometimes with lax Christians or heretics; but he always argues, except in the treatise on the Pallium, on distinctly Christian grounds, just as Seneca always argues upon Stoical grounds, whether he is dealing with Stoics or worldlings or Epicureans; and, like Seneca, Tertullian is always anxious to find as much common ground as possible. In another respect he reminds us of Seneca: he shows little trace of either of the reactions which passed over Latin literature after the death of Nero. He writes in short, epigrammatic, elliptical sentences, as if the younger Pliny and his contemporaries had never gone back to Cicero, as if Fronto and Apuleius had never gone back to a language which sought its effects in choice and copious diction rather than in the framework of sentences with all the variations of amplification, antithesis, and emphasis. The obscurity of Tertullian—for he is often obscure—is the obscurity of a barbarizing Tacitus; he has Africanisms like Apuleius,

but he belongs to a different school of literature. He is decidedly the most of a man of letters among the Christian writers; though his taste is not so pure as that of Minucius Felix, his intellectual activity and his interest in his own ingenuity are much keener.

The date of his birth and his death are alike unknown, but most of his writings belong to the decade of the third century. He was an advocate practising in the courts of Carthage, and comparatively late in middle-life he was converted to Christianity, when the churches of the West began to be agitated by the question whether the ecstasies of Phrygian enthusiasts were to be trusted when the ecstatics came into collision with their bishops and the sober majority of the congregations. This led ultimately to complete isolation; after a time it became impossible for those who accepted the revelations to remain in communion with the congregations who rejected them, and the separatist communities thus formed had not power for coherence. "Every one had a revelation," and the Camisards and the Convulsionnaires show that in the latter stages of such movements a competition of incompatible absurdities sets in. Tertullian, like many other less distinguished Montanists, found himself the centre of a small society which had no fellowship with the rest of Christendom, and did not survive him long. It was a natural end, perhaps, for a writer who seriously believed in revelations, "extorted by dry diet"—in other words, the fruit of artificial indigestion, produced by eating food without wine or oil, especially after a fast. The revelations themselves were of the quaintest, as he was aware: for instance, a woman dreamed an angel slapped her bare shoulders, saying they were too pretty to be covered, which proved that it was a religious duty for women to wear veils down to their waists, a proposition more probable than the evidence in support of it.

With all his fanaticism, Tertullian is rational at bottom. Even in such an extreme case as the treatise on the "Soldier's Crown," he only exaggerates a rational principle. It was written in defence of the conduct of a soldier who declined, as a Christian, to wear his decoration at a parade where

decorated soldiers were to attend for reward. He was put under arrest, and the general feeling of Christians was that it was a mistake to compromise the security which had long been enjoyed in Africa by insisting upon taking a strict view of such a trifle. Tertullian's argument is, that Christian practice was against the wearing of such frivolous and idolatrous ornaments, each epithet being justified separately and at length; and that, as Christian practice was not only authoritative (this is made out by a list of obligatory observances of the second century, which had no other authority) but reasonable, it was unworthy of a Christian to conform, even temporarily and under pressure, to a lower standard. It is the same thesis as that which a modern writer has idealized, in a spirited ballad on the private of the Buffs who, being taken prisoner in China, chose to die rather than do obeisance in Chinese fashion. Of course in Tertullian the thesis is overlaid with fantasy. One of the most important arguments why a Christian should not wear a crown is, that idols and corpses are crowned, and a Christian is alive from the dead and has renounced idols. But the feeling that a man who respects himself would not wear a wreath of laurel is modern if not rational, and his whole Montanist writings are a very interesting anticipation of the ascetical and dogmatic theories of modern Ultramontanism. He wished the "spiritual" and the "psychical" to stand side by side in the same church, as "religious" and "secular" stand now. The "religious" standard is always a rebuke to the "secular:" until provoked by contradiction, Tertullian hardly accentuates the rebuke. Again, Tertullian is the only early Christian writer who anticipates the modern feeling that, in a living healthy community, the standard of conduct ought to be constantly rising, the insight which recognizes it constantly growing. And this does not interfere with his theory of tradition; to the last he quotes precedent in favor of his rigorism. The continuity of development is as important as the development itself: the principle of monogamy and his theory of the Trinity both appear in his writings before he was involved in the Montanist controversy; but he professes to have received fresh light upon both from the

revelations of the Paraclete. His attitude to contemporary ecclesiastical authority is very like that of the Jansenists: he is loath to submit and loath to separate, and anxious to support the authorities so far as he approves of them. Like the Jansenists, he lives in an atmosphere of controversy. There are two or three treatises on Prayer, on Baptism, on Penitence, a letter to the Martyrs, which may be regarded as works of simple edification; but he likes best to refute and rebuke. The first part of the work addressed to his wife is a warning against marrying again; the second is a warning against marrying a heathen. Perhaps the treatise to a friend who had lost his wife is less controversial in tone than its successor. In the first he only recommends celibacy to widowers; in the second he puts the psychical on the same low level as the heretics — the one forbids marriage, and the others accumulate marriages. The earlier work is more original. "In a second marriage the same husband is haunted by two wives, one in the spirit, one in the flesh, for you will find it beyond your power to hate the first; nay, rather you nurse the pious side of love for her, for she is taken home to God already; for her spirit you entreat, for her year by year you pay your offerings. So you will stand before God with as many wives as you mention in your prayers, and make your offering for two by the hands of a priesthood ordained in monogamy, or even consecrated from virginity, with a train of maidens and wives of one husband; and your sacrifice will go up without a blush? and among your other pious intentions you will entreat for your wife and you the gift of chastity?"[1] Then come the pleas in favor of second marriage: a man wants help; there is the house to manage, the household to keep in order, keys and coffers to be looked after, spinning to be given out, meals to be got ready, and the like. Tertullian asks, "How do eunuchs and travellers and soldiers manage? A Christian is a soldier and a stranger upon earth. Besides, if he must have a housekeeper, let him take an elderly widow or two for charity. But Christians hanker after posterity, though a Christian has no morrow. Is

[1] Tert. "De Exhort. Castit." 11.

a servant of God to crave for heirs who has chosen to have no heritage in this world? Is that a reason to go back to wedlock if he lack children from the first? Is his first reward to be a wish to live longer in a world whence apostles make haste to the Lord? Doubtless he will be readiest in persecution, most steadfast in martyrdom, blithest in almsgiving, most sober in getting, who can die easy because he leaves children to offer heathen rites at his grave. Or must we think men do the like out of foresight for the common good, lest cities be desolate if their offspring fail; lest law and right and commerce fall to pieces; lest the temples be left empty; lest there should be a lack of voices to shout 'The Christians to the lions!' Those who seek sons must love the sound."[1] Then he explains how troublesome children are, especially to Christian parents, and how necessary laws were to make wise men burden themselves with a family. In fact, Tertullian is a thorough pessimist, impatient for the end of the world; he cannot, writing as a Christian to Christians on Prayer, understand how any one can pray that the world may last, though when he writes to heathens he is careful to explain that Christians pray, in a sense, for the preservation of the emperors and the empire because this delays the death-agony of the world. He does not realize how much ill-will the Christians inevitably incurred by their eschatology. A community which looked to triumph in the destruction of all mankind beside could not but be unpopular, and Tertullian has no expectation of the conversion of the empire. Otherwise, his criticism of persecution is much more telling than his criticism of paganism. Like almost all apologists, he goes over the weary round of the immoralities of Olympus and the absurdity of worshipping the dead, for of course he finds Euhemerus absolutely convincing, and is at pains to collect the testimony of historians who had adopted his doctrine, so far as the birth of the gods was concerned. He anticipates St. Augustine in a special attack on the religion of the nursery,[2] which they knew from Varro, where everything that went on was under the patronage of a special deity.

[1] Tert. "De Exhort. Castit." 12.

[2] "Ad Nat." ii. 14.

When a child began to crawl, there was a goddess to protect it; there was another to protect it when it went up to any one, and yet another to guard it when it went away; another to bring it home—to say nothing of all the long list of the gods and goddesses of the bridal night.

But he hits harder when he explains how unreasonable it was to extort confessions of all other crimes by torture, while torture was applied to induce those accused of the imaginary crime of Christianity to retract their confessions.[1] Again, he is very effective in pressing that the charges of cannibalism and incest should either be proved or withdrawn: they were not true of the Christians; they were probably true of some of the Gnostics, who, when taxed with being Christians, were ready to disavow the charge; and this accounts for the persistence of a charge that could not be made good. A completer victory is the appeal to the moral change which followed conversion. "You are wont to say to us, 'Lucius Titius is a good man, only he's a Christian;' and another, 'For my part, I wonder at a respectable man like Gaius Seius turning Christian.' Fools and blind, they praise that they know, they mock at that they know not, and that they know not pollutes that they know. None has wit to guess: 'Haply one may be good and prudent just by being a Christian, or a Christian just by being prudent and good,' though it is more equitable to let what is clear decide what is hidden, than to let what is hidden decide what is clear. They know some who before they bore this name were rogues and vagabonds of no account; suddenly they wonder at their reformation, yet they wonder rather than profit. Others are so stiff against us as to fight against their own advantage, which they might take by intercourse with people of that name. I know more than one husband anxious heretofore about his wife's character, and groaning jealously at the sound of a mouse creeping into her bower, who, when he knew the cause of her new diligence, of her unwonted tameness, presently became most accommodating to his wife, and forswore his jealousy: forsooth, he had rather be the husband of a drab than of a Christian; he had a right to

[1] "Ap." 2; "Ad Nat." ii. 14.

change his nature for the worse, his wife had none to mend for the better. A father has disinherited his son when he had no more reason to complain of him; a master has sent a slave otherwise indispensable to the dungeon. Whoever finds a Christian would rather find a criminal. For the training is sure to betray itself; our good comes to light against us. If there is a halo of evil round the evil, why, against the common teaching of nature, should goodness brand us, and us only, worst of all? For what marks do we bear upon us but, firstly, wisdom, whereby we give no worship to men's trumpery handiwork; then abstinence, whereby we keep our hands from other men's goods; modesty, which we will not pollute by a look; pity, which inclines us to the needy; ay, and truth, whereby we give offence; ay, and freedom, for which we have learned to die?" [1]

The most philosophical of the apologetical writings is the "Testimony of the Soul," which treats Christianity practically as a republication of the two cardinal articles of the "Natural Religion" of the eighteenth century, monotheism, and a future state of rewards and punishments; and when we once admit this point of view, the argument from the tacit consent of the old world is very well put. It is characteristic that Tertullian repudiates the parade of poets and philosophers in which so many fathers indulge. He says he wants the soul, not as she is found in schools, drilled in libraries to pour out wisdom won in the Academy and the Porch at Athens. He appeals to her, simple and rude and unpolished and unprofessional, such as they have who have her and no more—just the soul, with nothing in her beyond the cross-ways and the finger-posts and the loom. He wants her ignorance, since the little she knows can find no credit. He wants her testimony to what she brings with her into man, what she has learned inwardly either from herself or from her maker, be he who he may. The main argument of the treatise is to be found in Minucius Felix, who is generally accepted as a predecessor of Tertullian. Tertullian has added immensely to its force by isolating it: the vulgar, popular opinion embodied in current language is

[1] "Ad Nat." i. 4.

certainly a vague approximation to Christian doctrine. The weakest point is the attempt to deduce the natural pity for the dead from fear of an anticipated judgment, though, as Tertullian and his readers both agree in thinking that the evils of life outweigh the good, the obvious meaning of this pity is obscured.

The treatise on the Soul itself belongs to one of the most tantalizing classes of literature: the author argues, with the utmost force, vigor, and acuteness, in support of a thesis which has no permanent interest and value. He wishes to prove that the soul is material and separable from the body, in large measure because he wishes that even before the resurrection it should be capable of physical pain. His analysis of the theory that a purely immaterial soul, the soul of the "Phædo" and other Platonic dialogues, which has everything to gain and nothing to lose by its severance from the body, can have any real perception of material things, is very masterly.[1] Equally good is the discussion of Marcion's theory of a supreme goodness which delivers the creatures of an inferior creator from his harsh bondage. He shows clearly that the creator must always have rights over his creatures, especially as Marcion, as a rule, considers the creator to be just. He shows what an unsatisfactory object of worship Marcion has to offer in the irresponsible, unqualified benevolence which does nothing for men in this life, and only admits them capriciously to eternal life on condition of a mystical intuition not within reach of all.[2] The discussion on the Old and New Testament, which takes up the greater part of the treatise, is effective, but very tedious for readers who assume the continuity of Scripture. The same may be said of the elaborate treatise against the Valentinians, though there is grim humor in the comparison of the upper world of Valentinus to a Roman lodging-house, with the difference that the most dignified lodgers were highest up.[3] And the personalities are the best part of the pamphlet against Hermogenes, a painter, who gained some temporary notoriety by deducing the eternity of the world, or at any rate of matter, from the scriptural epithets

[1] "De Anima," 18. [2] "Adv. Marc." i. 9 sqq. [3] "Adv. Valentinianos," 7.

which represent God as the Lord. The wittiest of Tertullian's works against the Gnostics is that in which he treats them as scorpions, to be crushed for their poisonous insinuations that it was lawful to avoid persecution by denying the faith. The close deals with the ingenious hypothesis that the "men" before whom Christ is to be confessed are the true men of Gnostic mythology, since the earthly men before whom he may be denied are "worms, and no men." If so, asks Tertullian, will the consequences of confession be the same? Will the Christians who confess be racked upon the axis of the heavens, and be thrown to the beasts of the zodiac? If so, is it not better to confess on earth, if only for practice?[1]

The weightiest of his works against the Gnostics is the well-known "De Præscriptione Hereticorum," which involves a technicality borrowed from his old profession as an advocate. The argument is that the orthodox have a prescriptive right to debar heretics from establishing their novel doctrines by mystical interpretations of Scripture. Except in form the argument is taken from St. Irenæus, who proves quite as forcibly that theories which formed no part of the common tradition of apostolical churches could not belong to apostolical Christianity. But his argument, like that of Minucius Felix, becomes more brilliant and pointed in the hands of Tertullian, who was not ashamed to show the fear he felt of indiscriminate appeals to Scripture. The orthodox believed, very largely, because they had been taught to find the whole of their belief in every part of the Old Testament by a process which did not differ materially from that by which the Gnostics found the whole of their belief in every part of the New Testament where they chose to look for it. Accordingly Tertullian suggests that those who must study, and cannot rest content with bare tradition, should go from one apostolic church to another in order to confirm their faith, instead of imperilling it by solitary study of the Scriptures. He ceased to fear this as a Montanist, for the "Revelations of the Paraclete" at once supplied a rule of interpretation and a supplement.

Though austere and passionate, Tertullian is not rigid. It

[1] "Cont. Gnost. Scorp." 10.

is a very instructive measure of his versatility to turn from the fiery tract upon the Spectacles, where, with his usual originality (no Christian writer before or after said the like), he gloats over the prospect of the torments of the heathen—a much finer spectacle than any which the torments of Christians have furnished on earth—or from the shrewd, strict logic of the tract against flight in persecution, where believers are warned very sensibly of the folly of paying hush-money, to the daring, adroit good-nature of the memorial to Scapula, a new governor of Africa, who had, on entering the province, to determine, among other things, how he would treat the Christians. The laws under which Christians could be persecuted left the judge a large discretion, as he had to decide whether the prosecution in each case was *bona fide*, just as in the parallel case of the laws of high-treason. Accordingly, without attempting to convert Scapula, Tertullian argues the matter on general grounds of toleration. The Christians were too numerous to be extirpated; no man ought to be molested for conscientious convictions; the gods ought to be left by their worshippers to punish blasphemy for themselves. The Christians were loyal as a matter of fact, and had not been implicated, either as a class or as individuals, in the wars of succession which followed the death of Commodus. As to the charge that they brought bad luck upon the empire (which probably had more to do with persecution than anything else), Tertullian replies that their supplications had often been effectual in time of drought and pestilence, and he does not omit to remind Scapula of all the instances which the Christians had collected already of persecution bringing ill-luck to the persecutors, some of whom were brought by suffering to the verge of belief. It is noticeable how boldly in his writings to the heathen Tertullian appeals to the most questionable facts, such as the imaginary edict of toleration of the elder Antoninus, the worship of Simon Magus at Rome, and the proposal of Tiberius to establish the worship of Christ as a deified hero. Apparently he believed them and expected to be believed, and it cannot be said that his writings were only nominally intended for the heathen, since he certainly writes,

upon the whole, more clearly and carefully in the books meant for a wider audience than the Christian community supplied.

He even attempted the flowery style of Apuleius in more than one prelude : for instance, in the preface to the "Pallium," where the system of couplets is pursued for five or six lines. It is true that there is as much display in the treatise on Chastity. But this was a manifesto in reply to a very important decision of the Roman see, which involved a real change in ecclesiastical discipline. Tertullian goes carefully through the arguments of the party of lenity, but he nowhere mentions that they claimed to be continuing the ancient discipline. The ancient discipline restored penitents to communion after venial sins, such as drunkenness, fits of passion, lying out of civility or cowardice, unintentional blasphemy, or even denial of the faith when pressed by a zealous and troublesome pagan. St. Callistus had made a great step ; he had decided to admit Christians to communion even after fornication and adultery, and Tertullian's strongest argument is that he might as well go further and proclaim that Christians might be absolved though they fell into murder or idolatry, especially as a Christian who fell into idolatry never fell willingly—he was a confessor who had broken down.

The reply was, after all, ineffective: even the Montanist prophets and prophetesses felt that the Church had power to absolve. The question really was one of expediency, whether lenity was more likely than severity to reform offenders ; for it was admitted on both hands that no penitent offender was cut off from hope of salvation, and therefore it could not be denied that it lay in the discretion of the Church to give or withhold Church privileges ; and Tertullian is reduced to argue that the stricter discipline is really the kinder ; that it is better for such sinners to blush before the Church than to communicate with her ; that her intercession helps them more than her absolution ; and here, as often, Tertullian becomes more tender as he becomes more austere. Perhaps the two qualities are most closely united in the two treatises on Women's Dress. He alternately taunts them with the transgression of Eve and with the want of rational occasions to dis-

play the finery that they continued to cherish, and caresses them as his dear sisters and fellow-servants, apologizing for his presumption in advising them; and there are all sorts of pathetic hints about the possibilities of persecution. How will the feet that are used to bangles bear the stocks, or wrists that are used to the play of bracelets bear the numbing pressure of manacles?

Here, too, one doubts whether the different transcendental grounds of penitence, humility, and austerity, which Tertullian argues upon, express his fundamental feeling. His chief care seems to be for entire modesty, the absence of display as a matter of human dignity; his dislike to ornament of all kinds as a means of attracting attention is at most an exaggerated anticipation of the modern demand for simplicity, as indispensable to a gentleman and very desirable for a lady. In the same way he insists in one of his most mystical works, on the Veiling of Virgins, that every virgin—at least every consecrated virgin—ought to wear a veil, like a matron, for many reasons of sentiment and Scripture; but, after all, we do not get far beyond the starting-point, that it is unseemly for elderly women to make it a religious privilege to dress like young girls, and that, if it was part of the tradition of the Church for the younger virgins to go unveiled, it was clear the tradition was not binding beyond repeal, since it was now proposed to make a universal rule of the practice of the young. Principle, according to Tertullian, is a better rule than custom, and the authority of the Paraclete ought to enforce or to override the general judgment of the present Church. His devotion to progress and principle is remarkable in a writer whose sympathies are so narrow; and here, too, we are reminded of Seneca, only Seneca looks to progress throughout the world, whereas Tertullian looks to progress within the limits of the Church. Even this distinction is more apparent than real, for both the philosopher and the theologian practically divide the world and the Church between the spiritual and the natural, and are not concerned with the transition from one to the other.

There is one other characteristic of Tertullian which calls

for notice. He is not only a very bitter but a very fair controversialist; he always states the case of opponents as forcibly as he can, and he feels it strongly enough to state it forcibly; and his perception gives a constant air of paradox to his style. He states his view that martyrdom is victory all the more strongly because he has to admit that Christians, like other men, naturally prefer to be left in peace. He is not insensible to the taunts which branded Christian endurance as barren obstinacy, so he rolls up a long list of triumphs of pagan endurance to prove that pagans are as obstinate as Christians. But it was the conflict with Gnosticism which brought out Tertullian's turn for paradox most strongly: the pagans criticised Christianity on points where Tertullian felt that Christian life was strong, the Gnostics criticised orthodoxy on points where he felt that human reason was weak; he could defend the general Resurrection more easily against unbelievers than he could defend the Incarnation and the Passion against heretics. It is this subject which extorts the original of the often-quoted phrase *Credo quia impossibile est*, which Tertullian never wrote. The original is startling enough:[1] "Whatever is unworthy of God is profitable to me. I am safe if I am not abashed for my Lord. He saith, Who shall be abashed for me I also will be abashed for him. Nowhere else do I find whereat to be abashed: somewhat to approve me one above blushing with goodly shamelessness and happy folly. The Son of God was born of woman; it shames me not because it is shameful. The Son of God died; it is right credible because it is silly—and being buried rose again—certain because impossible." But the triumph over reason is still incomplete. In his controversy with Praxeas he turns to the point that orthodoxy strains belief less than heresy.[2] "What shall we say of the doctrine that God Almighty, the great, the invisible, whom no man hath seen or can see, he who dwelleth in light unapproachable, he who dwelleth not in temples made with hands; before whose countenance the earth trembles and is moved, and the mountains melt like wax; who taketh up the whole world in his hand like a nest; whose throne is heaven

[1] "De Carne Christi," 5. [2] "Adv. Prax." 16.

and earth his footstool; in whom is all place and he beyond; who is the uttermost bound of the universe—that he, the Most High, walked in Paradise at eventide, seeking for Adam; and shut the ark when Noah was gone in, and rested under the oak with Abraham, and called out of the bush to Moses, and was seen the fourth in the furnace of the King of Babylon, though he is called the Son of Man — except this was all in an image and a mirror and a mystery? Surely that even of the Son of God these things should not be believed except they were written, and perchance not believed though written of the Father, whom they [the school of Praxeas] bring down into the womb of Mary, and shut up again in the monument of Joseph."

CHAPTER III.

ST. CYPRIAN.

ST. CYPRIAN'S literary activity was limited to about a dozen years. He suffered martyrdom in 258, and his earliest work is dated A.D. 246. He is a clear and forcible writer, but not as original as Tertullian, to whom he is much indebted. It is an old legend that his habitual way of asking for his copy of Tertullian was, *Cedo magistrum*—"The master, please." He follows all Tertullian's ideas—his pessimism, his austerity, his horror of heresy, his enthusiasm for death; he adds nothing of his own except sanity and moderation and consistency. Even in consistency the author is scarcely perfect. We are told when the writer is advocating the works of mercy, that the alms-deeds of Dorcas earned her recall to life; when he is consoling the Christians who were not exempt from the chronic pestilence which raged for many years in Africa,[1] he insists that death is a good to the true believer, and waxes sarcastic at the fact that believers shrank from death. It seems there was a bishop dying of the plague, and he prayed for time to prepare himself, and in his sleep had a vision of a glorious and terrible young man, who stood over him and said, "If you fear to suffer and are not willing to depart, what is it I shall do for you?" As the bishop died soon after, St. Cyprian feels that the rebuke was intended for survivors. It is characteristic of the difference between him and Tertullian, that while Tertullian thinks it a disgrace, or something like it, for a Christian to die by a slow, easy fever, St. Cyprian rebukes the impatience of those who would rebel against a foul and horrible pestilence, because it interfered with the chance

[1] Because sewers had not kept pace with amphitheatres or even aqueducts?

of martyrdom. In the writer's view there was no reason to be shocked at these horrors, since the world was irretrievably bad. There is much less parade of loyalty than in Tertullian, who lived nearer the days when the empire had unmistakably deserved it, and might still expect that the empire would come to deserve it again.

The contrast goes deeper. St. Cyprian, on his conversion, attained perfect inward peace and self-complacency. He tells us himself that he had a great many excesses to repent, and this is supported to some slight extent by the tradition which makes him a magician anxious to bewitch a consecrated virgin upon any terms.[1]

However this may be, he had resolution enough to turn over a new leaf completely and at once. His deacon and biographer, Pontius, assures us that he embraced continence even before he was baptized, and on his baptism, in which he enjoyed a sensible illumination, edified and astonished the faithful by a complete renunciation of his property, which he sold for the benefit of the community he joined. It seems that the sacrifice was less complete than he intended, as the purchasers restored him the usufruct.

His conversion was the expression of the pessimism of a man who wishes for a more regular life, and has to change his theory of the universe to attain it. His first work was a letter to one Donatus, a fellow-convert, to whom he confides his indictment against the world. He begins with a philippic against the growth of vulgar crimes and vices; then he dilates on the miseries and turpitudes of what passes for being respectable and glorious. The advocate will sell his client, and the judge will sell his sentence. The official ruins himself by splendid shows, and the rich always know that they may be ruined by calumny. No one is secure in any station, and the emperor who is most feared has most to fear. Nothing but a belief in the inalienable favor of the Highest can give real peace. Throughout the author hardly argues; he makes assertions which he leaves to be tested by an appeal

[1] There is no evidence that the legend of Cyprian of Antioch either distinguished or confounded him with Cyprian of Carthage.

to experience. He has not the keen sense of the objections to his system which we find in Minucius Felix and even in Tertullian. In his reply to Demetrius or Demetrianus (we do not know whether he was a proconsul or a pamphleteer) he takes for granted that the world is going from bad to worse, as Demetrius alleges; but he denies that it is the Christians' fault.[1]

"You are puffed with pride, or greedy with avarice, or cruel with wrath, or wasteful with gaming, or staggering with wine, or envious with blue malice, or polluted by lust, or violent with cruelty, and you marvel that God's anger grows into punishments upon the race of man when what is matter for punishment is growing day by day. You complain that foes arise, as though, if there were no enemy, there were room for peace among togas of our own; as though, even if warfare and perils from barbarians without be put down, there were no weapons of home-bred assault raging more fiercely and grievously from within by reason of calumnies and injuries of powerful citizens. You complain of barrenness and famine, as if drought caused more famine than greed; as though forestalling the rise in corn and the growth of prices did not make the furnace of distress grow hotter. You complain that rain is shut up in heaven when granaries are thus shut up on earth. You complain that earth bears less, as though what she bears were not denied to those who lack. You make a crime of pestilence and plague, whereas plague and pestilence serve to reveal or increase the crimes of individuals, who neither show mercy to the sick, nor refrain from letting rapine and avarice loose upon the dead, whose succession is at the mercy of sycophants. All such are cowards in the obedience of piety, rash in covetousness of impiety, fleeing from the burials of men dying, turning upon the spoils of men dead, to make it plain that haply the poor souls were forsaken in their sickness to this end that they should not be able to escape by fitting care, for he was minded that the sick should perish who enters upon the heritage of the perishing."

The conclusion of the matter is, that St. Cyprian warns his

[1] "Ad. Dem." 10.

readers:[1] "Take heed, therefore, while time serves, to true and everlasting salvation; forasmuch as the end of the world is now at hand, turn your mind to God in the fear of God, and take no pleasure in this life, in that wanton and vain lordship over the righteous and meek, since we see in the field that tares and wild oats lord it over well-tilled and fertile wheat. Do not say that evils befall because your gods have no worship from us; but know that this is the judgment of God upon you, that since you discern him not by his benefits, you may discern him by his wrath. Seek God, however late, since he exhorts you long ago by his prophets, saying, Seek God and your soul shall live. . . .

"What shall be the glory of faith and the doom of faithlessness when the day of judgment shall come? What gladness of believers, what sorrow of the faithless, who have refused to believe this in time, and are unable to come back to belief! For the ever-burning Gehenna will consume its prey, and the ravenous torment will feed upon the guilty with undying flames: and there will be no place where the torments shall have rest or end."

He insists throughout his treatise on the Plague that the visitation is not a sign of wrath upon the Christians, though they are not exempt, and that it is a sign of wrath upon the heathen; and naturally the argument is not free from confusion. It may be said that he has not Tertullian's energetic sense of the worth of temporal order: he does not think that the great obstacle to the conversion of the emperors is that the world could not exist without the empire. His temper is much more cheerful and equable than his master's, and his pessimism was much more thoroughgoing, inasmuch as he lived in the unhappy age of Decius and Valerian instead of the prosperous though stormy age of Severus. He even exceeds the severity of his master in dealing with the dress of consecrated virgins. Tertullian insists on a veil as a badge of modesty appropriate to all grown-up women, while St. Cyprian is engaged in a crusade against all forms of personal vanity, which not unfrequently developed themselves more

[1] "Ad. Dem." 23.

freely in those who naturally were somewhat self-absorbed (it is worth notice that St. Theresa, B. Margaret Mary Alacoque, and Catharine Emmerich were all naturally dressy), and the author is not afraid of pressing his point by the severest imputations.

He follows Tertullian without exaggeration in the two treatises on Patience, and Zeal and Envy, both of which are devoted to enforcing peace upon the members of a community apt to be jealous and censorious in proportion to their earnestness and to the dangers to which they were exposed. This tendency was not lessened by the recurring outbreaks of persecution, which were inspired now by the fitful energy of the government, now by the irritability of the public, who, when things went wrong, were always in search of victims. Of course, as the old institutions continued to go to pieces, an increasing number of persons, of weak and uncertain character, sought the shelter of the new faith; and in time of trouble many of these gave way.

St. Cyprian, it is not too much to say, owes his place in ecclesiastical history, which is much higher than his place in ecclesiastical literature, to his dealing with the Lapsed and the Baptism of Heretics, which between them fill the greater part of his occasional writings. We have an eloquent cento of passages from the Bible, divided into three books, under the title of "Exhortation to Martyrdom," written to sustain his flock, from his retreat during the Decian persecution. But it does not seem to have been very effective; the weak made all sorts of compromises; some apostatized at the first proclamation, probably not thinking the comfort of their new creed worth keeping at the risk of torture, ruin, and death; some went to the authorities and pleaded their conscientious objections to comply with the edict, after which some money passed, with the result that they had the credit in public of having denied the Lord, whom they had confessed in private. Sometimes they approached the altar and were allowed to retire without sacrificing; sometimes they took a certificate that they had sacrificed, or, if more scrupulous, a certificate of indemnity—from one or other the class were named Libella-

tics; others, again, complied with the edict, in order to save their families and dependants from molestation; some, whose case St. Cyprian thought best of all, actually confessed and broke down under torture. Almost all intended to reconcile themselves with the Church when the persecution should be over, and almost all prepared the way for a reconciliation by effusive attentions to those who had stood where they had fallen. Then the confessors (who were for the time being nearly the only official representatives of the Church who could be consulted without danger to themselves) gave the penitents letters of peace; then, when the Church was free to meet again, its doors were besieged by a crowd of suppliants for indiscriminate pardon. Their prayers encountered no obstacle except from rigorists who wished to exclude them for life from Christian fellowship, until St. Cyprian gained a complete victory over both rigorism and laxity, and established the principle that each case should be judged on its merits by the bishop and presbyters, subject to the assent of the congregation. The task was difficult, because personal ambitions, especially among the richer members of the community, availed themselves of the question of principle on either side, and the confessors were by no means always willing to surrender the prerogative they had been used to exercise. It is clear that a good deal of diplomacy was necessary, and sometimes, perhaps, penitents owed their restoration to their submissiveness at least as much as to their sorrow. One correspondence is very curious. Celerinus writes to intercede for a sister, who had compromised herself almost involuntarily, and had been already admitted to "peace" by an enterprising confessor. The upshot of it was that the confessor finally found himself a schismatic, while Celerinus not only saw his sister restored to communion, but was himself promoted to the rank of deacon, with the promise of rising to be presbyter.

On the question of the rebaptism of heretics, St. Cyprian's correspondence is less interesting. He seems to have carried Africa with him without an effort, only to come into collision with Rome. Throughout his career he had been in close connection with Rome; he had supported Cornelius against

Novatian, who, according to his own account, was consecrated against his will by the rigorist party; he had needed and found the support of his own clergy when the clergy of Rome were inclined to censure him for his retreat from persecution; he had written a famous work on the Unity of the Church, which lent itself very naturally to interpolation in the interests of the Papacy. But when St. Stephen attempted to overrule the Bishop of Carthage, supported by the Synod of Africa, he refused to yield a hair's-breadth; and in that generation it certainly seemed as if the choice lay between principle and expediency: nothing was said on the Roman side to balance the aphorism, varied in so many forms, that only the one Church which can give salvation can give the new birth.

The only work of St. Cyprian which has been left unnoticed is an elaborate argument from Scripture against the Jews, whose claims had something of the effect in keeping waverers back from Christianity which the claims of Constantinople have upon those modern Christians who are or might be inclined to acknowledge the claims of Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

MINOR WRITERS.

JULIUS SOLINUS.

THE period in which St. Cyprian wrote was otherwise very barren from almost every point of view; it was a time of general public calamity, and in no department of literature was there a single memorable work. The age of the great jurists was over. Ulpianus, the last and by no means the greatest, was prætorian prefect to Alexander Severus, as Papinianus, a greater than he, had been prætorian prefect under Severus and Caracalla, while Gaius, whose Institutes were the foundation of all that came after, had not the right of giving opinions. Of course, when the first lawyer of the day was prætorian prefect, which practically meant being prime-minister, there was nothing for other jurists to do; and in a revolutionary state of things, when most prime-ministers, like both Papinian and Ulpian, were liable to be dismissed from office by a violent death, obviously knowledge of law was not likely to continue to bring a man to be prime-minister. The elaboration of Roman law as a science and a fine art practically came to a standstill with the death of Alexander Severus. What remained to be undertaken when better times made it possible was to reduce the whole to one body, which could be consecutively taught, and to fuse the results of imperial legislation with those of republican judges and imperialist text-writers into one coherent whole.

Absolutely the only important prose work of the period of Valerian and Gallienus which has reached us, the only work which seems to have attained any celebrity, is the work of Julius Solinus on Memorable Things. In the middle ages this work was very popular, and as early as the sixth century

it had received a second title, "Polyhistor," which, as time went on, came to pass for the name of the author. He had done nothing but excerpt an abridgment of Pliny's "Natural History," which was also used and abused by Apuleius and Ammianus Marcellinus. His style, without being ridiculous or unintelligible, is rather empty and pretentious; but the excerptor had the advantage of being short and readable.

Three quarters of his work, which in Mommsen's edition contains 231 octavo pages, and consists of fifty-six chapters, are taken from Pliny, whom he did not always understand. In addition to Pliny, he used some good chronography of an author who was familiar with Verrius Flaccus and Varro, and is plausibly identified with Cornelius Bocchus, whom Pliny seems to have used for other purposes; also a "Chorographia Pliniana," in which the geographical information was methodically digested, and the geography of Pomponius Mela. The excerptor made no use of the chronography after the tenth chapter, but he continued to use Mela as far as the 206th page, and the Chorographia up to the 208th; his use of it can be traced by quotations from authors whom Pliny does not name. The excerptor intended to arrange the whole of the essential facts of Pliny's vast compilation in a topographical framework; but here, too, he fails to carry his programme through—nothing is reproduced that lies between the eleventh book, which treats of foreign trees, and the last, which treats of gems.

COMMODIAN.

In the poetry of the period we find the first sign of the complete breakdown of the language; Commodianus, a Christian poet of Gaza, wrote copiously in hexameters which are neither grammatically nor metrically correct. He is full of expressions like *nuntia*, neuter plural for "news;" *milia*, feminine singular for "a thousand." His metre is more eccentric still; it would be paying him a very exaggerated compliment to say that he writes in accentual hexameters. Often enough he gives a line where a modern ear misses little or nothing, like—

Ob ea perdoctus ignaros instruo multos.
Rex Apolion erit cum ipsis nomine dirus.

But what are we to make of

Curiositas docti invenit nomen in isto;

or even

Inscia quod perit pergens deos quærere vanos?

There are two poems which have reached us under his name—one a series of acrostics, called "Instructiones;" the second a "Carmen Apologeticum," which clearly dates from the time when the Gothic invasion in which Decius perished was impending. The author expects that Antichrist will presently appear, and identifies him both with Nero and the Man from the East; and exhorts all mankind to repent, since the end of the world and judgment are at hand. Both the metre and the spirit rise higher in the "Carmen Apologeticum" than in the "Instructiones," where the writer is depressed both by the cumbrousness of his acrostics and also by his position as a penitent, which made it his duty *volutari sacco*, which is the beginning of an hexameter. This we learn from an address to the penitents, as one of many classes in the community, to each of whom one of the acrostics in the second part of the "Instructiones" is addressed: the first is addressed to pagans and Jews, and is full of the hackneyed ridicule of the mythological deities.

It is curious that he should have lived before Terentianus Maurus, a writer of the age of Diocletian, who played in his old age with a metrical exposition of the doctrine of syllables and metres, and, having read few but recent poets, quoted them with the greater satisfaction because of their metrical correctness.

His two heroes are Alfius Avitus, who wrote three books upon Excellent Things and Persons in pure dimeter iambics, and Septimius Serenus, who wrote pretty little books about country life in pretty little metres.

NEMESIANUS.

Time has relieved us of the "Antoninias" of the elder Gordian, which was doubtless yet more ponderous than the "Pu-

nica" of Silius. It has spared another Vergilian echo in a large fragment of M. Aurelius Olympius Nemesianus, who flourished under Carinus and Numerianus, the immediate predecessors of Diocletian, and who writes very much as a contemporary of Statius or the panegyrist of Piso might have written, except that one can trace the degradation of the language a little further. He wrote on hunting, fishing, and navigation; won all the prizes for poetry, and had no superior except Numerian himself, who wrote upon all his subjects. For his own period Nemesianus is a good writer, flowing and copious, and not lacking elevation and ease. He is less ingenious than earlier writers, and also less intricate. Nothing has reached us but 325 lines of the treatise on hunting, and about a hundred of these are introduction. Fourteen go to explain that he must write poetry, and that upon an original subject; for Gratius was probably forgotten, and therefore, if he wrote on hunting, his steps would be upon untrodden moss: the Aonian sting has set his bosom boiling; the lord of Castaly plies his pupil with new cups from the fountain, yokes the bard, and holds him in with trappings of ivy-berries. Then come thirty lines of mythological themes, which Nemesianus will not treat because they have been treated already; they have been treated by really great poets—a sign that we are in the third century instead of the first, for then even a Manilius could afford to be impatient of his predecessors. It takes fifteen lines to explain that Nemesianus takes up hunting as the easiest subject to essay his powers; as he puts it himself:[1] "It seems well to let such a care fan the canvas, while the little bark, wont to move close to the shore and skim safe bays with its oars, now spreads its sails for the first time to the south wind, and leaves the trusty port, and ventures to brave the storms of Hadria." We learn, by the way, that hedgehogs and ichneumons and wild-cats are game, as well as hares and deer, and wolves and foxes. And then, when his powers are mature, Nemesianus, like Statius, will rise to the highest of all themes—the glory of his patrons, the imperial brethren who, in peace and war, surpass the majesty

[1] Nem. "Cyneg." 58 sqq.

of their divine father. After twenty lines of invocation to Apollo and the wood-nymphs and Diana, at last we are permitted to come to business, and are instructed in the breeding of dogs. Henceforward we are reminded of the "Georgics," especially, perhaps, in the direction how to choose which puppies out of a litter are to be reared, by a double test, that the heaviest will be the most valuable, and that the mother will save the best if the grass is fired round them. After a little discussion of different breeds, and a good many rules for keeping the kennels healthy and breaking the young dogs, we have a poetical list of the best kinds of horses, and a very perfunctory list of the mechanical paraphernalia of sport.

Here the fragment stops. The rules for the sportsman's own behavior in the field, and for his management of his dogs, with the poet's observation on the different habits of different breeds, were to follow, with, no doubt, some information about the haunts and ways of game of various kinds. It is noticeable that mythology is banished after the introduction, while Gratius clings to every fragment of tradition. Nemesianus is not to blame for using *devotio* in the modern sense of "devotion," instead of the "classical" sense of "imprecation." It is a graver fault that a reminiscence of Vergil's *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos* makes him write *divisa Britannia*, which has hardly a sense of its own; and *emeritæ laudem virtutis amare*, as an object of aspiration to puppies, is a solecism, though it sounds like an echo of Vergil.

SAMMONICUS.

An earlier work, which has less pretensions, is perhaps more satisfactory. Serenus Sammonicus, whose father was put to death, A.D. 212, by Caracalla, was himself a favorite author of Alexander Severus. He wrote a collection of medical receipts in hexameters, which are quite clear, and free from all faults of taste, prosody, or syntax. The imitation of the "Georgics" is obvious here also, but it does not extend to the poetry. The author's chief sources are Pliny and Dioscorides. His object is to provide the public with cheap receipts which they can apply for themselves without the help

of a doctor. Apparently it was intended to treat diseases in order, with reference to the part affected, beginning with the head; but this is not carried through: we have a prescription for worms before prescriptions for failures of sight and hearing. The writer is sceptical of the virtue of many of his receipts. For instance, he protests against many of the portentous words which are usual in fever; no doubt because he was of opinion that noisy incantations were likely to do harm, for he gives directions for making the well-known amulet of Abracadabra, to be worn as a protection against the peculiarly dangerous semi-tertian fever, for wearing gibberish can do no harm. In the same way he recommends emeralds to be worn with coral, if any one thinks it worth while to wear coral as a charm. If too feverish to sleep, it is not uncommon to paint a charm on paper, burn it, and drink the ashes in warm water. Sammonicus himself recommends a high pillow, a decoction of cypress, and, lastly, rose-water with poppies steeped in it, to be taken in olive-oil. No wounded sinew ever heals properly, but it is a good thing to apply pounded earth-worms. Pains in the sinews which make them smart till they stiffen are to be treated with embrocations—almost any will do: vulture-fat and rue, wax, hot sea-water, Carian figs with beet and honey, flour steeped in wine with cypress-leaves. Sudden stiffening of the limbs, so that they cannot be straightened, may be cured by eating pigeon's flesh. He concludes his treatise with a description of the famous antidote of Mithridates, which was found, according to him, among the papers of the vanquished monarch by Pompeius, who thought the antidote too cheap to be valuable. It consisted of twenty leaves of rue, a little salt, a couple of walnuts, a couple of figs—all steeped in a little wine, and was probably intended to strengthen the stomach, so that it would throw off poison without taking it into the system. Of the many descriptions of this fabulous remedy, Sammonicus's comes nearest to Pliny's; but as Pliny mentions dry nuts, and Sammonicus walnuts, perhaps they copied from the same source. Milk and betony, in wine, seem to be the chief specifics to be taken after poison: goat's milk is good to be taken after hen-

bane. If ivy juice be strained into a cup, any poison that may be poured into it will be harmless. A decoction of ivy juice and anise-seed in wine is also recommended as one of several preparations which are likely to heal wounds which have turned to sloughing sores. If a wart bursts and bleeds, the bleeding may be stopped by the ashes of wool that has been dyed with shell-purple: of course the shell-purple is the real styptic, but Sammonicus writes for those who cannot get the dye except by burning wool dyed with it.

DIONYSIUS CATO.

Another work of the same period, which had an enormous success in the middle ages, was the four books of moral aphorisms of Dionysius Cato, who has been, apparently, extensively edited by Christian copyists, who have left out and inserted as suited them. Still the old foundation is visible. The writer deals chiefly in negative prudence: he wishes to train his pupil to safe, cautious self-possession, rather than to any transcendental achievement, intellectual or moral. The writer gives us his measure in the fifty-six aphorisms addressed to his son, by way of preface to the first book. His son is to pray to God, pay his way, keep his property, lend money, mind whom he lends it to, sit at few feasts and be silent there, give courtesans a wide berth, and bear love cheerfully.

There is little method in the succession of the distichs. Their structure is a little curious. The two hexameters perhaps represent the elegiacs of Greek gnomic poets: the structure of the lines themselves is rather like that of leonine hexameters, as one or both lines can be divided into two clauses, which balance each other more or less exactly. Here is a specimen:

> Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis;
> Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.

Here is another:

> Qui simulat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus:
> Tu quoque fac simules, sic ars deluditur arte—

which is tolerably unscrupulous for a moral writer. The conception of "virtue" has almost entirely disappeared; the only

trace of the Stoic teaching which is still recognizable is that, if the spirit of man be a god within, we ought to venerate it accordingly; the only trace of the old physical culture is the recommendation to play with the hoop and not with dice. Instead of the old practice of "lucubration," we have a recommendation always to be awake most of our time, since long repose supplies nourishment to vices. Taciturnity is the quality upon which the author insists oftenest, except, perhaps, self-knowledge and equity, never condemning others at the risk of being condemned one's self. There are few rules for getting money, many for saving it, and still more for reconciling ourselves to the loss of it. The device for getting which he seems to trust the most is throwing a sprat to catch a whale. On the other hand, it is a bad thing to marry a wife for her dower, because she cannot be got rid of if she is troublesome. The old Roman misogyny appears for the most part in a mitigated form. A wife is not to be trusted when she complains of servants; she only does it because you are fond of them. But if she is a good manager she may expect you to put up with her tongue. Temperance is recommended more than once on the ground of health, and once at least industry is recommended on the same ground that indolence wears away the body when the mind is unstrung. The author is frugal in religion: he would have the calf grow up to plough, and propitiate the deity (to whom blood is an offence) with frankincense. Perhaps the dislike to blood savors of an approximation to Christianity, and this is quite of a piece with the writer's evident horror of divination in all forms: he objects to it not merely because it multiplies anxiety to no good purpose, but because of the presumption of prying into the ways of Heaven. It is part of prudence with him to anticipate the worst, as well as to calculate the consequences of actions.

CHAPTER V.

AUGUSTAN HISTORIES.

If we wish to measure the whole extent of the intellectual decadence accomplished in the course of the third century, we need only compare the Augustan history with Suetonius, and the comparison is the more instructive because the Augustan history was to a considerable extent an official work. Napoleon wished to provide for an official history of France by subsidizing an official continuation of Velly, in order to discourage writers who might have taken a revolutionary or reactionary view of the past. In the same way Diocletian and Constantine seem to have thought it would be a good thing to have an authorized continuation of Suetonius. From Nerva to Heliogabalus the work was actually done, but from the point of view of an emperor who respected himself and his office it was done badly. Marius Maximus, a man who had been in high office all his life (his career culminated under Alexander Severus), had written the lives of the emperors; but he had been immensely long, he had been very discursive, he had gone so far into all legendary questions, whether genealogical or topographical, that he was classed not with the pure "historians," but with "the mythical historians." His abbreviators are fond of observing upon his verbosity; and yet it appears that he did not aim at fine writing, for he is classed with Suetonius among writers who tried to give facts simply, and contrasted with eloquent writers like Livy, Quintus Curtius, and Pompeius Trogus. What he seems to have aimed at was a complete collection of all kinds of details, credible or incredible, embracing everything from the earliest origin of an emperor's family to all the measures of his reign, all the omens that foretold his empire and the loss

of it; all his personal habits, all his vices, all his friends: the whole being copiously illustrated by extracts from official documents and private correspondence, and ornamented here and there with more or less imaginary speeches, for speeches addressed to the army were not put on record like those of the senate, where the reporters went into so much detail that it was known exactly how often the senate shouted in chorus on a change of emperors.

But Marius Maximus was not merely lengthy and frivolous, he was also, from one point of view, incomplete: he confined himself to reigning emperors who had really governed the Roman world with some legitimate title; he did not give a satisfactory account of the numerous pretenders who for a shorter or longer time held an army or a province, nor of the members of reigning dynasties who never got beyond a more or less titular rank. It was a nice question sometimes whether a pretender had ever assumed imperial rank, or whether a particular member of a reigning house had ever received the title of Augustus; but, upon the whole, the safest rule was to insert everybody, for the benefit of emperors who were curious about their predecessors, and liked to be able to turn to the appropriate article in a chronological series of biographies. Sometimes the compiler felt that there was not room for a whole book about insignificant persons like the younger Maximin, or the two elder Gordians; but even when two or more emperors were put together in a book, each still had his own division.

After Marius Maximus, the compilers had no satisfactory material. There was a Junius Cordus, who had the ambition of continuing Marius Maximus; but he was even more frivolous than his predecessor, and does not seem to have paid so much attention to serious history; besides, he did not give a complete account of every emperor, though he had been careful to pick out the obscure ones. He appears to be the chief authority for the life of Albinus, the competitor of Severus; he is not quoted before; he continues to be quoted down to the end of the dynasty of the Gordians. After this compilers had to depend upon the Greeks, whose activity in compiling

more or less fabulous histories of recent events continued through the third century, quite unabated by the criticisms of Lucian and Herodian. Hence, when a serious writer like Flavius Vopiscus was asked to undertake a life of Aurelian by his friend Tiberianus, a man of high rank, the only resources Tiberianus could place at his disposal were official documents and Greek books.

The work of compilation proved tedious: this is proved by the insertion of non-official works in what was meant to be an official compilation, and by the length of time which the work was upon hand. It only amounts to two moderate volumes of the Teubner series—at least this is all that is left of it, and there is no evidence that there ever was much more: it is quite clear, also, that the different works comprised in it were composed at intervals through a space variously estimated at from twenty-five to thirty-two years. The latest editor, H. Peter, relying on tolerably satisfactory internal evidence, places the lives of Hadrian, the elder Ælius Verus, Didius, Severus, and Niger by Ælius Spartianus, the life of the Pretender Avidius Cassius by Vulcacius Gallicanus, and those of Antoninus Pius and his two adopted sons by Julius Capitolinus, and that of Macrinus, who seized the empire on the death of Caracalla, between A.D. 292 and 305, marking Hadrian and Antoninus Pius as doubtful. Between 303 and 305 Trebellius Pollio, the most careless of all, had written the lives of the Philips, the Decii, the two Valerians, and the two Gallieni, and the thirty tyrants (as those officials were called who, during the paralysis of the central government, held the revenues of their provinces on their own account for a longer or shorter period), and also Claudius, the first of the Illyrian emperors who restored the empire.

The life of Aurelian mentions that Constantius was emperor, and what Diocletian used to say when he was once more in private life. Soon after Vopiscus wrote on Tacitus and Florianus, the successors of Aurelian, and then on Probus, whom he idealizes probably in honor of Constantine, who admired him; and, as he speaks of a civil war, it is natural to think of that of Maxentius in A.D. 312.

After this Vopiscus wrote on three or four insignificant pretenders under Carus, Carinus, and Numerius, and declined to go further, because Claudius Eusthenius, the secretary of Diocletian, had written the lives of that emperor and his three colleagues each in a separate book; and even when an emperor had been deified, it was not wholly safe to write about him.

Constantine, who had a great admiration for the name of Antoninus, insisted that Ælius Lampridius, whom it is hard to distinguish certainly from Ælius Spartianus, should write the life of Heliogabalus as late as A.D. 324, for he speaks of following up the lives of Claudius, Aurelian, and Diocletian, with Licinius, Severus, Alexander, and Maxentius, "whose power," he tells Constantine, "has come into your hands." Now Licinius was not finally overthrown till A.D. 323. The defeat of Licinius is mentioned also in the thirty-fourth chapter of Julius Capitolinus on the Gordians, and the works of the same author on Maximus and Balbinus are probably of the same period.

Spartianus was at work at the same time on the two sons of Severus. He had begun with the intention of treating all the emperors, great and small, legitimate or illegitimate, from the accession of Nerva to that of Diocletian at any rate; and, as he is much the best of the six writers whose remains are huddled together, it is curious that we have only fragments of him supplemented by their inferior work, if he ever carried out his intention. One is inclined to suspect that the continuation of Suetonius proved a more thankless task than he anticipated; he was probably an official of the imperial chancery in a subordinate position, who found he was equally unlikely to be rewarded or pressed to complete his work. The same may perhaps be said of Julius Capitolinus, who seems originally to have intended a complete work upon the whole series of emperors who bore the title of Antoninus, though with respect to the only two who honored it, and to Verus, who, in the judgment of contemporaries, did nothing to disgrace it, he was forestalled by Spartianus.

As for Vopiscus, he seems to have done as much as he in-

tended, possibly because he was his own master, or at least only wrote for Roman patrons, for the life of Probus is dedicated to one Celerinus, if we may trust the conjecture of Salmasius, while those of the four pretenders of the reign of Aurelian are dedicated to Bassus. In his case it is a little puzzling that, writing as early as A.D. 305, he should quote from memory his father's report of Diocletian's conviction, expressed when he had abdicated, that an emperor might be good, careful, most excellent, he was sure to be sold: a coterie of four or five would always be able to hoodwink him by acting in concert. Perhaps, when the author was enumerating the series of emperors from Augustus downwards, he stopped short designedly at Diocletian and Maximian; for a writer under Constantine could not feel safe in deciding which of those who came after were emperors and which were "tyrants."

Whether we are dealing with a collection or a selection, it is certain that it is incomplete: the life of Valerian is a fragment in our MS.; the lives of the Philips and the Decii have disappeared altogether; so have the lives of Nerva and Trajan, if they were ever written; the MS. title makes the work extend "A Divo Hadriano usque Numerianum." The oldest MS. certainly speaks of excerpts from the work of Spartianus on the emperors, but then it introduces him as writing on Vulcacius Gallicanus and Avidius Cassius, so that we are as likely to have the ignorant conjecture of a mediæval scribe as that scribe's ignorant report of an ancient tradition.

Taking all the six, or five, authors together, one is more inclined, upon the whole, to be grateful to their entire good faith than to be vexed at their clumsiness. They have none of the partiality of Tacitus, or even of Suetonius. They do not quarrel with the emperor for being emperor. They have no sympathy with the malicious reports of the capital. Flavius Vopiscus is quite astonished at his own independence when he quotes Diocletian against Aurelian. He is puzzled that there have been so few good emperors that, as a buffoon said on the stage in the time of Claudius, one ring on one finger would hold them all. He only reckons ten from Augustus to

Diocletian and Maximian, counting Aurelian, and he has a simple explanation of why there are so few. Valerian and the Decii were excellent, though unlucky; but in general an emperor can do what he pleases, commands the world, has roguish friends, detestable hangers-on, greedy eunuchs, stupid or wicked courtiers. All this is disputable, it seems—no one can deny that the public business is not understood. There were many who would not set Aurelian with the good emperors or the bad. He wanted clemency, which is the foremost endowment an emperor ought to have. For this reason Asclepiodotus, whoever he was, left it on record that Diocletian used often to tell his prætorian prefect that Aurelian was fitter for a general than an emperor. The same Asclepiodotus is quoted for a saying of Diocletian, vouched for by his privy-councillor Celerinus—to whom the life of Probus was dedicated (?)—that Aurelian had been guilty of consulting the Celtic Druidesses, or "Dryads," as to whether the empire would continue in his family. The author is entirely satisfied with the story that the Druidesses foretold that no name in the republic should be more glorious than that of the descendants of his predecessor Claudius, and adds, "There is the Emperor Constantius already, a man of the same blood, and I think his descendants will come to the glory foretold by the Druidesses." This would rather lead one to believe that Vopiscus was writing under Constantine, whose fine family might seem to be heirs of the promise. One cannot be sure that he was so accurate as to avoid saying "there is the Emperor Constantius" when he was speaking of a dead man; whereas, if he wrote while Constantine had rivals, he might have refused to commit himself by speaking of the Emperor Constantine.

One would naturally have expected that the passage analyzed would have formed the peroration of the life of Aurelian, but instead we have a long appendix on his achievements in civil administration. He founded a perpetual revenue for the city of Rome, secured upon Egyptian glass, paper, flax and tow, and fancy cloaks. He prepared to erect hot-air baths for winter use in the region beyond the Tiber, because the supply of cold water was short there. He began the founda-

tion of a market under his own name in the region of Ostia by the sea, and a set of public offices has been established there since. He gave his friends moderate fortunes, so that they should escape both want and envy. He had no garment all of silk in his own wardrobe, and would not grant it to any. When his wife asked him for one cloak of spun silk he refused it, saying it was a shame for threads to sell for their weight in gold. He was of opinion that gilding of all kinds was vicious, and made gold scarce, though there was more gold in the world than silver. The author hardly marks the inconsistency of the emperor in relaxing sumptuary restrictions on the use of gold and silver. We may make out for ourselves, if we please, that the new uses of the precious metals which he sanctioned did not ultimately interfere with their being melted down for their proper purpose as coin; gold vessels and cups, silver mountings for carriages, were available; gilding on ceilings and gold brocades were not. The same justification hardly extends to his permission to all matrons who could afford it, to wear garments woven of silk dyed with cochineal, when hitherto they had been confined to home-dyed silk, and blush color was thought a great stretch. Apparently it was a piece of real liberalism, for he economized in the gifts of cloaks of honor to the soldiery, only granting garments with from one to five stripes of purple, while his predecessors had granted more costly self-colors. On the other hand, the soldiers were permitted to invest for themselves in gold buckles, instead of being confined to silver.

He valued himself on his measures for supplying the Roman people with cheap food. He even wished, so Vopiscus thinks, to found a cheap, though not a gratuitous, supply of wine. A gratuitous supply, his prefect told him, would have involved a gratuitous supply of geese and poultry. Then we learn that he did not like living in the palace, and made a drive a mile long in the gardens of Sallust, and when he was at Rome used to tire himself and his horses, though he had weak health, which he thought best remedied by going without food.

He was a hard master to his slaves, and often sent them

for trial before the public courts. Again the writer does not see the inconsistency of trying to revive the old fashion of letting matrons try the members of their own order *in camera.*

The author omits to describe one of the greatest works of Aurelian—the fortification of Rome. We are only told that he enlarged the walls without enlarging the pomerium. He is excusably vague with reference to his victories over the Goths, and his abandonment of Dacia, which is put on the ground that its troops and population were required for the provinces to the south of the Danube, which had been desolated by the Goths.

Nor does Vopiscus explain the personal history of his hero, about whom he evidently differs from his employer. He records at intervals that, according to some accounts, he ordered the execution of his sister's son; according to others, of his sister's daughter; according to others, of both, without deciding between his authorities; and when he sums up the reasons for his assassination he falls back upon the story of the sister's daughter, as if he had never mentioned another. It is equally characteristic that he wavers between the official story of the assassination being the contrivance of a perfidious secretary, and vague hints that Aurelian was the victim of the unpopularity which he had accumulated during a harsh and bloody, though efficient, administration. So, too, he declines to tell us what the revolt of the treasurer Felicissimus was about, for he must have had some other pretext than his own defalcations. He declines to explain, in the life of Aurelian, the arrangement in the senate whereby Tacitus was chosen for his successor.

On the other hand, he gives all sorts of interesting official details: the arrogant speech which Aurelian made to Valerian upon his first high promotion; the list of the troops, sufficiently miscellaneous, placed under his command; the provision made from the treasury to enable him to meet the expenses of his consulship. Theoclius is quoted for his personal prowess in the Sarmatian war, where he killed forty-eight men with his own hand in a day, and over nine hundred and fifty

before all was over. Theoclius, who was a Greek, inserted the songs of Aurelian's soldiers at his triumph, just as they stood in Latin, in his history.

Vopiscus is very much afraid that these details, especially the letter of Valerian on the cost of Aurelian's consulship, are frivolous; but they are choice contributions to history. Perhaps the most valuable of all, if we could trust the substitution of one emendation for another by the most recent editor, would be the information that a Roman general had "liegemen" in the middle of the third century—men bound by one oath with him.[1] After Aurelian had received the decoration due to his achievements, with promise of promotion to the consulship, the emperor, it seems, gave a hint to Ulpius Crinitus, a descendant of the family of Trajan, and a rich man, who was then commandant of the Illyrian frontier, to adopt Aurelian, who had no fortune of his own; but the official record said nothing of this. On the contrary, it recorded with great pomp the satisfaction Ulpius had in following the illustrious precedents of Nerva, his own great namesake, and the elder Antoninus. There is the same love of official pomp in the account of what followed Aurelian's death. We have at length the official letter of the army and the official panegyric of Tacitus. So, too, in the account of the affairs of the East we have what purports to be the letter of Aurelian summoning Zenobia to surrender, and the haughty answer dictated by Longinus, which, as the story is put in Vopiscus, cost him his life.

One of the points which Vopiscus illustrates at greatest length is the consultation of the Sibylline books which Aurelian ordered. He gives the official report of the speech of the senator who voted first, and the letter of Aurelian, who expressed himself scandalized that the senate should hesitate "as if they were deliberating in a church of the Christians

[1] The word is "*conjuratos*," which used to stand for conspirators, substituted for *canterios*. The question is whether Aurelian boasts of spending his liegeman or his geldings in the public service. The passage is quoted from the ninth book of the "Acts of Valerian," published by Acholius, the "master of admissions," or, as we should say, lord chamberlain.

instead of a temple of the gods." The reason he is so full upon the point is, that the Marcomanni had invaded Italy in force and fought a battle at Placentia, which was very like a Roman defeat.

Callicrates, of Tyre, seems to be the chief authority for the early omens of his greatness. His mother was a priestess of the sun; his father a silly, viewy man, whom his wife had a fine way of scolding whenever he was sillier than usual. She used to say, "What a father for an emperor!" which afterwards passed for a prophecy. When Aurelian was a baby there was always a serpent coiled round his footpan, and nobody could kill it, and his mother cut up the purple cloak an emperor had offered in the temple to make his swaddling-clothes. An eagle flew away with him and carried him by his waistband, and laid him down safe on an altar where there was no fire alight. A calf was born in his mother's herd, white, with purplish spots, which on one side looked like a crown and on the other like "AVE." All this is comparatively serious; but Vopiscus objects to a story of roses which had the scent of common roses, a golden color, and yet were purple. When he entered Antioch in a carriage because he could hardly sit a horse, a purple cloth spread in his honor fell on his shoulders, etc., etc.

The life of Aurelian has been analyzed at length because it is an unusually favorable specimen of what is and what is not to be found in the Augustan histories. In spite of his strong interest in Tacitus, Vopiscus does not know whether he died of disease or was assassinated by the soldiery, though he had read an elaborate life by Suetonius Optatianus, whence we learn that he gave the people of Ostia a hundred columns of Numidian marble, twenty-three feet high; and that his one personal extravagance was unmeasured indulgence in lettuces—cost what they would, he thought sleep cheap at the price. The original research of Vopiscus was confined to the formalities of the accession, for as there was some doubt whether Tacitus, who went away till the senate was unanimous, came back to sign the decree for his own appointment, he looked up the original document in the ivory tablets

of the Ulpian Library, where all the acts of the senate on the accession of new emperors were preserved.

The life of Probus is simply a windy and meagre panegyric; and there is nothing of general interest in the three lives that follow it.

Decidedly the most piquant of the other lives is that of Avidius Cassius, by Vulcacius Gallicanus; but it is much less certainly authentic. It is full of what purport to be letters by Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus and Faustina, and by Avidius Cassius himself; but these are all open to more or less grave suspicion. The letters between Aurelius and Verus are doubtful because, contrary to all other authorities, Verus is represented as the son instead of the brother of Aurelius. This is not quite decisive, because Aurelius was the son-in-law and adopted son of the elder Antoninus, and Verus was the son-in-law and adopted brother of the younger, and might, for all we know, have passed for son by courtesy. The objection to the letters of Faustina and Aurelius is, that they make the latter go through Italy on his way from the Danube to Syria without visiting Rome, which is not in itself impossible, but all the details of his severities and intended reforms have a certain suspicion of Greek rhetoric about them. Besides, the word *præsides* is used indiscriminately for governors of provinces; while it is clear that for official purposes, at any rate, the distinction between "proconsuls" and "proprætors" was not obsolete. So, too, Marcus Aurelius is made to write of a "tyrant" in the sense of a usurper. What makes the matter more suspicious is, that Trebellius Pollio, in his fragmentary life of Valerian, gives us several letters to the King of Persia from his vassals, which, if genuine, must all have been composed by Greek sophists. Space would fail to prove how coins and inscriptions testify against Pollio's account of his thirty tyrants.

Ælius Lampridius, a better writer, gives a very confused account of the jealousy of Commodus, which made him sacrifice one minister after another, compared with Herodian, who, however, is more reticent. In general, the majority of the writers of Augustan history huddle notes from different

sources together without criticism. The only point they endeavor to form a real judgment on is the moral and political worth of the different emperors, and here they are not without insight. For instance, Capitolinus observes, after recounting all the proofs of the virtue of M. Aurelius, that he wanted the simplicity of the elder Antoninus and of the two voluptuous Veri. His virtue prepense has imposed upon posterity, but evidently it did not impose upon contemporaries.

Upon the whole, the Augustan histories are more valuable for manners and customs than for political history. We learn what an emperor used to have for dinner, and what a rare dainty a pheasant was in the days of a thrifty emperor like Alexander Severus; and how the Roman army was gradually broken up into detachments; and how the senators distributed their acclamations in mechanical salvos, repeating the same thing ten or twenty times; and how repeatedly the accumulations of the palace were sold to supply the necessities of the state.

As for style, it is null rather than bad. Ælius Spartianus at his best might be mistaken, perhaps, for the worst parts of Suetonius. The sentences are rudely, often vaguely, terse or ambiguous; there is no attempt at fine writing, very little solecism, but a degenerate vocabulary, infected partly by the intrusion of foreign words, partly by the substitution of compound coined words for simple ones which had been forgotten, which is one of the worst signs of the degeneracy of a language.

PART IX.

THE REVIVAL OF THE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

RHETORICIANS.

THE Augustan histories are decidedly an unfavorable specimen of their period: they do not show fairly of what Latin writers were capable when the military organization of the empire had been restored by the great Illyrian rulers who succeeded Gallienus, and the civil organization had been transformed by Diocletian. The whole period, from the accession of Diocletian, A.D. 280 to 411, when the barbarians had Rome for the first time at their mercy, was a period of restoration. The empire was burdened beyond its strength by the administrative machinery; rich men had the choice of taking their chance of being plundered by the administration, or taking their chance among the administrators, in which case they would be safe from being plundered unless they were executed. The middle class, who were represented by the richer members of the municipal corporations, ran less risk, but were more heavily burdened in proportion to their resources. But, heavily burdened as the resources of the empire were, it was possible throughout this period to apply them, so far as they were disposable, for the permanent improvement of the state of men. Even the disaster of Valens did not materially affect culture for the time being: the Illyrian frontier was never established again; the barbarians were never driven out of the empire; the country between the Danube and Thessalonica was probably impov-

erished beyond recovery; but it had never contributed very much to the wealth of the rest of the empire.

Even when we make allowance for the activity of the jurists, the fourth century was much more fruitful, in a literary sense, than the third, even if we leave out, for the moment, the great speculative movement of Christian theology, and also make allowance for the fact that its literature is much better preserved. We do not know that Servius or Donatus were much superior to other grammarians who flourished before them; but when education passed into the hands of the clergy, they naturally handed on the set of school-books they found in their hands; and as this happened throughout the West in the course of the fifth century (the clergy being the only surviving representatives of the literary class), of course the books they found in their hands were in the main works of the fourth century. By a somewhat similar accident Vegetius, the author of a handbook of the art of war, has reached us, while Frontinus's work on the same subject is lost.

These writers belong to the latter part of the period. The first sign of the revival showed itself among the rhetoricians, and it showed itself on the largest scale among the Christians: the works of Arnobius and Lactantius are decidedly superior to those of the so-called panegyrists, who composed solemn harangues in honor of most emperors from Maximian to Theodosius the Elder.

ARNOBIUS.

Arnobius, whose full name is unknown to us, though St. Jerome has preserved some facts of his life, is the earliest instance of an obscurantist convert. He was a successful rhetorician, and wrote against Christianity; on his conversion he had to prove his sincerity by writing against heathenism. His attitude is curiously unlike that of Minucius Felix, or even Tertullian and St. Cyprian, though the situation to which he addresses himself is substantially the same. The heathen are always complaining that the Christians bring ill-luck to the world, and the reason is that the gods are offended at the decline of piety. Arnobius makes the old replies: the

gods of the heathen are devils who trade upon the homage paid to dead men ;[1] gods who were such as their worshippers think they believe would be displeased by the heathen worship, which is offensive to any spiritual intelligence, both by the ceremonies prescribed and by the legends implied therein ;[2] for Arnobius is on his guard against the obvious reply that polytheism was not responsible for the poets. As to the fact that the world was unfortunate, natural misfortunes —famine and pestilence—had been felt quite as severely before Christianity came into the world, while civil misfortunes —war, violence, fraud, open and secret murder—are both directly and indirectly mitigated by Christianity, which diminishes the amount of evil to be borne and makes it easier to bear it.[3] Of course there is the ordinary argument, that the Pagans as well as the Christians acknowledged and worshipped one supreme Deity.[4] As Christianity made this worship far purer and more prominent, it obviously could not be said that Christianity was destructive of piety ; in fact, no worship which ignored the supreme Deity, as most Pagan worship did, could deserve the name of piety. The suppression of worship of the inferior deities was the real cause of scandal ; but then how do the heathen know that their inferior deities are better than devils who have led men captive from their true Lord ?

But here comes the peculiarity of the position of Arnobius : he puts the supreme Deity at as great a distance from the actual world as a Pagan or a Gnostic or a Neo-Platonist. Indeed, he makes the distance greater than the Neo-Platonists, who, if they were unwilling to bring the world of matter into close connection with him, recognized him as the Father and Fountain of the spirits of men : Arnobius, on the contrary, thinks that the human soul, with its liability to suffering and error, was quite unworthy to be the direct work of the Highest, to say nothing of being a portion of his substance.[5] He obviously, without knowing it, is half-way to being a Gnostic. He imagines no antagonism between the

[1] Arnob. i. 37 ; vi. 6.
[2] Ib. v. 16, 20.
[3] Ib. i. 3–6.
[4] Ib. i. 34.
[5] Ib. ii. 36.

brilliant creative spirit, one of the brightest and highest in the court above, and the supreme God; but, on the other hand, the only relation between the Most High and man seems to be that he has revealed the way of salvation for the soul, and meanwhile carries on the government of the world by the inferior deities whom he employed to make it.

This Gnostic way of thinking, which must have held its ground within the Church, is not carried very far in Arnobius, because his strong sense of the incompetence of reason disinclines him to discuss the origin of evil, or any other speculative difficulty of theism: his one concern is individual salvation. The soul, he is more than inclined to hold, is of its own nature mortal, as it is fallible and passible, and only attains immortality by grace.[1] Here he comes into collision with Neo-Platonism, which professed to promise as high a spirituality as Christianity to the small section of the educated classes who cared for it, while explaining and respecting the religious traditions of the majority. And his criticism is interesting.[2] He admits that culture is on the side of his opponents: they know the "Fornix" of Lucilius and the "Marsyas" of Pomponius by heart, which are a sure safeguard against solecisms; they know how to state the question for every case that could come into court; they know the difference between species and genus, between contraries and opposites. On the strength of all this they imagine they know the difference between falsehood and truth, between the possible and the impossible, between the highest and the lowest; and, all the while, in matters of natural history they are at sea, and have nothing to go upon but contradictory conjectures: they cannot even tell why no fluid will mix with oil, or why some hairs turn white on the same head before others, or even why the mind, which they hold to be divine and immortal, waxes sickly in the sick, and is dull in children, and in the weariness of old age babbles crazily at random. And then these ignorant philosophers actually laugh at Christians for being believers, as if it were possible to carry

[1] Arnob. ii. 14. [2] Ib. ii. 6.

on the business of life without belief. (Arnobius does not distinguish at this stage between belief founded on authority and belief founded on experience.)

As for the philosophers themselves, they believe, after all, on the word of Plato or Porphyry or Pythagoras, who do not agree among themselves, and not one of them had power to charm away so much as a wart or a boil. True enough, they are laudable for integrity of morals, and accomplished in all manner of study and learning: it is known that they speak in the daintiest words, and fit them to flow most smoothly; that they shut up their syllogisms very sharply, arrange their inductions orderly, assign due formulas to every definition; that they are masters of partition and division, have much to say on the kinds of numbers, and on music, and have their rules and ordinances for the explanation of matters of geometry; but what is all this to the purpose? Are enthymemes or syllogisms, pray, any security for their knowing the truth? Are they worthy for that to be believed perforce upon matters full of obscurity? In comparing persons we ought to weigh, not the power of their eloquence, but the virtue of their works.[1]

Obviously Arnobius holds, like Professor Jowett, that logic is another form of rhetoric: not on transcendental grounds, but simply because it was part of a rhetorician's training to be familiar with logical forms. His idea of a good authority is one who can show divine works as a security for the truth of what he professes. He is surprised at the blindness of his opponents in wilfully shutting their eyes to the facts that the chariots of fire and horses of fire of Simon Magus vanished at the word of St. Peter,[2] so that the false gods in whom Simon trusted were compelled to let him fall to the ground; after which the unfortunate man tried to fly, at Brundisium, and finally broke his neck. All which at the time, says Arnobius, made numerous converts at Rome, although the persecution of Nero was raging. The conversion of all the world, and even of many men of letters and philosophers, is a miracle of itself which ought to convince the most in-

[1] Arnob. ii. 11. [2] Ib. ii. 12.

credulous.[1] Besides, though Plato[2] made the mistake of believing that the soul was immortal, even he taught that sinful souls were tormented in hell, though he did not know of the cruel spirits who carried them to torment. There is a good deal of ingenuity in the argument that, if the soul were absolutely mortal or immortal, philosophy would become unmeaning; for philosophy, as he understands it, includes a laborious and costly repression of appetites which of themselves are stronger than the aspirations with which they compete. If the soul is immortal, and in its own nature purely spiritual, and all sin and error are due to its connection with the body, why should not the desires of the body be indulged, so long as the body is importunate? If the soul is mortal, and dies with the body, why should it be cultivated at the expense of the body? One sees that thought has travelled far since the days of Sallust, when an unscrupulous, accomplished man could still take his own aspirations seriously, while regulating his practical conduct by his resentments and his interests.

In another way we can trace the decline of wholesome natural sentiment which so often either prepares or accompanies the acceptance of a higher standard at second-hand. The last words that have come to us from Arnobius are an angry protest against the universal dominion of Rome—a city towering over the world, and founded for the ruin of the human race. This comes in oddly at the end of a tirade against the Pagan theory of local partial deities that could favor one nation at the expense of another, and be propitiated by having their images moved from city to city; and at last the crime of the aggrandizement of Rome is fastened upon Cybele, because she was the most important deity transferred to Rome by that simple process. Of course it is quite reasonable to apply against the Pagans their own ideal of pure, passionless benevolence; but, upon the whole, St. Augustine is more prudent when he admits that the Romans were a chosen people in the temporal order, as the Israelites were in the spiritual—chosen for their merits, as the Israelites were not.

[1] Arnob. i. 5; ii. 12. [2] Ib. ii. 14.

The style is almost as fluctuating as the structure of the argument. Arnobius, like Lactantius, has been called the Christian Cicero, and there is a certain fitness in the title: all through his seven books he seems to be perorating, or trying to perorate, and he is not unlike Cicero when Cicero is most vehement and most wordy. Arnobius's imitation succeeds best in stringing together scornful interrogations, interrupted here and there with scornful exclamations; for instance, he spends a page[1] upon showing how shameful it is that, if the gods are to be worshipped with wine, the worshipper should stipulate that they are only to claim the wine actually used in the service; and upon the larger question, whether wine ought to be used at all in worship, he is equally copious and equally uninstructive. Occasionally there are intervals of what is intended for quiet and sustained disquisition, and here Arnobius does not shine. He is always overloaded and ungraceful; he encumbers himself with his own redundancies, and is generally too impetuous to get forward; but when he is trying to be calm he is tedious and monotonous, partly by reason of his excessive anxiety to vary his cadences: the proportion of long words chosen for their sound is overwhelming; no noun is allowed to appear without an adjective, and verbs are often imprisoned between doubled participles. It is difficult to make our way through a tangle of ablatives absolute, especially when there are two of the same number and gender, and the nouns and participles are scattered over the whole length of the clause in accordance with the supposed requirements of euphony, which seldom or never permits an adjective and substantive to stand together; and even when Arnobius means to write gravely and simply, he seldom resists for more than a page the temptation to put three synonymous words for the sake of a climax where one would do. He sometimes repeats a paragraph in two slightly varied forms—though, as we have substantially only one MS., it is difficult to say whether the blame rests in any manner on the copyist, who may have made a medley of two different texts. Sometimes he reminds

[1] Arnob. vii. 31.

us of Apuleius. We come on five or six nicely assorted adjectives and substantives; sometimes the studied cadences are not infelicitous; but, upon the whole, the artist of the decline fails less egregiously when he tries to copy the large, simple work of the prime than when he tries to copy the subtle work of the later master.

LACTANTIUS.

Far better, and saner both in style and temper, are the works of Lactantius Firmianus, whose other names, according to most MSS., were Lucius Cælius, or Cæcilius, who wrote his great work during the height of the Diocletian (or rather Galerian) persecution. St. Jerome assures us repeatedly that he was a pupil of Arnobius: it is clear from his own writings that he was educated in Africa, where Arnobius flourished. He was invited to Nicomedia by Diocletian as a professor of Latin rhetoric, and in that capacity he was a failure. Nicomedia was a Greek city, and the residence of the court did not do much to Latinize it; there was little business in the forum, and Lactantius was not employed in it; he had not many pupils, and was in constant want until Constantine employed him in his old age as a teacher to his son Crispus.

Naturally he was disgusted with his profession, and saw its hollowness, though he was not ungrateful to it, as he had trained his eloquence for the exposition of truth by the discussion of imaginary law-cases.

In his youth he wrote a "Symposium," or poem in hexameters, on his journey from Africa to Nicomedia, and a book entitled "Grammaticus," and perhaps a copy of verses in elegiacs on the phœnix, in which the latest form of the legend is set forth: The phœnix lays his own funeral pyre, and the heat of pairing-time lights it; the result is a worm which turns into an egg, which turns into a phœnix, which flies away with the ashes of its predecessor. The poem does not discard mythology, but the feeling of immortal life out of death may fairly be taken for a sign of sympathy with Christianity.

His earliest undoubted work which has reached us is Christian, but still reserved in the expression of doctrine. Its title

is "De Opificio Dei," and its object is a criticism at once of the Epicurean and Stoic doctrines of creation. He wishes to carry teleology just far enough to prove a wise and mighty and beneficent Creator, and to prove that it breaks down soon enough to prove that he is incomprehensible. The writer follows Aristotle and Varro in extolling the mechanism of the human body, and declines to be baffled by the Epicurean and sceptical argument from the helplessness of human infancy. He asks whether his opponents would like to change with dumb animals because they can stand alone sooner than babies, and hints that babies are better off than birds, which have to be born twice over, first in the egg and then as fledglings, and suggests that the hen which has to hatch them without eating goes through more than a human mother. As for physiology, he supposes that he knows the use of the two great cavities—one holds air and nourishes the soul, the other holds food and nourishes the muscles. He has plenty to say in praise of the intestinal canal, which holds the food long enough and not too long; and triumphs over philosophical ignorance of the purposes of the liver and the spleen, and the "globe of the heart," and "the most bitter liquor of the gall." About the spleen philosophers are ignorant still, but the liver is one of the best-known organs, and every physiologist who likes may smile at the suggestion that its primary function is to be the seat of love, as the primary function of the "globe of the heart" is to be the seat of fear.

A pendant to the treatise "De Opificio Dei" is the treatise "De Ira Dei," which is a criticism of the current doctrines of Providence, as the earlier work is a criticism of the current doctrines of creation. It corresponds to the doctrine of "a moral governor" in the eighteenth-century apologetic. His thesis is, that the Epicureans are wrong in holding that the Deity is purely indifferent to human affairs, and that the Stoics are wrong in holding that he is a being of pure benevolence: in either case men would have no motive to fear God, which is inseparable from the essence of religion. The author keeps to the divine working, and does not seriously discuss the divine nature, so that we do not know how he would have

met the classical scholastic dictum, "Affectus in Deo denotat effectum."

The treatise "De Ira Dei" contains references to Lactantius's great work, the seven books of "Divine Institutions," and is therefore later; it is addressed to Donatus, to whom another work, "De Mortibus Persecutorum," was addressed by Cæcilius, who is still thought to be rightly identified with Lactantius, who, according to St. Jerome, wrote "De Persecutione." The "Divine Institutions" seem to be dedicated to Demetrianus, like the "De Opificio Dei."

The chief ideas of the work are "wisdom" and "religion," which are in fact inseparable: the simple feel the need of religion, the educated of wisdom; and if they attain to either they attain to both. In the first book he attacks polytheism; in the second he explains its origin; in the third he gives his criticism of heathen philosophy; in the fourth he gives his theory of true knowledge; in the fifth, his theory of virtue. Both are made to depend upon true religion, and this is illustrated by the contrast between Christians and heathens. The subject of virtue is continued in the sixth book, where he explains that charity to others is the chief part of the service of God, and explains the defects of the Stoic and Peripatetic theories of virtue. In the last book we have the doctrine of the blessed life, that is, according to Lactantius, a doctrine of future rewards and punishments; the world was made for man in six days, and it will last six ages, which, according to the best chronologies accessible to Lactantius, had at most two hundred years to run;[1] at the end of the six thousand years came the downfall of Rome and the reign of Antichrist. Unlike Arnobius, Lactantius regards the downfall of Rome as an unmixed calamity,[2] though it is to be followed by the millennial reign, in which God dwells among the righteous who have part in the first resurrection, in the holy city on earth. Then comes the loosing of the devil, and everything else which crude interpreters have been led to expect from the Book of Revelation. The author is throughout quite as dependent upon the Sibyl as upon the prophets of the Old

[1] Lact. "Div. Inst." vii. 16. [2] Ib. vii. 15, 25.

Testament. He constantly takes the attitude of an enlightened moderator between the dogmatist and the sceptic: he holds that Socrates and the New Academy have finally disposed of the theory that philosophy is a body of independent knowledge, while the Stoics have disposed of the doctrine of opinion upon which the Academy was anxious to fall back.[1] It is equally absurd to hold that men can know all things, which is the portion of God, and that they can know nothing, which is the portion of beasts: the rational position is that man, who has a celestial soul in a terrestrial body, is capable of a real, though a partial, knowledge, though this is only to be obtained by revelation. Revelation, according to Lactantius, is to be authenticated rather by prophecy than by miracles;[2] and this shows his general mind towards argument: he is quite willing to admit that all the stories of oracles and prodigies which are embalmed in the classical histories are true, only this serves to confirm the history of the fall of the angels in Genesis. All false religions originate with the celestial or terrestrial demons: the celestial demons are the angels who were appointed to guard mankind from the devil, and saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and the terrestrial demons are their sons;[3] and between them they are the authors of all the mischief in the world, and gratify their depraved appetites under cover of the worship paid to the images of false gods, who were nothing but deified kings — an explanation which steadily gained in plausibility up to the time of Diocletian, the last emperor who was solemnly deified. Of course all the immoralities of mythology are set down to the charge of these deified kings, of whom Jupiter was the first. Here again it is remarkable how closely the author adheres to classical tradition: he seriously believes the legend of the golden age, when Justice dwelt among men.[4] The accession of Jupiter drove her away, because Jupiter was the first to introduce false worship, which is the essence of injustice; till the days of Jupiter men served God rightly in abstaining from all outward service except kindness to one another. It is an old observation that the Christianity of Lactantius is very

[1] Lact. "Div. Inst." iii. 4. [2] Ib. v. 13, 19. [3] Ib. ii. 15. [4] Ib. v. 6.

rudimentary: he insists repeatedly on the fear of falling into torment among the angels, and says little or nothing about the doctrine of the sacraments, which perhaps may be intentional.

The most penetrating part of the book is the criticism of philosophy, which he regards as defective because it has no reference to the fear of God or a future life. He singles out for rebuke the famous saying of Anaxagoras, that he was born to behold the sun and the face of heaven.[1] The contrast is really typical. Anaxagoras gives full expression to the ideal of philosophy as a life lived for its own sake, and Lactantius insists that it is selfish precisely because it is disinterested, and does not subordinate life to duty and to a higher end (for Lactantius, like many others, cannot resolve the conception of duty into anything but an external rule and a motive for obeying it), and the Stoical ideal, though less openly egotistic, still found the chief good in the self-consciousness of the wise man at every moment. As for the civic virtue of the ancient world, Lactantius makes exactly the same objection[2] which all modern advocates of Christianity used to make until the charitable foundations of the age of Trajan and his successors were understood, that pagan civilization was apt to forget the value of provision for the weak and suffering, which, in the judgment of Lactantius, was the most essential part of virtue and the remedy for the sins of the flesh, which it is scarcely practicable to avoid. He is in agreement, upon the whole, with the tradition of philosophy, that the whole system of public amusements was wrong:[3] he protests especially against the competitions in eloquence and poetry, which were still apparently in sufficient vigor to be a temptation.

He reasserts his superiority in the theory of the passions.[4] According to the Peripatetics, the important thing was to keep them within due limits; according to the Stoics, they were to be suppressed altogether; according to Lactantius, they were to be rightly directed—it is impossible, if we love and fear and hate aright, to love or fear or hate too strongly. Lactantius even reaches the observation that the intellect is enlight-

[1] Lact. "Div. Inst." iii. 9. [2] Ib. vi. 16. [3] Ib. vi. 18, 20. [4] Ib. vi. 15, 16.

ened by rightly directed feeling;[1] of course he does no justice to the old opposition between the higher intellectual nature and the lower passionate animal nature.

His criticism of philosophy is of course inadequate. He regards Cicero as the greatest master of it; if Cicero did not know a thing, it is beyond the reach of the unassisted human intellect. He knows Plato, but only second-hand, and he does not seem to know any Peripatetic author but Aristotle, whom also he knows at second-hand, and Seneca is to him the one representative of Stoicism. In fact, his culture is purely Latin; the only Greek writer he knows well is the "Sibyl." His Latin culture, too, is limited: he knows Cicero and Vergil, and the authors to whom they introduce him. Even Cicero he does not know intelligently; the distinction between his oratorical and philosophical style seems to escape Lactantius, who constantly speaks of "perorating," though, to do him justice, it is the last thing he thinks of doing. For a book to be read, his "Institutions" are eloquent; for a series of speeches they would be decidedly tame. They have less oratorical movement than the apologies of Tertullian or of St. Cyprian, still less have they the clumsy rhetorical gait of Arnobius, who, if we may trust St. Jerome, was successful as a pleader, while Lactantius was hardly successful as a rhetorician.

There is much less power than ferocity in the treatise "De Mortibus Persecutorum," though the passion is strong enough to have roused a suspicion that the author is declaiming without regard to facts. Yet, by a curious irony of history, his book has come to be one of our chief authorities for the eventful period between the abdication of Diocletian and the overthrow of Maxentius; for the Christian historians would not write freely of the secular history of their persecutors, and Christian scholars refused to hand on the pagan histories that were written. The date of the work, about 314, is fixed by the entry of Licinius into Nicomedia to publish the edict of Milan, in the middle of June, A.D. 313. It begins with assuring Donatus, a confessor who had been six years in prison, that his prayers are heard; the Church is rising again, for

[1] Lact. "Div. Inst." vi. 17. Cogitatio nihil aliud quam mentis agitatio.

princes have been raised up to cancel the wicked commands of tyrants. Besides this work, if it be his, Lactantius wrote two books on some unknown subject to Asclepiades, and four books of letters to Probus, and two to Severus, and two to Demetrianus, to whom he dedicated the work "De Opificio Dei." In these last, and perhaps in the treatise to Asclepiades, the author shocked St. Jerome by affirming that the Spirit was not a separate hypostasis; but in general his correspondence was lengthy, and handled religious topics only incidentally, both which circumstances we know from a letter of St. Damasus, who found them equally objectionable.

THE PANEGYRISTS.

The Christian rhetoricians are connected in one way or another with Africa. The pagan rhetoricians, who continue after such a long interval the work of the younger Pliny, are almost all in one way or another connected with Gaul, which, throughout the fourth century, was the most important province of the empire from a military and administrative point of view. Perhaps we a little overrate the importance and representative character of the Gallic or quasi-Gallic panegyrists, who have reached us simply because they were at the pains to write out and publish their speeches, for most of the occasions on which they were delivered were celebrated by many other orators in many other cities. An emperor who visited a great city expected to hear his praises from its orators. Every five years the festival of his accession was kept, and this was always a proper occasion for a speech, whether he was present or not. Lastly, the birthday of the city of Rome came every year, and this was an occasion for speeches, though perhaps less indispensable than the festivals of emperors. Still, it is worth observing that towards the end of this period Symmachus, the famous prefect of the city under Theodosius and Honorius, wrote a letter asking for a Gallic rhetorician to train his son, because he himself had been trained by an old man from the Garumna, doubtless a member of the school of Bordeaux, whose traditions were celebrated by Ausonius. Besides, the eloquence of Latium, which Symmachus was anxious not to

disparage, was an old and hackneyed thing, which those who had the knack went through mechanically, to receive the conventional plaudits of connoisseurs. It would have been a shocking thing if Rome had been without distinguished orators or distinguished ballet-dancers; perhaps the reputation was of the same kind. In Gaul the audience, at any rate, was fresh, and helped the speaker to take himself seriously. Gaul, in the time of Maximian, was, to compare small things with great, in something the state which the Roman world was in the time of Augustus: it was settling down after an exhausting crisis; the struggle with Carausius recalls the struggle with Antonius, the revolt of the Bagaudæ recalls the revolt of Spartacus and the Servile wars of Sicily: both owed their temporary success to the intolerable condition of the country laborers. The wars of the pretenders which went on during the reigns of Gallienus and Claudius, till at last Tetricus entreated Aurelian to deliver him from the tyranny of his own army, remind us of the civil wars of the last century of the Republic; and, lastly, the frontier was constantly threatened, as the frontier of Italy had been till the limit of the Danube was established by the victories of Drusus and Tiberius.

Juvenal knew of no occasion for literary display beyond the games at Lyons; but in the era of Constantine there were public schools at Autun, which had been suppressed during the troubles, and were restored by the favor of Constantine; and Autun was by no means a solitary instance. It was probably every way inferior to Trèves, the capital of Maximian and Valentinian.

The two earliest speeches are addressed to Maximian: they are generally ascribed to an older Mamertinus, because the Mamertinus who was made consul by Julian is described as the younger. The first is in honor of the birthday of Rome, and alludes to the intention of subduing Carausius. The author is curiously frank in speculating upon Maximian's ignorance, which was sufficiently notorious; but one might have expected that an orator, speaking in an emperor's presence, would either avoid topics that the emperor could not understand, or give him credit for understanding them, if he had

not skill enough to tell the story in such a way as to convey the knowledge he assumed his hearers to possess. The speech dates from A.D. 289, and is comparatively short and simple. The second is much more curious: it dates from 293, or earlier, as Maximian and Diocletian were still sole emperors, and the author has much to say of their felicity and their "piety," a curious topic in the case of Maximian, who, by all accounts, was at all times ferocious. He confines himself to these topics in the main because he, like other orators whom he admires, has celebrated Maximian's military merits (the only real merits he had) in another speech. It is doubtful whether we can identify this with the speech of A.D. 289. There the author does not confine himself exclusively to Maximian's military merits, and has not quite as wide a range of particles as we find in the second speech, the author of which credits the emperor with ability to follow his historical allusions. He exhibits his *gaucherie* in another way: he had spoken before the emperor once, and made a vow that his majesty should *deign to hear* him again (literally, "hear him with the same dignation," graciously thinking the speaker worthy of the theme); consequently the public expected to hear him when the five years' festival came round; but, as Maximian could not hear him, the public could not hear him either; and the author gravely explains that he seizes the opportunity of the emperor's birthday to make amends to both for the delay, which he does not the least regret, but the contrary, as his speech for the fifth anniversary of the emperor will come in just as well for the tenth.

There is no clew to the nationality of either of these speakers, if they are to be regarded as two, except that neither was in the strictest sense a Roman. We know more of Eumenius, who was the grandson of a Greek rhetorician who settled at Autun. He himself had not been in the habit of speaking in public, but had confined himself to his duties as a professor. He had wished himself to retire into the country, but Constantius had employed him as tutor to Constantine, an office for which Eumenius, who felt a little past work, would have preferred to recommend his son. The employment, however,

naturally required a man of assured reputation, and Eumenius had to content himself with launching his son as advocate of the exchequer, while he employed the magnificent pension he received from Constantius to endow the schools of Autun, which the emperor graciously permitted to be restored. The rhetorician naturally took advantage of his liberality to deliver his first public oration in 296, soon after Constantius had reconquered Britain. It was addressed nominally to the president of Gallia Lugdunensis. Another was addressed to Constantine, who was visiting Trèves, and was still expected to stand through speeches in his honor, for which reason Eumenius probably kept his speech as short as he meant to in delivery, though the speech, as we read it, is unmercifully long. Apparently he had delivered a speech in honor of Maximian, which did not interfere with a very enthusiastic speech in honor of Constantine, addressed to him on the birthday of Rome, soon after the execution of Maximian, A.D. 310, which is politely treated as a suicide, the effect of remorse, though just before he taunts the poor old emperor with having allowed himself to be taken alive and the like. The speech has a practical object, and in this it succeeded. Constantine did pay a visit to Autun, and allowed the city to take the new title, soon to be dropped, of Flavia Augusta, and, what was more important, reduced the taxation considerably, by lowering the assessment from 42,000 taxable units to 27,000. Of course he was rewarded by a speech of thanksgiving, in which Eumenius acknowledged the duty of celebrating the everlasting fifth anniversary, although it was then happily over.

It is curious that Eumenius, who was a mere schoolman, should, upon the whole, show more tact and taste than contemporaries or successors, who were famous in the forum. Perhaps the constant familiarity with text-books, which preserved some echo of the tradition of better days, may have kept him out of some pitfalls.

A harmless and colorless writer, whose name has perished, wrote a speech to congratulate Constantine on his marriage with Maximian's daughter in 307. The speech is interesting because it shows how completely Constantine was identified

with his father-in-law, whom Rome is made to apostrophize to deliver her from the unworthy hands into which she had fallen since his enforced abdication.

The author is more or less a pagan, like Eumenius and another anonymous writer who used to be identified with Nazarius, who congratulated Constantine on his victory over Maxentius, won in spite of the warnings of the haruspices. He himself is rather sceptical; he does not know whether fate is to blame for evil, or whether the gods are too much engaged with other things to be able to prevent it. It is probably a personal tribute to Constantine[1] when the author says that the sun is the god by whose gifts we both live and see.

The other anonymous panegyrist perhaps comes nearer to being a theist, but he still thinks it safe to say "your deity," as now we might say "your majesty." He is perhaps the simplest of all the panegyrists, because he has an exciting and manageable story to tell, and he is disposed to apologize for what he takes for rhetorical flights. He insists that he is not a Roman, perhaps because Maxentius insisted that he was the one genuine Roman emperor, inasmuch as he, and he alone, lived at Rome.

Nazarius, a professor of Bordeaux, spoke himself on this campaign, as we learn from a speech delivered eight years later to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of Constantine's accession, and the fifth anniversary of the admission of his son to rank as Cæsar. If we could trust the text, Nazarius had delivered two speeches on successive days, and in the first he had handled the campaign against Maxentius, but it is not inadmissible to read *pridem*, "some time before," instead of *pridie*, "the day before." In that case the anonymous speech might not impossibly be the speech of Nazarius, for there is no reason why a rhetorician should not acquire a new manner in eight years. The undoubted speech of Nazarius, who, according to St. Jerome's chronicle, reached the height of his reputation about five years later, is certainly more ornate than its predecessors, and rather more stately in cadences; be-

[1] His devotion to the sun appears on his coins after he saw "the sign of the sun," which he afterwards thought converted him to Christianity.

sides, the vocabulary abounds in verbal substantives, many coined for the occasion, and in semi-poetical phrases which are of the kind we might expect from a rhetorician who had lately been reading Tacitus. The speech is singularly unreal; it is addressed throughout to Constantine, though he is absent.

There is more actuality in the last two speeches in the collection. One is addressed to Julian in 361 by Claudius Mamertinus, to thank him for his consulship, and the other by Latinus Pacatus Drepanius to Theodosius the Great, to thank him for delivering Gaul from the usurper Maximus. Mamertinus is obviously anxious to rival the independence of Pliny; like him, he assumes to be the chosen colleague of a patriot prince who is just closing an era of oppression and opening a new golden age to mankind. The parallel is not very exact: instead of being the colleague of the emperor, Mamertinus was the colleague of the barbarian Nevitta, whose nomination gave great offence, the rather that Julian had satirized his uncle Constantine for conferring the consulship on a barbarian whose rank and services both stood higher; and seven years after his consulship Mamertinus came to be deposed from office and tried for peculation. Even apart from the sequel, the speech is abundantly grotesque. The author takes immortal god to witness — he takes his pure conscience to witness, which he reveres as a god — that if Constantius, who was dead, or, as the author puts it, deified, were still alive, the Romans should see with what a steady spirit he would defend Julian against that emperor's flatterers, who had denounced the hero solely on account of the virtues which ought to have been pledges of permanent friendship. In the same spirit the author dilates on the great goodness of the emperor in giving unasked the consulship which he had hankered after all his life. He recounts with natural exultation the ceremonious way in which Julian did honor to the first magistrates of what had been a republic (other observers thought Julian's behavior a piece of childish antiquarianism in a monarch). He actually assures us, apropos of the emperor's official salutation, *Ave consul amplissime*, that he is, and means to be, quite

as well as was to be expected in the enjoyment of the favor of such an illustrious emperor as Julian, and felt that his "grandeur" was entirely unalloyed. Though he intends to spare the memory of Constantius, he emphasizes the fact that he brought the barbarians into Gaul to embarrass Magnentius, which rather lessens Julian's glory in driving them out. He succeeds better in bringing out the immense boon which an emperor with simple tastes was to the provincials. Julian kept no court, and he did not care about building, and so he was able to make largesses to the communities, and at the same time to remit taxes all along the road to Constantinople.

It is curious to find the same praise given to Theodosius, whom most historians represent as one of the most luxurious of the emperors. The praise of Drepanius [1] is not pitched so high; perhaps we may suppose that the habits of Theodosius on a campaign were a real contrast to the parvenu luxury of Maximus. Of course it is an embarrassing question why, if it was a glorious achievement to put down Maximus, he was allowed to enjoy his usurpation so long. Drepanius can only dilate on his madness in presuming on the forbearance of the emperor. The picture of the misgovernment of Maximus is not very characteristic; he is accused of the kind of things of which every ruler of the fourth century, except Julian, was accused when unpopular—of living upon confiscations, treating wealth as a crime, and trafficking in the marriage of heiresses—perhaps the oldest of all the incidents of feudalism. The only special trait is that he was more dependent upon his army, and had shocked a large body of opinion by putting some Priscillianists to death. Of this Drepanius speaks just as a modern writer might speak of persecution: he has not the least suspicion that the Priscillianists were heretics, and that Maximus had set an example which every orthodox emperor would have to follow.

[1] Drepanius came to Rome to offer his speech of congratulation. He belonged, like Nazarius, to the circle of Ausonius, who dedicates two of his lighter works to him. He was a native of the canton of which Aginnum (Agen) was the capital, and doubtless formed himself in the rhetorical school of Bordeaux, though he was not a professor there. He never rose higher in the public service than proconsul.

But, after all, there is little to choose beween any of these writers; even their mannerisms are not really distinctive. They all make it their business to multiply ingenious exclamations at as many acts as they can of the emperor panegyrized; they all have the same grotesque affectation of patronizing independence as if they were the organs of public approbation, which doubtless springs in part from genuine public spirit, though it provokes a smile even in the younger Pliny. And the younger Pliny always preserves his self-respect; like every Roman senator of the first century, he could fall back upon the natural pride of traditional gentility, while it is difficult to think that any of his successors had any self-respect to preserve.

CHAPTER II.

THE HISTORIANS.

THE rhetorical activity of the time, imitative as it is, gives us an outside measure of its intellectual activity. It was barren in poetry till the age of Theodosius; it was barren in history till the age of Theodosius; it was barren even in compilations till we come to the second half of the fourth century, and then it is true that we have plenty which are good of their kind.

Three at least of the works of this period have come to be among the first Latin books put into the hands of schoolboys, and this shows that they are simple enough in style to be tolerably correct.

SEXTUS AURELIUS VICTOR.

The two most important of the compilers belonged at once to the literary class and the official hierarchy. Sextus Aurelius Victor, who wrote under Constantius, was the son of an insignificant father who was not over-learned, and owed the distinction of his own life to his studies. He was one of the few who did credit to the patronage of Julian, who sent for him on his way to Constantinople and appointed him "consular" of part of Pannonia. He wrote a short history of the empire to the death of Constantius, whom he mentions in the latter part of his work as *noster princeps;* his tone is commendably cool and impartial; he has no affectation of homage or independence, and closes his work without an intimation that the sequel requires higher inspiration than his. The work is clear and sober, and one can hardly draw any inference personal to the writer from the emphasis which he gives to prodigies. From Suetonius to Marius Maximus, perhaps from Marius Maximus to the compilers of the Augustan

History, the importance given to this part of life went on growing, and the conversion of the emperors and of the Greek-speaking parts of the empire naturally gave it for the time the more importance. Every one who clung to the old ways or disliked the new had an interest in knowing and believing as much as he could of tales which went to prove that inscrutable superhuman powers had given their sanction to the old religion of Rome.

His work was so popular from the first that it was felt it had to be completed in the fifth century. It had been bound up with a contemporary work, "De Viris Illustribus," which is a sort of biographical history of the regal and republican period, including several foreign notabilities, down to Cleopatra, whose lives were part of Roman history. The work begins with Procus, the father of Numitor and Amulius. The principal sources seem to be Cornelius Nepos, Suetonius, and Florus. The author had not read Livy for himself. The MSS. incorporate a work of the fifth or sixth century, by a certain Victor of Africa, on the origin of the Roman nation, which is full of a parade of citations from works which the compiler had assuredly never read.

An epitome of the work on the Cæsars was drawn up a century later, and carried down to the death of Theodosius the Great; apparently the epitomist had some independent knowledge of the period before the death of Constantius.

EUTROPIUS.

Eutropius, who was an "Italian sophist," according to Suidas, followed Julian in his eastern campaign, which he calls a war against the Parthians, and may very well be identified with the Eutropius who was proconsul of Asia in A.D. 371, and, having escaped an accusation of conspiracy, attained the dignity of prætorian prefect from 380 to 387. His history covers the period from the foundation of the city to the death of Jovian, and it is dedicated to Valens, with a concluding observation that the reigns of such illustrious princes as the present rulers deserve a more extended record, which he hopes hereafter to supply with greater diligence than could be ex-

pected at the end of a mere compendium. Through the republican period Eutropius follows Livy, whom he knows at first hand, pretty closely, and represents him not inaccurately. Afterwards he takes Suetonius and the Augustan History for his guides, without apparently using Herodian or the numerous more or less trustworthy writers who wrote in Greek of the history of the emperors of the second and third centuries. He was translated into Greek himself by a certain Capito, a Lycian, and thus helped to suppress most of the books which he had not read.

Short as the compendium of Eutropius was, it was apparently too long for Valens, who commissioned a certain Sextus Rufus, of whom we know nothing else, to write a still shorter abridgment, which is too meagre to be readable. He, too, though aware that he is incapable of fine writing, and too old to do his best, expresses a hope that he will be able to celebrate the glories of his patron, whom in his dedication he calls an emperor better than good.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Still, the period had one considerable historian whose ambition and natural intelligence are decidedly above the average of Roman historians. If he does not rise to the eminence of Cæsar and Livy and Tacitus, he is almost in substance the peer of Sallust. But Sallust's style, though affected, is admirable; that of Ammianus Marcellinus is, upon the whole, abominable: it leaves the impression that he might have been an eloquent writer if he had been able to write Latin, and that he might have learned to write Latin if he had not insisted on writing eloquently.

He took to literature late in life, for he started with a high rank in the household troops when he was sent to Antioch with Ursicinus in A.D. 353, and his work was probably not completed till after A.D. 395. He speaks of Theodosius as "a most excellent emperor, as he afterwards proved," which seems to imply he was dead when he wrote; but it is certain that all books up to the twenty-second must have been written before A.D. 391, which is the accepted date of the sack

of the Serapeum, for in the twenty-second book the author writes as if the Serapeum were standing.

Ammianus was a Greek of Antioch, and served through the Persian campaign of Julian, as well as the different expeditions to which Ursicinus was appointed, and from which he was recalled. After the death of Julian, A.D. 363, he accompanied the retreat of Jovian as far as Antioch, and was still there in A.D. 371, when the conspiracy of Theodorus was put down, and this is the last point at which we can trace him by his own writings. It is tempting to identify him with the Marcellinus whom we find in high office at Rome in A.D. 383, to whom two laws in the "Theodosian Code" are addressed. At any rate, we know that he settled in Rome and wrote his history there, and even recited it in periodical instalments with so much applause that Libanius could congratulate the author on what he heard of his success. One cannot make much of this testimony, as we know that Ammianus was disgusted with the high society of Rome—very likely he would have been a greater man at Antioch. Libanius's compliments sound as if he meant to make his friend contented. Rome is more like heaven than earth; you might be glad to live there if you only listened to other men, and you have actually an audience of your own. Besides, Libanius wished to think that Ammianus was doing his native city credit, both by his own reputation and by his report of its worthies.

He had the boldness to measure himself with Tacitus by continuing him. His work extended from the accession of Nerva to the death of Valens in 387. The first thirteen books have been lost, and the fourteenth begins abruptly with the tyranny of Gallus in Antioch in A.D. 353, so that eighteen books are devoted to the events of twenty-six years, while nearly ten times as many were crowded into thirteen.[1]

[1] Hugo Michael (in a pamphlet published by Maruschke & Berendt, Breslau, 1880) argues that the 31 or 32 books (assuming that one has been lost between 30 and 31) deal exclusively with the events of Ammianus's own life, on the ground that, with the digressions referred to, the years from the death of Constantine would fill thirteen books, and that in the period after Constantine we have reference from one digression to another instead of repetitions; while the remarks on Egypt seem to repeat what

He is as independent in temper as Tacitus, but he is not in revolt against the monarchy, and takes a great deal of severity for granted. Constantius and the elder Valentinian ordered at least as many executions as Tiberius, and yet Valentinian is an excellent emperor on the whole, and there were many worse emperors than Constantius.

Here is a fair specimen of both the author's style and temper: it describes what happened when Procopius, the friend of Julian and his chosen successor, had failed in the rebellion into which he had been frightened. "When the deadliness of war had been rooted out by the fall of the leader, there was wrath upon many sharper than their errors had demanded, or their crimes, and chiefly upon the defenders of Philippopolis, who gave up themselves and the city with a very ill grace, and that not till they saw the head of Procopius, which was being carried to Gaul. Still some had gentler discipline to grace their intercessors: among these Araxius was conspicuous, having in the very glow of the burning-up of the world attained a prefecture, and on the intercession of his son-in-law, Agilo, being visited with insular punishment, in a little while escaped. But Euphrasius and Phronemius also were sent to the western regions and subjected to the judgment of Valentinian, and, while Euphrasius was absolved, Phronemius was deported to Chersonese, being more harshly punished in like case because he was favored by Julian of immortal memory, whose virtues the two imperial brothers depreciated, since they were neither like him nor next to him.

"Upon this came other things more grievous and much more to be feared than aught in battle. For the executioner and the hooks and the bloody tortures without any distinction of age and dignity were let loose through every rank and fortune, and under screen of peace abominable judgments were plied, till all with one consent execrated the ill-

had been said before in the reigns of Trajan and Severus. It would follow that we have the larger half of a work like the Histories of Tacitus, while the work corresponding to the Annals has been altogether lost.

omened victory more grievous than any war to the death. For while arms clash and trumpets blow the peril is lighter, since all have equal chance, and the power of martial valor either matches what it dared, or unexpected death, if it befall, has no sense of ignominy in it, and brings along the end of life and pain at once. But where right and law forsooth are made a screen to pitiless counsels, and judges are set down bedaubed with paint of sentencing, like a Cassius or a Cato, while that is done which is done at the beck of high-swollen authority, and the balance of life and death was swayed at the lust thereof for such as fall into the snare, there deadly and headlong destruction rolls its round. For as each at such a time, for whatsoever cause he would, hurrying to the palace, and burned up by the greed of plundering other men's goods, though citing one whose innocence was clear, he was received as a faithful retainer of the household, to be enriched by the downfall of others. For the emperor, being quick to hurt, open-eared to accusations, and welcoming the deadly brood of informers, burst out with loosened rein through manifold punishments, not knowing the judgment of Tully, which teaches that such are unhappy as have deemed that to them all things are lawful. This implacability in a cause most unrighteous and a victory yet fouler exposed many who were innocent to tormentors, or bowed them with bent heads under the rack or under the blow of a cruel executioner. They would have chosen, if nature gave leave, to spend ten lives apiece in fight rather than risk their sides torn open when they were clear of every fault; and with every estate groaning over them, to pay the penalty of alleged treason with their bodies torn aforehand with scourges —a doom sadder than any death. Presently, when cruelty had burned out, being overcome of calamity, proscription and exile and other punishments, lighter as some deem, though sharp enough, had to be borne by men of the highest rank; and, to enrich another, one of noble race, and haply worthier of wealth, was driven headlong from his heritage and thrust into exile to wear away with grief or eke out a living by begging alms, and no measure was set to pernicious miseries till

the emperor and his favorites were filled full of riches and slaughter."[1]

The writer is trying hard to be eloquent, and it would probably be granted that he is eloquent, at the expense of being tedious and ungrammatical (the translation certainly does not exaggerate his incoherences and redundancies), but he is much more pained than indignant.

He forgets, indeed, that an officer who distinguished himself by his gallantry in storming Cyzicus in the interest of Procopius was allowed to retain his rank as well as his life when the rebellion was put down. He has a horror of Procopius's rebellion simply because it was rebellion, and with the same incoherence he notes in his obituary, both of Valentinian and Valens, that each displayed a most unprincely and unphilosophical greed for the gains of confiscation, while each distinguished himself by his unaffected zeal to keep down taxation, and to restrain provincial governors from undue exaction. In speaking of Valentinian, he adds that he was always glad whenever any judge of his appointment turned out severe, though he abstained from appointing judges for their severity. All these traits might be explained naturally enough by supposing that honesty was generally declining, and that Valentinian and his brother were resolved at any cost to have a cheap and honest government. Ammianus's comment is, that anger is always a proof that due fortitude has been lacking. It is curious that he praises Constantius for his diligence in upholding the "eminence of the imperial buskin," and setting "popularity" at defiance. Evidently it was increasingly difficult to find an emperor with resolution enough to be master, and not care about making things pleasant in his immediate neighborhood at the expense of the state; a kindred merit was that he maintained the regular order of promotion, and never allowed a great officer to become too powerful. It is remarkable that a really independent writer considers such things a real set-off to the ferocious suspicions which made every one insecure, and to the intimacy with eunuchs, who intensified

[1] Amm. "Marc." XXVI. x. 6–14.

the fears which fed their avarice. And this is the explanation of the high value which Ammianus evidently sets upon the imperial chastity of Constantius, Valens, and Valentinian. It has nothing to do with religion, for he remarks that Jovian, who gave the Christians their revenge on Julian, was given to wine and women, without the least attempt to triumph in the inconsistency. The real merit of imperial chastity was that there were no favorites of the most discreditable kind to extort favors or cruelties from their lover and bribes from every one else.

On religion Ammianus gives a very uncertain sound, and one can hardly tell how far he expresses his own sentiments or those which he expected his audience to approve. He is about equally displeased by the superstition of Julian and by the superstition of Constantius. Julian was economical in everything but sacrifices, and on them he wasted time and money as if he had never heard the epigram on Marcus Aurelius—

> All we white bulls greet Marcus Cæsar well,
> But if he conquer we may go to hell.

On the other hand, Constantius made the "absolute simplicity" of the Christian religion ridiculous by his endless curiosity. So far as Ammianus shows a preference for paganism, it is in connection with the ancestral rites of Rome, and the Roman aristocracy, on the whole, still adhered to what was left of these and regretted what was gone. The wavering attempts of Constantius at the suppression of paganism are marked as signs of his foolish belief that it was possible to make all men think alike; while Valentinian is praised for his perfect toleration. The great fight in the Liberian Basilica between those who supported and those who opposed the election of St. Damasus is used to discredit Christians rather than Christianity. Ammianus is decidedly careless of the details of ecclesiastical controversy: he confounds Didymus and Origen, does not know that St. Athanasius was contending for any doctrine in particular; when he mentions the banishment of St. Liberius, he tells us he provoked the emperor by refusing to concur in the sentence of other

bishops who deposed Athanasius from the jurisdiction which he had stretched beyond its proper limits. The truth is, he seems to be a theist, with no strong view about special forms of worship, except that they ought to be left to individual choice. He is more personally interested in what he takes to be philosophical speculations about the way stars shed souls as flowers shed seeds, and how the sun's heat fills them with prophetic light, since they are sparks from the sun (this is a perverse way of putting the fact that a sudden flow of blood caused by solar heat or otherwise gives temporary clearness to thought), and the mystical values of letters, which were a favorite device of pretenders to occult knowledge. When Valens put Theodorus and many who were and were not his accomplices to death, because a soothsayer had decided that the first four letters of Valens's successor should be Theod, his cruelty was no doubt mistaken, but the art of the soothsayer was not mistaken: the fates really intended to signify that Theodosius was to succeed Valens. So, too, though he ridicules Julian for the multitude of his sacrifices, he relates signs found in the entrails of beasts which were confirmed by the event.

The only alternative which he offers to this irrational seeking after signs is the tradition of experience embodied in philosophy: he seldom dismisses any one whose ambition has involved him in calamity without reminding us of a venerable text which might have saved him if he had known and heeded it. And calamity was never far off: one of the points which Ammianus brings out most clearly is that the higher officials hated one another, and those who pushed their way highest were almost certain to fall farthest.

One curious result of this demoralization is that Ammianus has no abhorrence whatever of treachery; he notices in the most matter-of-fact way that Julian kept Epiphany solemnly after the Christian fashion on the eve of his revolt, in order to make sure of his popularity, some time after he had decided that paganism suited him best. In the same way he applauds Julian for the cleverness with which he arrested the son of a Frankish king and a king of the Alemanni, who

was said to be in confidential correspondence with Constantius at the time of Julian's revolt. It is true that in both cases the persons arrested got off very easily. Vadomarius, the king of the Alemanni, had opportunity afterwards to display his talent for dissimulation as prefect of Phœnice, and even at first was simply sent to Spain without being roughly handled in any way. It is true, too, that Ammianus could not afford to be squeamish: he had been employed himself on the staff of his patron in one of the most questionable of the arrests of Constantius, for the person arrested was in an unusually good position to head a revolt, and Ammianus's patron sympathized enough with him to feel that under the circumstances to cultivate his intimacy for days together was hardly an honorable service. But Ammianus spends little more space on this than on explaining the admirable device of sealed orders which he seems to think was applied for the first time for the apprehension of Vadomarius. It is noteworthy that Vadomarius had defeated two of the reduced legions of the day, with the loss of their commander; and it did not occur to Julian to avenge the defeat openly, or to Vadomarius that after such an achievement it was very hazardous to cross the Rhine. On the contrary, he made a point of dining with the chief of the nearest garrison, and stayed there while the secretary who had the sealed orders went home to his lodgings to consult them. Vadomarius himself was a rogue, for he habitually wrote to Julian as *Augustus*, and his Lord and God to boot, while he was sending despatches to Constantius about "his *Cæsar* who did not know his place."

The account of the way in which Julian seized the empire is instructive as showing how much and how little the author knew of public affairs: the intercepted letters of Vadomarius were published; those of Constantius were left to rumor and conjecture. Julian published respectful letters of remonstrance: Ammianus knew of others which he had not been allowed to see, and would have thought it improper to reproduce if he had seen them.

His enthusiasm for Julian throws little light upon the

measures of his reign, though he treats it at disproportionate length: out of 608 pages of Erfurdt's edition, 320 are devoted to the seven or eight years of his administration as Cæsar and emperor, against 208[1] for the fourteen years of Valentinian. And, after all, we only know that he was enterprising and clever and good-natured, hot-tempered, vain, and a little haughty, and that good advice, of which he was patient, kept his hot temper from doing harm. One wonders to find that he was made a hero until one notices that he really had a single eye to the public service: he was so benevolent that it was thought he must be great. His promptitude was, so far as we can gather from Ammianus, his most valuable military quality, and it was not a sufficient provision for a Persian campaign. It is curious that, though Ammianus followed the Persian campaign, he is not a first-hand authority upon it. A minute comparison between his account and that of Zosimus shows not only that the two are connected, but that they both followed a common source, and that it is by no means always Ammianus that reproduces it more correctly. It seems to be ascertained that Zosimus followed Eunapius, who followed Julian's secretary.

It is in his geography that Ammianus is inferior to Zosimus; and yet he makes a considerable parade of it. He opens the account of Julian's campaign in Gaul with an elaborate description of the country, which is tolerably well done, but taken from old writers whom he knew through the compilation of Timagenes, and gives no impression of the actual state of the country beyond an enumeration of the principal cities, with a notice of casual traits like the vigor with which a Gaulish woman can throw about her white arms in a tavern brawl, or the singular aversion which the poorest, especially in Aquitania, showed to going about in rags. Still more curious is the dissertation on Thrace and the coasts of the Black Sea, which is inserted for no intelligible reason, when the author has to mention Julian's arrival at Constantinople, except that

[1] The author explains that in recent history there are two reasons for reticence: one is, that it is unsafe to mention some things; the other, that the press of matter is so great.

the reader might be rather tired of rhetoric on the felicity of Julian, even when it was relieved by stories of his sagacity or vanity. When Maximus, a philosopher, came to see him, he leaped up to meet him from the judgment-seat: when one townsman accused another of treason because he had ordered a purple cloak of silken pall, he ordered the mischief-maker to be presented with a pair of purple leggings, which he was to carry to his enemy to see if a complete imperial outfit could make an emperor. This is given as an instance of the emperor's justice. The principal instance of his injustice is that he always decided in favor of the municipalities against those who claimed exemption on plausible grounds. The author has nothing to say of the justice or injustice of the execution of several suspected partisans of Constantius, but as one of them was prefect of Egypt, and his death made the massacre of George of Cappadocia possible, we are treated to a long description of Egypt, which the author tells us is short compared to the history given under the reigns of Hadrian and Severus. In the same spirit the abortive invasion of Julian is made an excuse for an elaborate description, as bookish as the rest, of the eighteen provinces of the ancient Persian monarchy,[1] which would have been better placed as an introduction to the really important campaigns of Trajan or Galerius, or even Ælius Verus.

All the digressions of Ammianus are not so pedantic or superfluous. It is true that it would have been quite possible to say what had to be said about the merely civic history of Rome, without the brilliant pictures of the corruption of the people and the splendid imbecility of the nobles: but the pictures are brilliant; they are almost as good as Juvenal, better than anything in Claudian. The description of the tyranny of Gallus is also fresh and vivid. He seems to have been a cross between Nero and an abortive Haroun al Ra-

[1] The description of the inhabitants has more originality. The slender figures, dark-pale complexions, goatish eyes, and arched meeting eyebrows are all lifelike, and the union of sobriety in eating and drinking, with a hyperbolical ferocity of demeanor, is a trait which seems to be observed first hand. On the other hand, in the description of the Seres, it is clear the author does not know the difference between silk and cotton.

schid, going about disguised at night, partly out of love of mischief, and partly because he thought it ingenious to act as his own head-spy.

In other ways Ammianus throws light upon the condition of the empire. The number of barbarous names in high office is startling. We learn incidentally that Constantine was the first to open the consulship to barbarians, though he selected more distinguished candidates than Julian, who ridiculed his cousin in this matter. Again, the condition of Isauria in a state of chronic insurrection is described without the least surprise. All the tactics of the mountaineers and the troops which had to keep them in check are clearly described, with the admission that the mountaineers had the best of it while they kept to the mountains, but they could always be blockaded when too troublesome, and so starved into submission, as they could make no fight on the plain. Africa, again, was in a state of tumult all through the reign of Valentinian, being plundered alike by the governor and the barbarians. Yet the writer has no impression that the world is crumbling around him when he praises the buildings of Nicomedia: "it might be taken for part of the eternal city."

The crushing defeat of Valens with which the history closes is only a specimen of the constant inconstancy of fortune. He believes that the invasion of the Goths and their final defeat in Pæonia was prophesied in Greek verses engraved on a stone laid bare when the ancient walls of Chalcedon were pulled down to build a bath at Constantinople. Though he is indignant at the unprofitable treachery of Valens's lieutenants before the Goths had become hostile, he notes with grateful surprise that all the commanders of the troops beyond Taurus happened to be Romans, so that the energy of Julius, the commander-in-chief, could display itself swiftly and wholesomely by a massacre of all the Goths who had already reached their new quarters: the massacre was carried out without a hitch, and the provinces of the East were saved a great risk; and Ammianus tranquilly concludes by exhorting his successors, if he has any, to "sharpen their tongues to a loftier style" to celebrate the reign of Theodosius.

CHAPTER III.

POETS OF THE REVIVAL.

POETRY was the latest fruit of this last revival of the majesty of old Rome, as it was the first fruit of the outburst of national life which accompanied the Punic Wars. There are no works that one can assign with confidence to the days of Diocletian, and it is only the comparative correctness of the versification and the free use of mythology which leads us to put a swarm of little versifiers so early as the beginning of the fourth century. Reposianus wrote of the loves of Mars and Venus, and embodied a description of a wood, which was still, as in the days of Persius, a favorite subject for poetical apprentices. *Tuo* is once a monosyllable, and *gratiosa* must have the first syllable short or else the first two syllables must be scanned together. Pentadius (perhaps the friend of Lactantius, for whom he drew up the epitome of his great work) wrote some pretty elegiac trifles, and we have two school exercises in hexameters, one on the last letter of Dido to Æneas before her suicide, which is remarkable because the refrains, one of which is repeated nine times and the other eleven times, are each divided between two lines; the other on the speech of Achilles in the maidens' bower when he heard the trumpet of Diomed. The theme is well chosen—it is better than the common version that he betrayed himself by his emotion at the sight of arms; but the treatment and versification are tiresome and incorrect.

PUBLILIUS PORPHYRIUS OPTATIANUS.

Even more wearisome is the laborious trifling of Publilius Porphyrius Optatianus, who, if we may trust St. Jerome, was recalled from exile in 331 on the strength of a volume of

complimentary poems addressed to Constantine. There are twenty-six of them, and they are for the most part in hexameters; each line has as many letters as there are lines in the poem, so that each poem is a square, and on the square a pattern is traced by writing some of the letters in red, and by reading along the pattern we make out sentences which look sometimes as if they were, or had been, meant for verses; occasionally the writer condescends to the comparatively easy device of acrostics. The work is accompanied by a complimentary letter of Constantine's, who explains that if poetry is to be judged by its serious meaning there is no room for anything after Homer in Greek and Vergil in Latin, while for amusing ingenuity nobody surpasses Optatianus. There is also a reply of the author, who is grateful to the emperor for reading him. The first poem contains an allusion to his exile, but the prose correspondence does not mention it on either side.

JUVENCUS.

Optatianus was an orthodox Christian, as appears from the sentence we are to make out from the patterns drawn in red over his poem, but Christianity is no part of his inspiration. His contemporary, Vettius Aquilinus Juvencus, a Spanish presbyter of noble family, on the contrary, inspires himself exclusively with the Bible, and is certainly better worth reading than any Latin writer in verse between Hadrian and Constantine. His most famous work was a paraphrase of the Gospel History in about three thousand hexameters, rather arbitrarily divided into four books. He explains in his prologue that poetry is the one immortal thing in this perishable world (he seems to imagine that the final conflagration is at hand), and imagines, as so many writers have imagined since, that in dealing with the highest realities he may hope to produce the highest poetry. In fact, his versification is vigorous and easy, and readers whose taste was formed upon Vergil might without discredit find him pleasanter reading than the styleless Latin versions of the New Testament which preceded the Vulgate. He adheres as closely as possible to the text, and so escapes losing himself in amplifications, and his readers

at the time would not be scandalized at a paraphrase like *summi tonantis* for *Dei.*

Either Juvencus or some of his school undertook a paraphrase of the Old Testament, of which the greater part has only been recovered in the present generation; 165 verses of Genesis were long known and attributed in the MSS. to St. Cyprian, as the complete work on Old Testament history was in a Lorsch MS. of which the table of contents is preserved; the greater part of Genesis was published in 1733 from a Corbey MS., which ascribed it to Juvencus, and the first half of it—there are some 1500 lines in all—is said to be really in his style; the rest is disfigured by an excessive effort after abbreviation. Cardinal Pitra published from a Cambridge and two Laon MSS., all copies of the same original, the whole of Genesis and Exodus, the last nearly 1400 verses, and specimens of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, and the whole of Joshua, which only contains 586 lines.

It is noteworthy that, while in the Gospel History the canticles are rendered in hexameters, the canticles in the Pentateuch are turned into lyrical metres. Otherwise the better parts of the paraphrase of the Old Testament resemble the undoubted work of Juvencus, only the author or authors depart further from the original; in Genesis this tendency takes the form of abridgment, in Exodus it takes the form of selection and expansion. The work once included the book of Judges, the books of Kings, Esther, Judith, and the Maccabees; the author or authors used versions older than the Vulgate.

The chief mark of the decay of the language is that the quantity of vowels has become a matter of pure erudition, which Juvencus has not troubled himself to acquire. The vowels which the grammarians had settled were short or long were sounded just alike, and Juvencus scanned them as it suited him; but, as has been said, with this proviso the verses run really well. Two small and spirited copies of verse on Sodom and Nineveh are assigned to the same date, as also a ferocious declamation in which the "Mother of the Maccabees" is made to sacrifice her seven sons, less to their faith than to her glory.

AVIENUS.

The first respectable secular writer in verse is a whole generation later: his name was Rufus Festus Avienus, a descendant of the philosopher Maximus Rufus, who was proconsul twice, in Africa in A.D. 366, and in Greece 371, before he published his works. We learn this from an inscription in verse addressed to Nortia, the goddess of his native Vulsinii, in which he dilates complacently on his offices, his good character, his numerous children, and his numerous poems. In fact, his complacency supported him through the most voluminous undertakings. He translated the "Aratea" for the third time, trying to be more accurate than Cicero or Germanicus, and to introduce a certain element of mystical learning. He paraphrased the "Periegesis," or tour of Dionysius, in 1394 hexameters, and is said to describe with more spirit than his original; he also described the coasts of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Caspian in iambic trimeters, and abridged Livy and the "Æneid" in the same metre. Allowing only a hundred lines to a book, the abridgment of Livy would have been one of the longest poems in the world; it has been happily lost, like the abridgment of Vergil and the greater part of the "Description of the Coast of the Sea." Several minor works of the same author are to be found in anthologies. Neither they nor the hymns and inscriptions of St. Damasus, who was pope from A.D. 366 to 384, need detain us. His longest work consisted of twenty-six hexameters on St. Paul, intended as a preface to his epistles.

AUSONIUS.

Decimus Magnus Ausonius is a much more interesting writer. He was the son of a physician settled at Bordeaux: he himself was a tolerable rhetorician, and according to his own account one of the first grammarians of his day, and without a superior in Gaul. This led to his being employed by the elder Valentinian to educate his sons, and, once established in the royal household, his promotion was rapid. He was appointed prætorian prefect for Gaul, Italy, and

Africa, and was made senior consul in 379, which was still an enviable honor. His book of epigrams has three dedications —one to Theodosius the emperor, one to Syagrius, whose descendant was the last representative of Roman authority in Gaul, and one to the younger Drepanius. The epigrams themselves are an imitation of the worst parts of Martial, his servility and obscenity, and of the duller parts of the anthology—inscriptions on statues and the like. One notices that he repeats Martial's unlucky experiment of epigrams in hexameters, and that he is not so impersonal as even Martial. Some half-dozen epigrams are spent in ringing changes on the notion that Sylvius Bonus, a Briton, cannot be both a Briton and good; as much space is spent on nasty imputations against a certain Eunus. The nastiness is gratuitous. Ausonius has a better right than Catullus or Martial to the stock defence of poets, that their life is better than their verses; he appeals to his wife, who ridicules his affectation of naughtiness. His verses to her are really tender and graceful:[1] "Wife, let us live the old life and keep the old names that we took in the bridal bower, and let no day bring with it the change of time, but let me always be your lad and you my lass, though I be further on in years than Nestor, and you run a race with me, and even pass the days of Deiphobe of Cumæ: let us never know what is ripe old age: it is well to remember time is a cheat, and ill to count his thefts." The wife to whom this was written died when she was twenty-eight. Several epigrams are occupied with enigmatical compliments on her skill in weaving figured stuffs. And Ausonius showed his respect for her memory by remaining single. The same graceful sentimentality, which is new in Latin literature, appears in an epigram to a mistress who had refused him in her prime: "Still give me an embrace, join with me in the joys you did not remember in time, give me leave to enjoy, if not what I desire, what I desired once." There is less novelty in the pretty verses on Bissula, a young German girl whom he received as a slave and brought up as a ward, and in the fluent lines to his pet secretary, who, as we can

[1] Aus. "Ep." xix.

easily believe, took down his compositions in shorthand faster than the author, who has no literary vanity, could frame them. The greater part of his writings are simply a grammarian's stock-in-trade, a *memoria technica* of cities and emperors, and heroes of the Trojan War and wise men of Greece. The so-called play of the Seven Sages, in which each of the seven by turns expounds the maxim which immortalized him, could only pass for a play in a schoolroom. Most of his playful verse, outside the epigrams, consists of centos and macaronic verse, where the only wit consists in tacking Greek terminations to Latin words, or beginning a verse in one language and ending it in another. Then there are sets of verses that begin and end with monosyllables. The series ends very appropriately with a Grammaticomastix on all the monosyllabic words that a dispute can fairly be raised about.

The commemoration of the different professors at Bordeaux is better; although the writer is complimentary, he is not indiscriminate in his eulogy. One of the most curious points is that several Druids who found their occupation gone took refuge in professorships. Sometimes a professor had ambitions like Ausonius, who affected to believe that for other men the safe rule was to stick to a purely literary career, which he rated so highly that he praised Jucundus for having aspired to it though unqualified. When Ausonius's own promotion came he wished to bequeath his chair to his sister's son, who is commemorated both among the professors and among the members of his family. He seems to have been exceedingly clever, but did not live to sow his wild oats and settle down, as Ausonius says he missed the turning of Pythagoras's letter.

Another quaint figure is Victorius, the deputy of Ausonius, who knew the pedigree of the priests of Cures before Numa, and the legislation of Themis before the days of Jupiter, better than he knew Vergil or Cicero, whom he did not live to study. The family epitaphs have less variety: the most noticeable figures are two aunts who declined on religious grounds to marry, one of whom practised as a doctor. His widowed sister was also a devotee, with skill enough to earn

her living and guard her honor with her spindle, teaching her household the rule of good-living she had learned herself, whose one care it was, and dearer than her life, to know the true God, and love her brothers above all the world. The poet's own attitude to religion is curious: he repeatedly wishes, and quite sincerely, that the manes of his friends may be soothed by his song; sometimes he wonders if they have any sense of what happens after their death; once at least he seems to anticipate a general resurrection and a last judgment, after which men shall share the days of gods; elsewhere, even when he speaks of the manes, he speaks as a monotheist.

At some time in his life, perhaps when he was appointed tutor to the sons of Valentinian, he conformed sincerely and solemnly to the new religion. His idyls are prefaced by a curious comparison between the heavenly Trinity and the earthly trinity of the three emperors, two of whom are partakers of the undivided power of their father. In another rather entertaining poem, on the employments of the day, we have a long prayer in hexameters, of which fifty-seven lines out of eighty-five are taken up with an anxiously orthodox invocation of the Trinity, and a detestation of idolatry and bloody sacrifices (which were forbidden by imperial authority). The prayer itself is like the prayers of Horace and Juvenal.[1] "Let me desire nothing and fear nothing, let me be content with what is enough; wish nothing base, never have to be ashamed of myself; do to none what in like case I would not were done to me; let no true accusation harm, no doubtful accusation blemish, me. Let me have no power to do evil, but calm ability to do good. Let my dress and diet be plain, let my friends prize me, and let me always bear the name of father, nor be wounded therein. Without pain of body or mind, let all my limbs do their work quietly; let me have all to use, with no pain to maim me; let me have peace and a quiet life, never believe in wonders on earth: when my last hour comes, let a good conscience keep me from fearing or wishing death. When by thy mercy I seem pure from secret faults, let it all be nothing in my eyes, since it should be my

[1] Aus. "Eph. or." 59 sqq.

only pleasure to wait for thy judgment; and while the time is prolonged and the day tarries, drive far away the cruel tempter with his flattering snares." The most distinctively Christian part of the prayer is that he looks to be heard in that he fears. He still retains enough of the old leaven to anticipate riding up the Milky Way to heaven. The prayer comes after a sapphic ode calling the page, and a shorter ode in dimeter iambics scolding him for loitering, and telling him to get the chapel open, where, the poet explains, no frankincense or sweet cakes or fire of live turf will be needed. After the prayer he goes out with evident relief to pay visits, and sends his page at ten to bring his friends—five friends, not more—to breakfast, and is left with the cook: the directions unfortunately break off just after the cook has been told to be sure and lick his fingers to find out whether his sauce is savory. The poem concludes with a lengthy description of bad dreams.

The most poetical of his works is a long idyl on the Moselle. There is a great deal of rather clumsy imitation of Vergil's praise of Italy, and a great deal of the matter which we should expect in a guide-book, amplified by being given in verse instead of in prose. For instance, we have a long catalogue of the fish of the Moselle, from perch and tench up to the shad, the river dolphin. Still, there are touches of genuine feeling and insight; the poet is glad to get out of the shadow of the Hochwald into the sunny valley of the Moselle, which reminded him of his own Garonne, as both were clad with vines. He recognized the peculiar character of the scenery of the Moselle, which strikes a modern tourist as a chain of lakes, only its depth and transparency in the enclosed reaches impress him more than the apparent absence of an outlet. His highest expression of admiration is to imagine that, while the rocks and shivering wood and hollow channel ring with the shouts of boatmen and vintagers, the satyrs of the field meet the gray-eyed naiads on the margin, till the tramp of the goat-footed Pan drives the nymphs to shelter under the water. Often, too, Panope rises from the river to trespass among the vineyards in company with the nymphs of the mountain, till the wanton Fauns chase her back. This

is real live mythology: the mist rising from the river to the hills and driven away by the wind is conceived in an anthropomorphic manner; so, too, the voluptuous day-dreams of the noonday haze, when the banks are solitary, translate themselves into dim visions of nymphs romping with satyrs and taking them at advantage on the water, ducking them first, and slipping through their hands while they are trying clumsily to swim. But the poet sensibly reflects that he has never seen such sights himself, and so proceeds to describe the beauty of the reflection of the wooded heights in the river, especially towards evening. Here he turns to the concrete picturesque of races and sham fights between flower-decked boats, which are quite as well worth seeing as those of the bay of Naples. The racers themselves enjoy the spectacle, for they can look at the reflection in the water, as a girl is deceived by her own image when her nurse shows her a mirror for the first time. Then we have a set of fishing-scenes, winding up with a mythological reminiscence: a boy who jumps into the water after a fish that has got back to the river is like Glaucus. So, too, the villas on opposite heights are like Sestos and Abydos, not to say Chalcedon and Byzantium; their architecture is worthy of all the famous builders of antiquity, from Dædalus and Ictinus down to the builder of the temple of Arsinoë, where Zephyr was made fast in the roof and held her iron hair by the help of a magnet. Apart from this cumbrous erudition, the description of the villas is lively and effective.

We may notice a certain æsthetic progress since Pliny's time, for Ausonius thinks not only of the view from the villas (though he observes that one looks down into darkness), but much more of the effect of the villas as objects in the landscape. One towers above the meadow like the Pharos of Egypt, another stands aloft on a mound of native rock. Others have their baths arranged so that it is possible after the hot bath to take a plunge straight into the river. In fact, the banks of the Moselle are a miniature Baiæ. Then comes a catalogue of the tributaries of the Moselle, and an apology for not enumerating the notabilities of Trèves, which he pro-

posed to do in a separate work like that on the Bordeaux professors. Happily we are spared this, and the descriptive classification of celebrities to be commemorated therein is adapted with real grace and dignity from Vergil's description of the inhabitants of Elysium. After a pompous description of the triumph of Valentinian at Trèves, the poem ends rather lamely with an enumeration of the rivers of Gaul, and the assurance that the Moselle is second to none.

The only other idyl which can make any pretence to poetry is on a painting in a villa at Trèves, Cupid crucified by all the heroines of antiquity who died for love. Ausonius has too good taste to describe the picture: instead, he has a dream of the whole story, ending with the descent of Venus to punish her son who has involved her in so many unlucky amours. She whips him with her wreath of roses, which turns redder as he bleeds; at last the heroines intercede, and the mother pardons, and the poet awakes. Cupid is not strictly crucified, he is simply tied up to be tormented to the myrtle stump where Proserpine had tortured Adonis because he was not willing to accept her as a substitute for Venus. The allusions are overloaded; now and then we get pretty images. All the phantom tale of Minos and of Crete goes hovering in a pageant as bodiless as a picture; Love's wings ply lazily under the thick night, the ghosts gather into a cloud and bear him down. Perhaps something may be said for the affectionate ingenuity of the verses addressed to his grandson when he was of age to begin his lessons. But, upon the whole, Ausonius is hardly a poet: he is always apologizing for his verses as a triviality or impertinence; it is an accomplishment which he feels he has but imperfectly mastered, although he is vain of it. His letters are filled too much with amiable importunities: he is the man of leisure who has made a large success, and expects everybody to be willing to take an interest in him, and to spend time and thought in intercourse with him. Paulus and Symmachus seem to have taken his attentions as they were meant; but his letters to Theon, another professor, and Paulinus, an old pupil who had retired first to Spain and then to Nola, are decidedly querulous though

good-natured. In the letters to Theon there is an attempt at banter; in the letters to Paulinus there is a parade of wounded feeling.

PRUDENTIUS.

The works of Ausonius were in the main the amusement of his old age, and something the same may be said of Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, who belongs to a younger generation, only there is also a desire to make amends for what has been amiss in the active part of his life. It is noteworthy that what he reproaches himself most for is "worldliness." He does not seem to have any positive vices to repent.

He was born, as he tells us, in A.D. 348, and published his collected works in 405, when he was fifty-seven. He had studied rhetoric and practised as an advocate, and was ashamed of both. Afterwards he was employed twice as provincial governor, and, like Dr. Arnold, he thought as highly of the office of judge as meanly of the office of advocate. It shows how firmly the monarchy had established itself that he thought it still higher promotion to be employed at court, near the person of the prince.

His works are varied in form and substance, but he succeeds decidedly better with his lyrics than with his hexameters: in the latter he is often labored and confused; in the former he is always spirited and often graceful, though generally exceedingly diffuse. All his contributions to the service of the Church have been centos taken from different parts of the same poem. To an eager reader he is exciting: to a reader without sympathy for his subjects he is tedious. Perhaps his highest power is rapid narrative: the hymn on St. Eulalia is more like ballad than almost anything in ancient literature, and has the honor of having suggested one of the very oldest of romance poems.

The earliest of his works was the "Cathemerinon." The title, which, like all Prudentius's titles, is Greek, fits best the six hymns which open the collection: these are for the six[1]

[1] The seven canonical hours are made up by dividing the time between sunrise and sunset into equal divisions of three hours. So that the prayer before food is replaced by "terce" and "sext."

stated hours of prayer—cockcrow, morning, before food, after food, at the lighting of the lamp, and before sleep. The other six are for a fast and after a fast; a hymn for every season, on the wonderful works of Christ; on the burial of the dead; and for Christmas and Epiphany. The last two resume the thought which runs through the hymns for the day, that earthly light is the best symbol of the Light that lighteth every man. Only the imagery is taken from the annual instead of the daily round. The first two follow the precedent set by St. Ambrose pretty closely: they consist of strophes of dimeter iambics with four lines in each; but afterwards, partly for sentimental, partly for literary expansion, the limit is entirely disregarded. Even the shortest poem runs to as many as eighty lines. All the rest range from 100 to 226 lines, and are amplified by descriptions, for instance, of the different kinds of lights which the author knew of, or the different kinds of food which nature offers. It is noticeable that he strongly disapproves of flesh-meat, and regards vegetarianism as the ideal. He makes an exception in favor of fish and fowl, apparently because they do not lie heavy on the stomach, or involve the ugly accessories of butchers' shops. (It is important also to remember that rearing beef and mutton for the table was then an unknown industry.)

It is curious that these speculations are treated as mystical. He bids the muse despise the light ivy with which she is wont to braid her brows, and bind on a fillet of dactyls, the mystic wreath she has learned to weave, and speak out in light with a chaplet on her locks.[1] This blithe spirit runs through the whole series of poems: in the hymn for fasters we find,

> Adesto castis Christe parcimoniis
> Festumque nostrum rex divinus adspice—

and throughout fasting is treated as part of a system of transcendental hygiene, intended to liberate the spirit from the bondage of the corruptible body, rather than as a penitential

[1] Sperne, Camœna, leves hederas,
Cingere tempora queis solita es,
Sertaque mystica dactylico
Texere docta liga strophio.

discipline. In the hymn after the fast we have a tribute to the indulgence of the master—

> Major exemplis famulos remisso
> Dogmata palpes.

Nor is there any trace of the passion for pain which we find later in the "Peristephanon:" in the hymn for the Epiphany the well-known verses on the Innocents are singularly idyllic in tone when we remember that they commemorate a cruel tragedy.

The most graceful and pathetic of the hymns in the "Cathemerinon" is the burial hymn, which gives a perfect expression to the average pious sentiment about death, which has since prevailed. It is perhaps the earliest expression of the feeling that cremation is necessarily shocking to believers in the resurrection of the body: the metre, too, dimeter anapæstic catalectic,

> Jam mœsta quiesce querela,
> Lacrimas suspendite, matres,

moves with uniform ease and grace.

The sapphics are almost always wooden and prosaic, and the hendecasyllabics in the hymn after food are rather heavy: in iambics the writer never sinks too low, if it is difficult to rise very high. The catalectics in the hymn before sleep are rather like monotonous anacreontics: a line like "Procul hinc, procul vagantum" is rare, while the heavier movement,

> Tali dicata signo
> Mens fluctuare nescit,

is common. (We may note, in passing, that Prudentius has a great horror of dreams.) The dactylic metre, of which a specimen is given above, is very spirited and sparkling, but in the long-run there is something wearisome in the way one is brought up by the long syllable at the end of each line. The trochaic tetrameters on the works of Christ have not yet the assured majestic march of later hymns in the same metre.

Prudentius seems among his contemporaries and in the middle ages to have owed his reputation very largely to the

hexameter poems which he enumerates in his preface between the "Cathemerinon" and the "Peristephanon:" one of them attained to the honor of an illustrated edition, and the illustrations were copied in more than one MS. written in England before the Norman conquest. The two earliest are the "Hamartigenia" and the "Apotheosis," either of which corresponds to his intention to fight against heresies and discuss the Catholic faith. The former is an explanation of the origin of evil intended to exclude the dualism of Marcion: the second is an exposition of the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, with express reference to the Patripassian, Sabellian, and Arian heresies, and the different forms of Gnosticism. In his reply to the Patripassian heresy he depends very much upon Tertullian: he is most original in his polemic against the Jews, but the whole exposition is confused and tame; though the declamation on the unbelief of the Jews, when all the world except Julian believed, is vigorous, and relieved by the tribute to the emperor who broke faith with God and kept faith with the world. Less use in proportion is made of Tertullian in the "Hamartigenia;" instead of the argument that the "Good God" of Marcion acts unjustly in intruding upon the work of "the just Creator," Prudentius insists on the impossibility of admitting more gods in any sense than one. Then he sets forth the ordinary theory of "temptation" and "probation," after a description of the tempter, which is too plainly modelled on the furies of mythology, as the description of hell is a compromise between the bottomless pit of the Revelations and the Jewish Gehenna and the Tartarus of the poets. Prudentius more than half expects to be condemned for bodily stains to the lower world of darkness, and entreats, if so, that his place may be far from the fiery face of the king of darkness, in some region of slow heat and soothing streams, which almost suggests that he was attached, or had been attached, to the hot bath, which is not mentioned in his formidable tirade against the luxury of the day, in which he declaims in the old-school style against the shows of the theatre and the circus, and the toilet excesses of men and women.

In the two books against Symmachus Prudentius combats with little generosity or insight the last attempt of the Roman aristocracy to take advantage of the fact that they had once more an emperor of their own, independent if not jealous of the emperor of the east, in order to revive some of the cherished ceremonial of the old religion. Of course Honorius resisted the attempt to set aside his father's policy, and Prudentius presses the young emperor to go further and abolish the shows of gladiators. In the first book all the old arguments against paganism figure once more, and due, perhaps excessive, stress is laid upon the perfect civil equality which the pagan aristocracy still enjoyed. They were deprived of the *sacra publica;* they were punished if they attempted to replace them by *sacra privata,* which as a rule they seldom cared to do; but they were at liberty to honor the old gods without sacrifice in their hearts, and no conformity to the new religion was required as a condition of promotion in the service of the state. The most important novelties are the express polemic against the worship of the sun, a god whose temple no emperor could shut, and the prayer put into the mouth of Rome that she may be a Christian city like the rest of the empire. When Prudentius wrote it is probable that Christianity had become the popular creed, for the conversion of the female aristocracy added immensely to the power of the Church as an institute for the relief of distress.

The second book versifies with more or less spirit and success St. Ambrose's reply to the memorial which Symmachus had presented with the same object to the younger Valentinian: he is able to carry the argument further by claiming the victories of the Christian Stilicho as triumphs alike of Rome and of the Cross.

The "Psychomachia" is not very distinctly mentioned in the preface, and it contains a curious parallel, pointed out by Ebert, to the nineteenth book of St. Augustin's City of God, which, if the ordinary chronology of St. Augustin's works is to be trusted, would imply that Prudentius, when a good deal over seventy, had read and imitated the last instalment of the great theological work of the day, or else that Prudentius, who

generally imitates Christian prose writers, for once in the way found a prose writer to imitate him without quoting him.

The poem itself, as Ebert points out, is the expansion of 393 ff. of the "Hamartigenia," where the poet enumerates the hosts of the prince of darkness that war against the soul. There the list is headed by Anger and Superstition, Sadness, Strife, and Luxury, and we are still in some measure on Stoical ground. In the "Psychomachia" the allegory is carried into great detail: it seems to represent the successive stages of the Christian's conflict through life. The first struggle is to be a Christian at all. "Faith" has to overcome the "worship of old gods;" one is a simple unarmed peasant (one that sees paganism has not yet been driven to its last refuge, the country altars), the other in the array of a Roman Flamen. This combat is comparatively easy, and the legion of Faith, made up of the thousands of martyrs, soon intones the song of victory, which follows every battle. The next struggle is between Chastity and the Lust of Sodom. Then comes the battle between Patience and Wrath, in which Patience has only to stand invulnerable till Wrath falls upon his own spear. Perhaps we are to understand that all these victories give an opportunity to Pride: an orthodox, clean-living, self-possessed man will not resign himself to be a poor, insignificant creature. Pride on her unbroken steed threatens to ride roughshod over Humility[1] and his lean train, needy Righteousness and poor Honor,[2] meagre Temperance, pale Fasting, blushing Shame, and bare Simplicity. It is true that Hope is with them, and it is Hope that encourages Humility to slay Pride when Pride has fallen into the pit which Treachery dug. Then comes the conflict with Luxury: when a man has given up pretensions he likes to make himself comfortable and amuse himself, and then sensuality revives. Love is the charioteer of Luxury, and the virtues are inclined to retreat from their artillery of flowers, till rebuked by Temperance, who sets up the standard of the Cross.

[1] *Mens humilis*, not *humilitas:* in a familiar word Prudentius knows the quantity.

[2] *Honestas*, not yet honesty, nor the best policy.

When the desires are all vanquished, men turn to money-making, and so Avarice, with all her train, appears to gather up the spoils of Luxury. First she makes a speech in which she boasts of her triumphs, and then decides to attack the Christians under the guise of Frugality, with momentary success, until Almsgiving[1] pummels her to death. At last the soul is at peace with itself and with all men, and, though Heresy may creep into the fold and seek to sow dissension, she is soon detected, silenced, and slain, and then the building of the spiritual temple can go forward to the accompaniment of songs of thanksgiving.

If the hexameter poems, including the "Psychomachia," form a continuous series, this would not imply a complete interruption of his lyrical activity. Each of the books has a lyrical preface, and one has a double preface, in hexameters, and in the metre of Horace's earlier epodes.

The "Peristephanon" is partly lyric in form, though the substance is often narrative and even dramatic, if long debates on polytheism are to be called dramatic. The poems are full of the passion of a struggle just decided, and they presuppose the same passion in the readers. Perhaps we might compare them in this respect to Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," though Aytoun, whose work possesses about the same degree of objective merit, was the poet of a losing cause.

Many of the poems turn on the sentiments of a pilgrim: for instance, at Imola Prudentius sees the picture of St. Cassian being stabbed to death with the "styles" of his pupils (he was a writing-master), and learns and tells the legend of his martyrdom: at Rome he learns that St. Agnes, whose legend is given in very spirited major alcaics, is the patroness not only of Romans but of strangers, and prays her to purify his heart. The elegiac hymn on St. Hippolytus is one of the earliest examples of mythology passing into hagiology. His martyrdom is evidently taken from the fate of his namesake, the son of Theseus. All the martyrs commemorated are Spanish or Italian, with the exception of St. Cyprian, who ap-

[1] *Operatio*, which recalls St. Cyprian's treatise "De Opere et Eleemosynis."

pears because Christianity reached Spain from Africa. One of the poems, the eighth, is not a hymn at all, but an inscription in nine elegiac couplets for a place in Calagurris, where some martyrs had suffered, which was afterwards turned into a baptistery. In the hymn for St. Laurence,[1] Prudentius boasts in the same spirit that a Vestal enters his shrine to pray. Throughout one of the most remarkable features is the poet's exultation in the conversion, not merely of the empire, but of the actual city of Rome. This comes out very strongly in the hymn on St. Peter and St. Paul. His Spanish patriotism is equally strong: the eighteen martyrs of Saragossa are sure to deliver the city in the day of judgment.

The hymns are, upon the whole, shorter than in the "Cathemerinon," but those for St. Laurence, St. Vincent, and St. Romanus are longer; the two first are nearly 600 iambic dimeters each; the last is over 1100 trimeters: all the tortures of the saint are detailed, and his speeches before and after his tongue was cut out: besides, there is the episode of St. Cyriac, the child to whom he appealed for confirmation of his words, which was given so freely that the judge asked,

> "Quis auctor," inquit, "vocis est hujus tibi?"
> Respondit ille, "Mater et matri Deus."

This is in the best manner of Seneca's tragedies, where it would be hard to match this line on St. Eulalia, who at the age of twelve ran away from home to break down idols and be martyred—

> Ludere nescia, docta mori.

That is worthy of Crashaw, but neither Crashaw nor Seneca would have sunk to the doggerel in which Prudentius promises to bear, in the midst of the choir, chaplets woven in dactylic measure, neither precious nor ever green, but good for a festival.[2]

CLAUDIAN.

A contemporary of Prudentius is an exception to the general inferiority of secular literature in this period. Claudius

[1] Ædemque Laurenti tuam
Vestalis intrat credula.

[2] "Perist." iii. 208–211.

Claudianus is a better writer of his kind than had appeared since Statius. His chief activity falls between A.D. 395 and 404. He wrote little or nothing after 408, the year of the death of Stilicho. By a curious irony of fate his admirable pamphlets in verse in favor of his patron and against Claudian's enemies are the principal source for the accepted history of the reign of Honorius. We do not know the circumstances which led a clever poet of Alexandria to attach himself for thirteen years to the fortunes of the barbarian generalissimo, for it was only three years after the connection began that the patron conferred any benefit upon his client, and then it was done in a manner characteristic of the age. Stilicho had married his daughter Serena to Honorius, and he provided for his client by getting him a letter from the empress to secure his acceptance by the parents of an heiress. When Stilicho fell, Claudian too found himself in difficulty and danger, chiefly from Hadrianus, the prefect of the city, whom he had offended when patronized by Stilicho. He apparently escaped with the loss of his military rank and emoluments, and was consequently in a rather destitute condition when he wrote to Gennadius that he could send him no verses because he had nothing to eat, and when poverty comes in at the door songs fly out at the window.

His first Latin poem was on the consulship of Olybrius and Probinus, A.D. 390, and in his distress he writes to each to ask why his letters remain unanswered. Perhaps during the last five years of Stilicho's life the prosperous poet may have occupied himself with a work too ambitious to be completed, on the Rape of Proserpine, in which he returns to mythology. He began with mythological poems: we have fragments both in Greek and Latin of a poem on the Giants' Wars: in the Greek there is a pretty conceit of Cypris going to the battle armed only with her beauty, and the Latin poem is in a certain sense spirited and original, though dreadfully pragmatic; the motive is that Earth is shocked to find herself inferior to Cybele. One merit is that there is no invocation; the narrative begins in a simple, business-like way. Again, there is a certain ingenuity in the imitation of Ovid. Pallas the giant

is turned into a stone snake at the sight of the Gorgon breastplate of Pallas the goddess; and his brother Damastor, looking round for a rock to hurl, takes up the petrified giant Echion, attacks the goddess, and is petrified too. Palleneus reaches out his hand to wound, while he turns his angry looks another way; she strikes him with her sword, and the wound is deadly to his human half; the snakes below are turned to stone by the Gorgon. The poem on Ceres and Proserpine is meant to be the author's masterpiece. In the neatly turned elegiacs prefixed to the first book he compares himself to a sailor to whom art opens the path which nature forbids, whose heart has unlearned the lethargy of fear, so that he can leave the shore and career at will over the open sea. The preface to the second book is less jubilant: the poet is another Orpheus, recalled to song after long and listless silence by another Alcides, whose Latin name is Florentinus; as Alcides had suppressed the ferocious Diomedes, so perhaps Florentinus had suppressed Claudian's persecutors. The opening of the poem itself is as disagreeable as the opening of the "Thebaid," only Claudian is a vigorous tyro in the line in which Statius is a master. Claudian stops again and again in his exordium of thirty-one lines, while in the forty-five lines of Statius there is no pause and nothing separable. The whole poem is made up of machinery: instead of being ornaments to a story of human heroism or passion, the intrigues of mythological deities are made the substance of the story. Even so, the story is incoherent: at the beginning of the poem Pluto threatens his brother unless he is provided with a wife; as the poem goes on we learn, first, that it was a great and difficult triumph for Venus to make Pluto in love with Proserpine, and next that it was a deliberate scheme of Jupiter to benefit mankind by sending Ceres over the world to teach men agriculture, as, so far, the suppression of the spontaneous plenty of the golden age had done more harm than good. This is explained at a synod of the gods, convoked to hear the pains and penalties which any god or goddess will incur who may tell Ceres what has become of her daughter. The elder rivers are allowed seats like all the deities of sky and

sea, but most rivers, like the nymphs and wind gods, have to stand. There are several Ovidian graces: when Ceres, having left her daughter safe, as she thinks, in Sicily from the courtship of Mars or Apollo, comes to take her ease with Cybele, that goddess stoops her towers to a kiss;[1] when Ceres finds her daughter's bower empty, the spider has woven a fringe round the unfinished broideries of a goddess.[2]

There is plenty of mythological allegory even in the historical poems. When Olybrius and Probinus, two brothers of the Anician family, are made consuls together, the poet asks the Muse, since he does not know himself, what deity vouchsafed such a rare favor. It was Rome who came to the pass of Aquileia, which only Augustus could force, to ask this grace for her sons. The journey of the goddess and the repose of the hero are splendid in their way. Father Tiber hears the news, and stands on his island to watch the procession of two consuls from one house, and to make a speech comparing them to the twins of Eurotas, and invites all the rivers of Italy to keep the feast with him; the poem concludes with the ordinary wishes for a seasonable year. There was little else to be said, perhaps, in honor of two nobles of high character and family, whose father, though often in office, seems to have been chiefly remarkable for his liberality. But when Mallius Theodorus is made consul, Justice descends from her place in the zodiac to urge him to return to the cares of active life, and when he accepts the office of prætorian prefect he gathers up four reins from the car of justice, each of which corresponds to one of the provinces under his care. And Mallius was a remarkable man: he had been governor of several provinces, and then employed at court as quæstor, then one of the highest titles in the state, as the officer who bore it had to draft the laws and decisions of the emperor. From this office he had gone back to his books and his farms, until it was necessary to find a civilian who would act with Stilicho as prætorian prefect. One doubts whether his administration was a success, for he was soon relieved of his functions by promotion to the higher rank of consul. The poet is anxious for the splendor

[1] "De Rapt. Pros." i. 213. [2] Ib. iii. 156, 157.

and success of the pageants the new consul is to give, and sends the Muses over the world to collect Andalusian horses and Greek boxers and wild beasts for the arena. Perhaps we are to suppose that the new consul was poor, and that the splendor of his year of office would depend upon the liberality of Augustus; perhaps, that an elderly man might not be sufficiently lavish. Otherwise the poem is fine and serious: the reflections upon the value of rank as an addition to character, the comparative usefulness of the philosopher and the statesman, and the recapitulation of the studies of Mallius, are all sincere and dignified.

Almost all Claudian's other poems, in one form or other, are dedicated to the glory of Stilicho. The two most famous are invectives against the two ministers of the Eastern court, whose sacrifice the generalissimo of the West exacted before his own fall. When we see how bitterly a comparatively disinterested writer like Numatian spoke of Stilicho, we need not pin our faith to the interested though sincere invectives of Claudian. Both Rufinus and Eutropius had been employed and trusted by the great Theodosius. Rufinus was skilful, Claudian tells us himself, in the art of infusing suspicion, and the rate at which pretenders multiplied was a proof that suspicion was more often well founded than not. Claudian's indictment against Rufinus comes to this, when we confine ourselves to what he alleges as fact—that Rufinus preferred temporizing with the barbarians encamped within and without the Eastern empire to allowing Stilicho to coerce them; that he was suspected of provoking their attacks; that, like almost all ministers of despotic governments, he took care to be paid by the parties concerned for expediting public business, and that the cruelty of an Oriental despotism was plainly perceptible under his administration. How much of this was due to himself, how much to Theodosius, is a question on which Claudian is more confident than history. Of course the avarice of Rufinus is the text for a great deal of declamation in the manner of the Stoics. The debate on providence, with which the poem opens, is not Stoical: the writer consoles himself for the inequalities of human life, which contrast so strongly with the

admirable order of nature, not, as the Stoics, with the thought that character shines brightest in the conflict with adversity, but, as the ancient Hebrews, with the creed that the prosperity of the wicked only prepares their ruin; the punishment of Rufinus is the absolution of the gods.

There is endless imitation of the ancients. Alecto tempts Rufinus as she had tempted Turnus; the people exult at the massacre of Rufinus as they had exulted at the execution of Sejanus in Juvenal. The indignation of Stilicho at not being allowed to conduct the Eastern troops in person to the Eastern capital is very eloquent; but, as they massacred Rufinus, it seems rather superfluous. The contrast between the infatuated friends of Rufinus and his approaching doom is dramatic—all the more because Claudian discreetly omits in this poem any allusion to the part of Eutropius in the overthrow of his predecessor. The eunuch had saved his master from the match which the prætorian prefect had planned to secure his ascendency: or else Rufinus might have ruled Arcadius as long as Stilicho ruled Honorius. The poem on Eutropius is certainly masterly, the more that the material is deficient. Rufinus was massacred in a tragic manner; his fall was a revolution. Eutropius was simply banished after a consulship granted in recognition of the successes he claimed in Armenia, because Stilicho chose to hold him responsible for the revolt of a Gothic chief in Phrygia, which his general failed to suppress with desirable promptitude. The scandals to which a eunuch is exposed are detailed with an evident imitation of Juvenal. This succeeds better in the description of the council held on the revolt of Targibilus, which is worth reading even after Juvenal's "Council of the Turbot:" the froward youths and wanton elders who value their villas on the Bosphorus above the glories of Rome; the Grecian Quirites and the Byzantine Fathers who are ready to applaud the eunuch consul, who think that peacocks and parrots and sturgeons must be delicacies because they are costly, are a worthy background for the more elaborate portraits of the ex-cook Hircus and the ex-woolcomber Leo, who are the seconds of the eunuch. There is a certain humor in Leo's bluster, all in terms

of his old profession: a web of woes is weaving while they sit spinning out the time, he is the man to sweat out the job, his hand was never slack at the iron; if the goddess of weaving and war will but bless him, the work begun shall soon be finished; though the fury of Targibilus lies heavy on the land, he will dress him till he is lighter than a ball of wool, and lay waste the renegade Guthrungi like sheep, and restore peace, and send the matrons of Phrygia back to their spindles. He is applauded to the echo, like an actor in the theatre, and the council begins with some lively gossip on the circus and the new ballets, until the president calls it to order by stating the business of the day. Claudian's horror at the indecorum is worthy of Juvenal or Cicero.

He is equally eloquent upon the turpitude of Eutropius, who actually contrived, not only that the garrison of Constantinople should go into summer quarters at Ancyra, but that their return should be a military spectacle. Of course there is a description of the boundaries of Phrygia, which is clear enough and dull enough for a book of geography. Of course Cybele makes a pathetic prophecy. Of course, too, Targibilus does not act upon the offence given him without supernatural instigation. Mars and Bellona, who is almost a Fury, hold high council how to clear the honor of Rome from the disgrace of a eunuch for a consul (throughout the condition of Eutropius is regarded as far more disqualifying than his character): "the stranger from the north is to avenge the violated laws, and barbarian arms to rescue Roman honor." The pure Roman feeling of Claudian is everywhere remarkable; it is a feeling not for the Roman Empire so much as for the city Rome; he is fond of every piece of Roman antiquity like the *cinctus Gabinus;* he more than hints in the "War of Gildo" that Rome would be very grateful to see more of her ruler: it was clearly a disappointment to him that the pageant of Honorius's fourth consulship passed away from Rome. It is the majesty of the Eternal City which conquers Gildo and Alaric: he has a sense that Rome has lost something because the fathers and the commons no longer grow their own harvests or fight their own battles; but for him she is still the mistress of the

world; her dominion has been neither shaken nor diminished; that barbarians were settling within it in ever-growing numbers is no reason for alarm; it is the glory of the reign of Honorius that so many tribes so hard to conquer voluntarily offered their allegiance to Rome.

This is not pure conventionalism: Claudian treats the first invasion of Alaric seriously enough: he hazards his own precious fame by writing, after a silence of two long years, on the campaign, which he compares to the campaign of Fabius against Hannibal, of Fabricius against Pyrrhus, of Marius against the Cimbri. He hardly exaggerates the merits of Stilicho's momentary pacification of the Rhine, since it enabled cultivation and building to be resumed upon both banks: even Claudian does not venture beyond a promise that in the future revenue would come in once more from the province of Illyricum. Historians have generally accepted Claudian's estimate of Stilicho, and rejected his equally honest estimate of Honorius. He describes him as a gallant, innocent, accomplished boy, with a precocious ambition to share his father's campaigns, and perhaps this precocity was the reason of his collapse into jealous timidity after the massacre of Stilicho and his family. We are told that he always wished to rule at Rome even when his father was only emperor of the East, and of course it is added that the usurper who overthrew the last relic of the house of Valentinian deserved well of the state, since the necessity of suppressing him prepared the way for Honorius.

After all, the sons of Theodosius were not responsible for the number of the barbarians encamped within the empire: it would have required genius beyond the measure of most hereditary kings to avert the resulting calamities, and Honorius after the death of Alaric recovered a considerable measure of authority.

They were almost the first emperors whom it is natural to try by the standard of hereditary kings who survive calamities they cannot avert, while the unfortunate emperors who had preceded them paid the penalty in person for the failures of their government. The great Theodosius appears to his son

in dreams to teach him the duties of his station; but in Claudian the great emperor is not a Christian, but a mixture of Stoic and Platonist; his sense of public duty and honor is fed by Stoicism; his hope of immortality is Platonic; there are two souls in a man, and only the soul which is lodged in the brain is capable of rising after death to heaven, while the soul that is lodged in the breast and the belly, and directs the higher and lower passions, expires with the body. Claudian is nearer being a consistent pagan than Ausonius to being a convinced Christian: the raciest epigram in Latin since Martial is on a certain "General Jacob," the "Master of the Horse," who was a devout client of all manner of saints. "By the ashes of Paul, by the shrine and the gray hairs of Peter, do not mangle my verses, General Jacob. So may Thomas be your shield to stay your heart, and Bartholomew go forth with you to war; so may the aid of saints keep barbarians from storming the Alps; so may Saint Susanna grant you strength like her own; so may every savage who swam the cold Danube in his pride be drowned even as the fleet horses of Pharaoh and his host; so may the sword of the avenging angel smite the Gothic bands; so may the blessing of Thecla shield the arms of Rome; so may you triumph at the fall of a comrade under the table, and see jars enough broached to conquer even your thirst; so may no foeman's blood stain your strong right hand: do not mangle my verses, General Jacob!" Apparently General Jacob's potations had brought on the gout, for there is another and very dull quatrain on a gouty person who mangled the poet's verses, turning on a series of puns on the feet of the critic and the feet of the verses criticised.

The versification of Claudian is beautiful, considering the age, and he is fond of experiments in all kinds of metre, under the guidance of grammarians rather than of poets, so that he disregards the wholesome tradition of stanzas: his choriambics on the marriage of Honorius are thirty-seven in number, his alcaics are forty-one. Horace's choriambics are always divisible into stanzas, except in one ode of the fourth book, which has thirty lines; and no poet, even of the silver age,

would have dreamed of writing a whole poem in major alcaics. Claudian is eloquent and sonorous, and obtains the greatest number of pretty images possible out of the universal admiration for the beauty, horsemanship, and archery of the young emperor. In the elegiac prefaces to his longer poems Claudian succeeds better: he is fluent and neat and ingenious; if his conceits have little charm or point, they do not sin against the genius of the metre. But it is only in hexameters that Claudian is a poet; and he is most, perhaps, a poet when he is most unreal, in the mythological pageantry which he uses to dignify the ideal aspect of contemporary politics. His apparitions and interventions of deities are decidedly the most Vergilian part of his writings, and though unreal they are never heartless; he is obviously straining after something which he can only apprehend in a figure; when he is combative and declamatory he comes nearer Lucan and Juvenal, though he never reaches the paradoxical exaltation of Lucan, and seldom the sarcastic eloquence of Juvenal, and falls often into the fault of all late writers, of mistaking memory for inspiration, and trying to conjure with long lists of celebrated names.

NUMATIAN.

Three years after the fall of Stilicho, while Claudian was perhaps still hoping to finish his poem on "Ceres and Proserpine," a smaller poet, Claudius Rutilius Numatianus, solaced himself in his Gallic retirement with the recollection of his visit to Italy, where he had been prefect of the city and marshal of the palace. He disagrees with Claudian in most things, except in his dislike to Christianity: he does not sneer openly at the saints, he does not avow a preference for the old worship, which would have been hazardous under an orthodox reign, but he criticises monasticism unsparingly. Monks are men who flee the light, so called, because it is their choice to live away from witnesses to their deeds; they shrink from the gifts of fortune out of fear of losses: who ever chose before to avoid misery by embracing it? and so on: they must either be runaway slaves, who cannot cheat the fate that dooms them to a dungeon of one kind or other, or else, like Bellerophon

when he hated the human race, they must be suffering from excess of bile. The Jews are as bad as the monks; it is a pity that they were ever conquered by Titus or Pompeius; as it is, the conquered nation is weighing on its conquerors; all that he knows of them is their addiction to circumcision and sabbatarianism, and their exclusive laws of diet, all which is mentioned because the Jewish farmer of a villa on the Etruscan coast objected to the poet's trespassing, though he did no harm. The Compitalia were being celebrated at the time without disturbance: the learned poet imagines they were keeping the festival of the resurrection of Osiris.

In his Roman patriotism he even goes beyond Claudian: the fact that Rome had been occupied six days, that Italy had been ravaged four years, by Alaric, only makes Rutilius more fervent in his loyalty. He is full of the splendor of the city, and finds it hard to tear himself away to restore his property in Gaul which had suffered in the disorder of the times. One of his friends was sent to Armorica to pacify the province, which had proclaimed its independence of the usurper Constantius, and probably of Roman civilization, for it would be the duty of the pacificator to deliver the provincials from slavery to their own servants. The roads and forests of Etruria were impassable, as a result of the repeated invasions, and so the poet had to travel by sea. At Pisa he found another friend, who had been driven from Toulouse by the capture of the city, whether by the usurper Constantius, or by the loyal Goths under Ataulphus, the successor of Alaric. With all this Rutilius believes that Rome will rally and assert her profaned majesty, as in the days of Hannibal: for himself, he constructs pretty little tirades about gold and iron, just as if he had been a contemporary of Tibullus. He is so self-possessed that he does not spend more than a dozen lines on the turpitude of Stilicho's proposal to quarter his barbarian troops to the south of the Apennines, the providential bulwark of Rome, and his profane audacity in burning the compilation which passed as the Sibylline Books. He even cherishes the tradition of the early empire; he congratulates himself on his good fortune in not having had to direct a single execution while prefect of

the city, and modestly boasts of his merit in having treated the sacred senate with respect and consulted them whenever it was possible. He philosophizes, while passing Sardinia, on the ill-omened house of the Lepidi, and concludes that of all the triumvirs Lepidus was the guiltiest, because the republic might have been saved after the battle of Mutina but for his intervention; and it is noticeable that he nowhere displays any enthusiasm for the imperial family, which would not have been incompatible with his view of the fall of the Republic; for, according to Claudian, Theodosius taught Honorius the republican theory of that event. The versification of Rutilius is smooth and not incorrect, but decidedly tedious, in spite of the pains taken to keep a purely dactylic movement in the early part of the first book.

MEROBAUDIS.

A better writer, though he has only reached us in fragments, is Flavius Merobaudis, who was the official laureate of Aetius and Valentinian the Third, as Claudian had been of Stilicho and Honorius. Like Claudian, he had a bronze statue in Trajan's forum; like Claudian, he was rewarded by rank; and as he had served in the army with distinction, he received higher promotion than Claudian, for it appears from the dedication to the panegyric on the third consulship of Aetius that he was raised himself to consular rank by the emperor of the East, which perhaps accounts for his name not being in the *fasti*, for the precedent set when Stilicho refused to recognize Eutropius would naturally work both ways: it would make the Eastern court more chary of creating a consul on the first of January, and perhaps more lavish in creating consuls at other times. Merobaudis is officially a Christian: in his pretty hendecasyllabics on Aetius's baby, he compliments the mother on having her boy baptized instead of dipping him in the Styx like Thetis; but perhaps he thought that being initiated into the mysteries of one worship was very like being initiated into the mysteries of another. It is certain that in the panegyric on Aetius's third consulship the most eloquent passage is a protest bolder than any of Claudian's against the abolition of

the old rites, which were the safeguard of the old honor. Some goddess of trouble has been nursing her wrath, all has been dishonored, and so has Osiris, for whom the peoples wail; but she is bent on vengeance, and will raise a storm that shall make famous havoc in the court. At the word she rides the west-wind to the sluggish pole, and pierces the chilly clouds of the Rhipæan mount. Here cruel Enyo, sitting beneath the hollow rock, had hidden a bier that skulked from aged peace. Her lamentation is that the world has nothing to lament; she groans in sorrow at gladness; foul dust lies thick upon her uncomely features, her raiment is stiff with gore long dry; the hand clasps hand idly on her upturned throat; the crest of her helm droops; the orb of her shield is ruddy no more with ghastly light, and the point of every lance rusts into nothingness. The goddess accosts her and bids her put on mortal weeds and hide her face under a visor, drive the grim squadrons to the war, and let the Tanais bear forth the quivers of Scythia to riot upon unknown shores. "Burst open the doors of brass and the shrines with metal covering that we have beheld throughout the Latin world (the temple of Janus, we are to understand, was shut in all men's sight); let all rush together unto arms, let the heavy baldric glow with gold; let the quiver where the arrows lie be gilded; make ready golden plates for bit and curb; let steel be closed in jewels, let the light of flickering gold gleam on the flashing blades of swords (in time of war soldiers can get gold hilts and jewelled sheaths for their swords). Let no walls avail to keep out thy madness; let Rome and the very emperors tremble at the hum of wrath and guilt. Then drive from earth the dwellers on high and the deities whose tabernacle is with men; lay waste the gods of Rome; let no fire burn white over the hearth in sign that Vesta accepts the offerings which feed the flame. These be the wiles to arm me that I may go up into the wavering palace and drive away the fashions of our fathers and the heart of ancient days. Then also shall discernment utterly perish, that the valiant be contemned and the wise not had in reverence; let Phœbus be forgotten, and eloquence perish from Athens; let honor light on the unwor-

thy; let the springs of the world be swayed not by merit, but by chance and sorry greed; let men's spirits boil with maddening rage for cruel gold; and when all this is come upon them, let Jove take no heed, and let not the most high God regard it."[1]

Fragmentary as the poem is, we learn something of the achievements of the hero. Aetius has received the submission of the tribes of both banks of the Rhine (i. e., the barbarians who had been independent on the east bank of the Rhine were still willing to confess themselves vassals in order to secure their settlements on the west). After twenty-eight or thirty years the enterprise of restoring order in Armorica had not yet been given up, although the settlements of the Goths were on the border, and the endeavor had been kept up with little success for twenty-five or thirty years. Genseric had established himself at Carthage; but Carthage was an old rival of Rome, and it was hoped that, with good management and an imperial marriage, he might be persuaded to be loyal. It appears by the prose dedication of the panegyric that the Goths had broken out against the authority of the court: by the analogy of Claudian we may infer that the poet thought they had sufficient provocation; however, the outbreak was triumphantly suppressed. The author tells us that the only question he asked when he heard of it was, how soon Aetius engaged the enemy, and how many of them were slaughtered.

His prose is even further from Pliny the younger than his verse from Vergil, but he is certainly less enigmatical and cumbrously allusive than Ausonius. There are one or two sentences which savor of the brazen age—where he speaks, for instance, of Rome with the prince forming him in brass to live, and boasts that the emperor nearest the rising sun has raised him to the name of highest. But, in the main, his prose is good and manly, and less loaded with epithet than his verse; his hendecasyllabics are musical and sonorous, but heavy and monotonous. His elegiac poems are a great falling off from Claudian, or even Rutilius. They are so para-

[1] Mer. v. 59–97.

phrastic, especially the first, that it is very difficult to ascertain his meaning. One of them is on the banqueting-room in Valentinian's palace, another on the decorations of his garden: the only one for a private person is on the garden of Faustus, one of the Anician family, who still kept up something of the state of happier times.

AVIENUS.

A little earlier, or a little later, a certain Avienus experimented in Latin versification by some elegiac fables which he addressed to a certain Theodosius, who, it seems, was a patron of literature. He succeeds better in the favorite metre of tyros than in the prose preface which explains the scope of the work. The verses are smooth and elegant, and the diction and construction fairly correct; but the point often suffers both by amplification and indecision. For instance, in the author's first fable, about the nurse who threatened her baby with the wolf, he never gives the point about the folly of believing a woman, because he tries to explain that the nurse was not in earnest and had no reason to be, and to hint that the wolf got beaten for hanging about the cottage. Again, in the fifteenth, the quarrel between the high-flying crane and the gorgeous peacock is told as if it were only introduced to prove the assertion in the first couplet, that once upon a time the peacock asked the crane to dinner. More than once there are lines to which no meaning can be attached, though they are perfectly easy to construe. What does it mean that the husbandman who turned up a treasure when ploughing, and left the plough, "drove his bullocks to better seed?" Does it mean that, instead of ploughing with them, he decided to sacrifice them, as if the sacrifice would be the seed of more treasure-trove? Even apart from this, there are all sorts of *chevilles:* for instance, the tigress wounded by an arrow from an unseen bow is detained a long time by a she-fox who wishes to know what has happened. Even a couplet like this,

> Juppiter in toto quondam quæsiverat orbe
> Munera natorum qui potiora daret,

is a clumsy, roundabout way of saying Jupiter wanted to know

which creature in the world had the best children. So, too, in the fable of the ant and cicada, the latter is described and not named: and the tortoise, when he wishes to fly, promises shells of the pearl-oyster—by a periphrasis, shells from the red sands (i. e., from the sands of the Red Sea), whose value was enhanced by the pearl with shining rind. One curious trick is that the writer not merely identifies Phœbus with the sun, and the sun with Titan, but identifies Titan and Phœbus Apollo. Perhaps the prettiest of the fables is the oak and the reed:

Stridula mox blando respondit canna susurro,
Seque magis tutam debilitate docet.
Tu rabidos inquit ventos sævasque procellas
Despicis et totis viribus acta ruis.
Ast ego surgentes paulatim demoror Austros,
Et quamvis levibus provida cedo Notis,
In tua præruptus offendit robora nimbus,
Motibus aura meis ludificata perit.

The last couplet is, of course, a repetition of the two couplets before; but the last line is prettily turned, and the first line is a nice imitation of the sound of wind in reeds.

CHAPTER IV.

PAGAN CULTURE.

Up to the end of this period the grammatical schools and the aristocracy of Rome kept up the traditions of the old pagan culture.

FIRMICUS MATERNUS.

One of its most curious expressions was a work begun in the reign of Constantine, and completed some twenty years later under Constantius, by Firmicus Maternus, a Sicilian of rank, who addressed himself to Sollianus, a provincial governor of high reputation who had received the consular insignia. Maternus himself was a retired advocate, who had magnanimously renounced the gains of a profession in which he had personally found quarrels more plentiful than pay, in order to devote himself to astrology, on which he wrote eight books, which have reached us in a tolerably complete condition, though the mention of *Alchimia* (iii. 15) proves that it must have been interpolated after science, and what passed for science, had passed into the hands of the Arabs.

He seems to know nothing of Manilius; for he boasts in winding up the seven books which contain the exposition of his doctrine—the first is occupied with a defence of his science—that he had "delivered to men of Rome the method of a new subject." His sources are, for the most part, suspicious enough, the "revelations of Mercurius and Euichnus to Æsculapius," with "the explanations of Petosiris and Necepso, and the lessons of Abraham, Orpheus, and Critodemus." Necepso, it seems, was in virtue of his science one of the most righteous emperors of Egypt; but he did not know the secrets of the "barbarian sphere," which Maternus himself is able to expound. In other words, the later apocryphal literature was

fuller than the earlier. His work has been little read in modern times, and has not been edited since the middle of the sixteenth century, and then the editor was an astrologer. His style, he tells us, is not his strong point, and apparently he had not the mathematical knowledge to make a great calculator. His results are, of course, of little interest. His temper is curious and not unedifying. He feels much more strongly the solemnizing effect of the thought that our earthly life and all its actions are wrought out by the influence of the bright, pure spheres of heaven than the temptation to throw the blame of our misdoing on the stars: the knowledge that we are in the hands of heaven ought to make us study to conform ourselves to heaven. His science, which he calls *divina mathesis*, "divine learning," is neither Antinomian nor irreligious; there had been a time when, instead of propitiating the gods, men had sought to learn their fate from the stars; but to Maternus the starry influences only give reality and substance to the traditional worship: like modern writers, he maintains that piety is strengthened by accepting the results of science. And the priesthood of science are to lead a stricter life than the priesthood of the old official worship. They are above all things to beware of making a gain of their profession or handing their knowledge on to unsuitable recipients. Especially must they be careful to avoid private consultations, which might be on matters on which it was criminal to speculate, as public business or the personal destiny of the emperor, though every well-instructed astrologer ought to know and teach that the emperor is not subject to the stars: they in heaven, he on earth, are set to rule the world by the principal divinity; they and he are gods alike.

FIRMICUS MATERNUS.

Another Firmicus Maternus, also a Sicilian, wrote, probably after Sapor's unsuccessful siege of Nisibis, A.D. 346 (the only Persian defeat which fell in Constantius's reign), an impassioned appeal to the emperors to suppress idolatry, and to his heathen contemporaries to forsake "the error of their profane religions." His work is only interesting for its vehemence,

and for the numerous indications it contains of the point which the Eleusinian and other mysteries had reached in the middle of the fourth century.

JULIUS OBSEQUENS.

A little earlier or later, Julius Obsequens compiled from Livy all the prodigies recorded between 249 and 12 B.C., obviously intending to select wonders in support of the old faith which had occurred in the full daylight of history.

DICTYS AND DARES.

The same feeling found a fantastical expression in the translation of the apocryphal histories of the Trojan war by Dictys the Cretan, the official historian of Idomeneus, and Dares the Phrygian. Dares was selected to give the Trojan side of the story because he is mentioned both in the Iliad and the Æneid, where he figures as a braggart, and Dictys the Cretan is the contemporary Greek, selected because the Cretans were liars. Neither of these motives at all affects the translators, who take their originals quite seriously, especially the translator and abbreviator of Dares, who assumes the person of Cornelius Nepos, and explains, in a prefatory letter to Sallust, the stir the discovery of the work has made at Athens, where Homer is finally discredited, having always been regarded with suspicion because he described the gods as engaging in single combat with men. It is only Dares who competes directly with Homer, for Dictys confines himself to supplementing the Iliad. The translation of Dictys is rather in the style of Sallust; the translator is one Septimius, who dedicates his translation to Q. Aradius Rufinus; two statesmen of the name were in high office, one in A.D. 304–312, the other succeeded to his uncle's position under Julian in A.D. 363. The original was, according to the preface, discovered in the tomb of Dictys, in Phœnician characters, in consequence of an earthquake in the reign of Nero, who immediately ordered a translation into Greek. Dares was quoted by Ælian; the translator, having no style in particular, gives no clue to his date; he has carefully preserved all the

personal portraits of the heroes and heroines. He professes to have translated literally, following the simple style of the original, and, allowing for omissions, this may be tolerably true.

VICTORINUS.

A Platonic philosopher of this period has a reputation rather in excess of his intrinsic importance, because he once made a great impression upon St. Augustin, who heard, just before the final crisis of his own conversion, how the celebrated philosopher and rhetorician had publicly acknowledged Christ in his old age, and renounced his profession when Julian forbade Christians to teach the liberal sciences. His translations of Platonic writers have disappeared: they are a sign that the transfer of the capital had diminished the number of Romans who as a matter of course knew Greek. His translation of Porphyry's "Introduction to Aristotle's Categories" was still in the hands of Isidore of Seville; but apparently his reputation was that of a grammarian and rhetorician. He was rewarded for his success as a teacher with a statue in Trajan's forum, where celebrities of a certain magnitude found their way at this period with suspicious regularity. Several grammatical works have reached us with his name, of which four books on metre may possibly be genuine: it is a mere compilation, and is said to be founded on Juba, a writer of Diocletian's day. As the MS. ends with an inscription to Ælius Festus Apollonius, it has been observed that Victorinus may have done nothing more than abridge. After his conversion he wrote against the Arians, and on the epistles of St. Paul. St. Jerome speaks slightingly of both works, because the writer knew the classics better than the Bible and ecclesiastical writers. The work against the Arians has reached us, with two treatises, one a reply to an individual Arian, Candidus, the other on "the reality of the Incarnation," addressed to Justin, a Manichee. A little tract on "The evening and the morning were one day" is interesting as anticipating an idea of St. Augustin's, that the evening figures the perception of the creature in itself, the morning figures the perception of the creature in God.

DONATUS.

Donatus, a contemporary of Victorinus, confined himself to grammar: he had the honor of being the master of St. Jerome, who in his chronicle puts the heights of his reputation A.D. 356. His grammar has reached us in two forms, a shorter which only treats of the eight parts of speech, and a longer in three books, which formed the foundation of the mediæval study of grammar: he also wrote a commentary on Terence. We still have an essay on comedy and tragedy, and a commentary on the Heautontimorumenos, which embodies a good deal of material from him, the principal source of the rest being Euanthius, a contemporary grammarian of Constantinople. He also copied Suetonius's Life of Terence, with some short additions. He commented on Vergil in a comprehensive spirit, though Ribbeck thinks that the extracts of Servius and Priscian suggest a very unfavorable view of the results.

CHARISIUS AND DIOMEDES.

As there was little room for more than one or two celebrated grammarians at a time in Rome, it is generally supposed that Charisius and Diomedes, who by their quotations cannot have flourished earlier, belonged to a later generation. In substance they, especially Diomedes, agree with Donatus, who no doubt followed substantially the same authorities, though he quotes less than Diomedes and much less than Charisius, whose five books are valued as containing the best record now available of the activity of Latin grammarians as far back as Palæmon in the days of Tiberius. He has been identified, by a not improbable emendation[1] of St. Jerome's chronicle, with an African who was sent for to succeed Euanthius at Constantinople in 361. His work is addressed to his son, who is not a Roman, and is intended to make him one in heart and speech, if not in race. There is a good deal of confusion in his work, of which the beginning of the first book, the end of the fourth, and most of the fifth is lost, because he cannot combine the old grammatical treatises on

[1] Charisius for Charistus.

comparison, declension, and analogy, and the like, with the new method of basing grammar on the eight parts of speech. Charisius and his sources were still excerpted in Carlovingian times. Diomedes's three books are addressed to a certain Athanasius, and are said to be better arranged than Charisius, with whom there are many verbal coincidences; though Diomedes has sources of his own. He used Valerius Probus or some one who had used him, and in his third book on metre has preserved a good many excerpts from Suetonius's "Lives of the Poets." His knowledge of metre is so imperfect as to provoke his editors, and it is not surprising that the shorter, emptier, and earlier work of Donatus was thought more useful by posterity.

SERVIUS.

But at the time it is clear that the study of grammar was not declining: the point had not been reached at which teachers wished to save themselves and their pupils trouble, and to make the routine of study as short and mechanical as possible. Servius Honoratus, whose commentary on Vergil, even in the form that has reached us (the whole bears the name of Servius, but in the "Bucolics" and "Georgics" he is quoted by name), shows real learning, especially in the department of the religious antiquities of Rome, flourished at the end of the fourth century, in the midst of a circle of accomplished nobles, who recognized him as their equal because, young as he was, he was the most learned man of the day. More than one or two of the archetypes of our present MSS. of the classics was "read and emended" by a man of rank "in the house of Servius:" it is true that such MSS. do not inspire us with enthusiasm for the emendations of the fourth century.

His criticisms of the commentary of Donatus, on whose "Art of Grammar" he wrote a commentary, are for the most part unfavorable, and we may suspect that he has preserved the worst parts of his predecessor. Besides this, he wrote a book called "Centimeter," in which he describes a hundred metres with examples of his own composition, often distorted from classical passages in other metres, and a holiday task

on the metres of Horace, which is not worthy of his reputation, though it bears his name.

Servius nowhere mentions the younger Donatus (Tiberius Claudius Donatus), who wrote a Life of Vergil chiefly from Suetonius (who in his time had written chiefly from Antonius and Varro), and a commentary on Vergil, with a preface in the form of a letter to his son, Tiberius Claudius Maximus Donatianus, in which he expresses a desire to leave him a pattern for his own lectures. The commentary is purely explanatory, all the information about the subject-matter being reserved for a treatise which was never written, on the personal and other proper names, which would have resembled the work of Vibius Sequester (who, perhaps, took his *nom de plume* from Cicero, "Pro Cluent." iv. 25) on the rivers, springs, lakes, groves, marshes, mountains, and nations mentioned in the poets, in alphabetical order. He used Vergil, Ovid's "Metamorphoses" and "Fasti," Lucan, Silius, and Statius's "Thebaïd."

SYMMACHUS.

The names of Symmachus and Macrobius carry us into the circle where culture still continued to be the chief interest of life. Q. Aurelius Symmachus was the son and father of a consul; his father was celebrated for his eloquence and learning, and was the leader of the senate in his time. His principal literary work was one or two tiresome letters to his famous son, enclosing dull epigrams in six hexameters apiece on distinguished men of the day, the only merit aimed at being to pack their titles and the like into the space; like his son, he was the head of the college of pontiffs, Pontifex Major, as the emperor since the days of Jovian declined the title of Pontifex Maximus.

The son was beyond dispute the first orator of his day, perhaps because he was the most eloquent member of the senatorian order. The fragments of his speeches, which are tolerably extensive, hardly show any superiority to the panegyrists of the day: it is true that the largest of the fragments are very early, being addressed to the elder Valentinian, who

appointed Symmachus *corrector*, something between a judge and a police magistrate, of Lucania and Bruttium in 365, when he cannot have been out of his teens; for in 360 Libanius speaks of him as a promising boy.

Perhaps one may notice an effort to be less inflated and long-winded than the schoolmen; but the only result is that he is artificial without being spirited: the only speech which has an interest on historical grounds is that in which he thanks Valentinian for restoring the debates of the forum, which it seems Constantius or Julian had suppressed in favor of written pleadings, which were certainly likely in that age to be more business-like, but were not so satisfactory to the parties. If a cause was decided on written pleadings, the loser had no guarantee that the pleadings on his side had been read; if the speakers on both sides were heard in open court, the loser knew his advocate had been heard, and what the public thought of him. The fragments of speech in the senate are meagre, which is to be regretted, because they belong to his riper years: the only one of any substance describes the fashion of appointing consuls in his time. The nomination rested with the emperor, the senate had the right of requesting the nomination of any particular candidate: there was, of course, great room for ingenuity in praising this insincere arrangement, which had the advantage that it enabled the senate to secure the promotion of its worthiest members—at the price of always demanding the promotion of any courtier when the master thought his turn had come.

There were other speeches published which have not reached us: one would have been interesting, in which the orator won a victory that must have been very easy over a proposal to revive the censorship, which had been in abeyance since it was revived in the middle of the third century for Valerian. We should have learned whether the proposal to follow this unlucky precedent was prompted by a passion for antique simplicity, or by a desire to revive the religious solemnities which would have been necessary to wind up the survey. It is possible that it was part of the proposal that Symmachus was to have been censor; we might infer this

with certainty from the title *repudiata censura*, if we had found the passage where the speech is mentioned in a letter of the younger Pliny.

The celebrated memoir addressed to the younger Valentinian, in support of the request for the restoration of the altar of Victory in the senate-house, does more credit to the reputation of its author. There is genuine dignity and pathos in the pleading of the ancient city to be allowed to walk in the ancient ways, and the familiar commonplaces of tolerance are well put, and with greater sincerity than they are always put by the losing side; for Symmachus had no feeling that in the ideal state of things every Roman should be compelled to worship the Roman gods. He would have been perfectly satisfied with the public establishment of all the old ceremonies; he would have been content if Valentinian the Younger had left what Valentinian the Elder had left. He shows great tact in the way he appeals to the example of such a bigoted believer as Constantius, who had not been able, on his visit to Rome, to resist the genius of the place altogether: he had made protests and suppressed some things, but he had sanctioned enough, especially the endowments of the vestals and other religious dignitaries, to establish the principle for which Symmachus contended. The weak point of the argument is the insinuation that the prosperity and virtue of the old days were due to the old rites. Symmachus was not appealing to an impartial critic, who might have thought this feeling the most respectable part of the case, but to a Christian emperor.

Symmachus, as was to be expected, lost his case; but he kept his position, which was not even affected by his over-ready recognition of the pagan rhetorician whom Arbogastes set up as emperor after the murder of Valentinian: he continued to be employed as prefect of the city under both Theodosius and Honorius; under the latter he had to keep the peace during the contested election for the papacy in A.D. 420. His official correspondence is decidedly creditable: it is independent and business-like, and superior to the younger Pliny's, who has always too much the air of taking Trajan's opinion because he cannot make up his own mind without help. Sym-

machus has the advantage of writing when official relations were better settled, and, though he is more self-reliant, he is also more courtly, never speaking of the emperor without an honorific periphrasis; in fact, he pushes his devotion to the verge of independence, for he is decidedly fond of reminding Theodosius of his deity. Next to the official letters to the emperor we may put the letters to the official representatives of the old worship, whom he was anxious to impress with a sense of their responsibilities. When a vestal compromised herself, he was consistently zealous that she should be called to account. His letters in general are trifling, and it is fair to remember that he is not responsible for their publication, for the collection includes fragments. He tells us himself that his secretaries, he heard, kept copies; and no doubt his son published what was in their hands after his death. When alive he asked a friend who kept his letters to keep them to himself.

They are simply the stock-in-trade of a polite letter-writer who has hardly anything to say. This, to be sure, is very much the character of Pliny's letters too; but Pliny has two resources which Symmachus has not—he has a strong taste and talent for describing the beauties of cultivated nature, and the background of Domitian's tyranny gives a meaning to all his anecdotes of the celebrities, such as they were, of the day, and any current gossip, if flavored with some hint of the improvement in affairs. Symmachus gives little news, and never talks politics; he confines himself to giving introductions and paying compliments, grumbling a little about pressure in hard times, which fell heavily in a declining society upon the richest, when revenue was largely paid in kind: it is the extension of credit and the multiplication of public securities which enable rich men now to tide over periods of depression without personal discomfort. A topic which recurs still oftener is his health: he suffered, like Fronto, from the gout in his hands and feet, although he personally was temperate; when he was driven from Baiæ by a crowd of excursionists, he complains that they break in upon his "sober solitude." In the same spirit he likes to recognize *sanctitas* everywhere: it is true that with him this is something a good

deal short of "holiness"—it is the union of purity and dignity which springs from an implicit consciousness of higher powers. Although he was the official representative of paganism, Symmachus himself has none of the ardent personal devotion to separate deities which we find in a Julian or a Proclus.

PRÆTEXTATUS.

Something of this personal piety we do find in another member of Symmachus's circle, Vettius Agorus Prætextatus, whose personal position was perhaps even higher than his, though he was only consul-designate when he died, in A.D. 385. We learn from his epitaph that he was pontiff of Vesta, pontiff of the Sun, that he was one of the fifteen keepers of the Sibylline books, a member of the guild of Hercules; he was consecrated to Liber, and at the Eleusinian mysteries he was hierophant and sacristan. He had received the baptism of bulls' blood, which was the highest sacrament in the religion of Mithras, and was probably a transfigured symbol of the spring rains; and all these religious dignities come before his temporal honors. An epitaph in verse, placed on his tomb by the order of his wife, seems to prove that he was a really learned man in both Greek and Latin, diligent in translating Greek books and amending Latin ones. Macrobius tells us that he was the one man who understood the secret nature of the gods, and was able to express it in speech. We know from Boethius that he translated both the earlier and the later "Analytics," not directly from Aristotle, but from Themistius, who, like many Neo-Platonists, endeavored to reconcile Plato and Aristotle by mystifying Aristotle: it is thought that he may also be the author of a little tract on the "Ten Categories" which bears the name of St. Augustin.

MACROBIUS.

Prætextatus's learning and character and influence were very inadequately measured by his authorship: he is the centre of the society whose discussion of Vergil furnishes the framework to the "Saturnalia" of Macrobius Ambrosius Theodosius, who is generally supposed to have been prætorian

prefect in Spain A.D. 399, proconsul of Africa 410, and lord high chamberlain A.D. 422. The dates of his two chief works cannot be ascertained precisely, but they cannot be very early. The "Saturnalia" is addressed to his son, as if he were winding up his literary activity: he apologizes for introducing speakers who were not ripe for such conversation at the time of Prætextatus's death. He was not a Roman by birth, but his culture is chiefly Latin. His object was to put together all the results of his reading in an orderly and attractive form: there is a great deal of acknowledged and unacknowledged quotation, but it does not seem as if the author's reading was really very wide: his chief sources are Gellius and Servius (whose commentaries were hardly published when Prætextatus died), and Seneca and Plutarch. The seven books profess to be a record of a discussion of Vergil, held at the house of Prætextatus during the three days of the Saturnalia, before and after dinner, while the actual table-talk does not keep so closely to the subject. The general tone is a mythical, pietistic antiquarianism, with a strong feeling for plain living and high thinking. The speakers still assume the unbroken existence of the national worship, though it is probable that an official of the court of Arcadius or Honorius must have been required to conform.

The commentary on the "Dream of Scipio," also addressed to his son, is a principal source of our knowledge of the outline of Cicero's "Republic" and its relation to Plato's, though the principal object of the writer is to make the illustration of the finest passage of the work a sort of introduction to a course of Platonic philosophy and science.

The style of Macrobius has little of the elegance of Symmachus, who, though affected, is hardly ever cumbrous, and vindicates fairly enough his claim to coin new words, although he does not emancipate himself completely from the tradition that the language of Cicero was the standard which it was desirable to follow exactly.

CHAPTER V.

THE FATHERS OF THE PERIOD.

THE heathen and the Christian culture of this period culminated and collapsed together: the fall of Rome practically put an end to both. The greatest work of the period was inspired by the calamity which crushed the spirits of all who grew up to manhood after it. As might be expected, the collapse was more total upon the pagan side: the fifth century has no pagan prose writer to show on the level of Leo or Salvian, but even they represent an immense falling-off from St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Augustin.

ST. HILARY.

The beginning of the great theological movement of the second half of the fourth century, like the beginning of the great rhetorical movement of the first half, fell in Gaul, and there is a certain connection between the two. It is the eloquence of Gaul which St. Hilary of Poitiers endeavors as a matter of duty to consecrate to the exposition of the mystery of the Trinity. St. Hilary was born between A.D. 310 and 320, and converted himself to Christianity by the consideration that only revelation could give certainty, and only creation could explain the world. His position and his talents made him bishop of his native city soon after his conversion, and his personal interest in the doctrine of the Logos made him the chief of the defenders of the Nicene Creed when the propaganda of Constantius reached Gaul, where it would probably have succeeded, as it did among the barbarians, but for the energetic resistance of St. Hilary. This resistance led to his banishment to Asia Minor, where he composed a treatise on the faith, in twelve books, the number of which, perhaps

as much as the character of their eloquence, led St. Jerome to compare them to the "Institutiones Oratoriæ" of Quinctilian. The style is unattractive and involved, and the new words and phrases which have to be coined to express new ideas do not harmonize with the semi-classical tone which the writer aims at and sometimes attains. The work marks an epoch in Christian theology, as the doctrine that the Incarnate Lord "emptied himself" is applied for the first time to meet the strong points of the Arian argument from Scripture, and the Unity (which earlier writers had rested chiefly on the doctrine that the Father is the fountain of Godhead) is defended from the doctrine that the Son is in the Father and the Father in the Son, each in the Spirit and the Spirit in each. This was not the only work of his exile: he composed pamphlets against the endless synods in which the semi-Arians elaborated the endless variety of their creeds; he composed a second memoir to the emperor (the first was written before his banishment) in defence of his cause and person, and when this failed he wrote an attack upon the emperor as Antichrist, which was published after his death, and is one of the most vigorous pieces of invective composed in Latin since the days of Tacitus: it represents a new side of the emperor's character—his diligence and ingenuity in cajoling individuals. On his return he wrote against the bishop of Milan, who also favored the Arian party, and composed his mystical commentary on the Psalms, which was founded upon that which passed under the name of Origen. The commentary, now lost, upon the book of Job was written in the same spirit as was the earlier work on St. Matthew, where the double sense is carried through with unusual originality and consistency: everything recorded is a prophecy of something in the future, and the prophetic sense is more important than the historical.

It is also attested that St. Hilary wrote hymns; but it is difficult to believe that any which have reached us under his name are perfectly genuine: the oldest-looking of them, the well-known morning hymn "Lucis Largitor splendide," offends against the rules of Latin prosody in a way not to be expected from an author whose literary ambition stood so high: it is

not merely that the conventional quantity of vowels is not understood, but that syllables which must be long because they contain two consonants are treated as short.

ST. AMBROSE.

The activity of St. Hilary was continued in all directions by St. Ambrose, who was apparently of Roman family, though born in Gaul, where his father was prætorian prefect. After completing his education at Rome, his success as a pleader was so brilliant that he was appointed first assessor to the prætorian prefect, and then consular of Liguria and Æmilia. In this capacity he had to keep the peace during the election of a bishop[1] at Milan in 374, which was hotly disputed between the Catholics and the Arianizers, and both parties united in pressing the office upon him; and, although he was only a catechumen, he had to accept. As bishop he did much to continue the work of St. Hilary in all directions, but with better success: if he opposed the desire of Justina, the empress regent, to have one of the churches at Milan assigned to the Arians, he was at the same time the protector of the young Valentinian: if his polemic against Arianism was less profound than Hilary's, it influenced the opinion of Italy, while it was rather the attitude than the argument of Hilary that decided the faith of Gaul. In hymnology, too, it was Ambrose rather than Hilary who gave a definite shape to the new impulse of worship; it was Ambrose rather than Hilary who naturalized the mystical exegesis of the Alexandrian school in the West. Above all, it was Ambrose who familiarized the West with the romance of chastity.

The most remarkable feature of his temperament is its cheerfulness and serenity: there is very little struggle in his strength. When the dispute about the Church was at its height he shut himself up in the building with the faithful and introduced a new style of chanting from the East: he never passes into the strained gloomy attitude of warning and de-

[1] The tendency of episcopal elections to degenerate into faction fights, which had shown itself in the third century, had more to do than is commonly remembered with the outbreak of the Tenth Persecution.

nunciation which we are familiar with in the later conflicts between Church and State. The famous penance of Theodosius, who was excluded from the services of the Church till he had shown repentance for a massacre with which he had avenged a tumult in the circus at Thessalonica, is not a triumph over the emperor or the empire: it is simply an assertion of ecclesiastical discipline. This personal calm and brightness of assured belief does much to explain his reputation for eloquence, which is abundantly attested by all contemporaries. A landscape is always beautiful in sunlight. It is worth noticing that, of the different Latin words for eloquence, the longest-lived, which come from *eloqui*, are almost exclusively applied to him, because *disertus* and the like were still in not unfrequent use; but they point to argumentative ingenuity, while St. Ambrose's strength lies in simple power of expression. It has been said that his controversial works degenerate into sermons, out of which they probably grew.

The earliest work of St. Ambrose which has reached us was written in the first year after his election at Milan: it is on "Paradise," and a very large proportion of his mystical expository works are on Genesis. It is obvious that he began at the beginning without waiting to choose.

He followed Philo, who had set the example of allegorizing the Bible as the Stoics had allegorized Greek mythology, and he seems to follow him at first hand. On the whole, the abstraction is carried further, for Philo is often satisfied with working up to the Law, while St. Ambrose does not rest in the letter anywhere. He does not always appropriate Philo's allegories without straining: the Fountain in Paradise is the Good, according to Philo, and the four heads into which it is parted are the four cardinal virtues. St. Ambrose keeps the cardinal virtues, but the fountain is Christ.

The exposition of Genesis comprises Cain and Abel, which is very closely dependent upon Philo, a treatise on Noah and the Ark (which was a figure of the human body), added later to complete the series, and a number of books on the separate patriarches. Abraham is treated twice over, once in a lecture or lectures addressed to catechumens as an example of *devotio*,

and again mystically as a type of the emancipation of the soul, which leaves its own familiar world of sense, and wanders through the unknown wilderness, till at last it receives the earnest of the possession of the promised land of spiritual truth. Isaac the willing sacrifice is treated as the spouse of the soul, who travails in birth with this world and the world to come. Jacob is treated as the type of the blessed life of the stranger and pilgrim; although within seventeen years of his death he said that the days of his pilgrimage had been few and evil. Joseph, the last of the series, is an example of chastity, or rather of modesty.

Jacob, in fact, is the true wise man adapted to the purposes of Christian edification, and the Stoic point of view reappears elsewhere. In the martyrdom of the aged Eleazar,[1] and the seven brethren whom St. Ambrose calls the seven Maccabees, far more stress is laid upon their courage than their devotion: even the distinction between suicide and martyrdom is not yet familiar: the mother[2] and her seven daughters who ran hand in hand into a stream and were drowned because their chastity was in peril in time of persecution are martyrs like St. Agnes, for whose beautiful legend St. Ambrose is the oldest authority.

In the same spirit he compares the story of Damon and Pythias to the devotion of a soldier who changed clothes with a maiden to save her from a worse fate than death. Of course he was put to death, and she returned to die with him.

The treatise on the "Good of Death" is perhaps rather Platonic than Stoic: the enthusiasm is rather for the emancipation of the body and the blessed life to come than for the triumph over the pains of death, though this element is not absent. There is the same eclecticism in the treatise "De Officiis Ministrorum," which is modelled upon Cicero's treatise "De Officiis," which in its turn was a compound of a work of the Stoic Panætius, and one of the Peripatetic Posidonius. The arrangement of the original is so overlaid with special discussions that we have to turn back to Cicero, whose own plan is not very luminous, to make out the scheme of the work.

[1] "De Vita Beatâ," II. x. 43, 44. [2] "De Virg." III. vii. 34, 35; cf. ib. II. x.

Both works designedly stop short of the highest ground, and decline to deduce all duties from the idea of Stoical or Christian perfection; according to which the sage or saint always acts absolutely aright, fulfilling his own nature and his special part in the order of all; instead of this both Cicero and St. Ambrose take two external standards, the *honestum* and the *utile*, and examine what conformity to these requires, and how we are to be guided when they appear to come into conflict.

In this way it is possible to give a fuller treatment to subjects which form a large part of practical conduct, though they have a very subordinate importance for the perfect, such as keeping one's temper and respect for others, although the substance of the first book is still the cardinal virtues. The examples from ancient history are replaced for the most part by examples from Jewish history: for instance, the vengeance on the Midianites is justified as Cicero had justified the vengeance on Carthage and Numantia, though St. Ambrose naturally disagrees with Cicero as to requiting injustice by injury.

Of course, too, St. Ambrose refuses to treat virtue as its own end: it is a means to blessedness, on which there is a separate discussion at the beginning of the second book. When the discussion upon utility begins we find less disagreement with Cicero than might have been expected. As "glory" stands at the head of the "useful" goods for Cicero, so St. Ambrose sets himself to inquire how we may win the love, confidence, and admiration of men: it is, of course, of set purpose that both practically exclude riches from the valuable means of influencing others or promoting the owner's real good, although no such positions existed then as are filled now by large and popular land-owners or manufacturers. The ideal of St. Ambrose is a popular, cultivated, respected priest or bishop, whose personal position is almost independent of his place in the hierarchy, who is quite indifferent to promotion, and employs all the funds at his disposal in relieving the distress of the time. He is decidedly severe on avarice and ambition.

It is characteristic that this work was singled out for special praise by St. Augustin, while St. Jerome dwells on the three

books on maidenhood and the book on widows. Secular feeling in Italy ran strongly against ecclesiastical on the question of celibacy, and an immense amount of property was in the hands of women which could only come into the hands of men by marriage. And the feeling that this was proper was so strong as to obliterate the last trace of the old Roman feeling of the impropriety of a widow's marrying again. On the other hand, the religious sanction which the Church had given from the first to virginity met the aspirations of an increasing number of women with whom the sort of shrinking from marriage which we find in the amœbæan epithalamium in Catullus was coming to be more than a passing mood. St. Ambrose, who had been brought up by his sister, St. Marcellina, herself a consecrated virgin, threw himself with enthusiasm upon this feeling, and systematically took the part of maidens who refused to marry the partners whom their parents recommended. One of his first acts was to make the acquaintance of all the virgins of his diocese, and before he had been bishop three years he had written for their instruction, or rather in their praise—for, as he says himself, he teaches rather by example than by precept, and has learned from their conduct all that he recommends to others. It is noticeable that the legendary lives of the Virgin Mary and of St. Thecla are referred to as equally certain and equally authoritative. St. Mary is the pattern of how virgins should live; St. Thecla, of how they should be ready to die. A caressing tone runs through almost all his writings on this subject: he is inclined to humor his pupils by dwelling at great length upon their privileges, before he insists on their duties, which he is aware are stern enough, though he objects to excessive fasting. One of the most curious works of the series is upon the case of a virgin who had "fallen:" the writer is anxious to explain that it was not his fault, that he had taken every care of her, and seems to feel as a personal unkindness her obstinacy in declining to resume the vocation for which she found herself unfit.

This is decidedly the most original part of the writings of St. Ambrose: in a large group he leans decidedly upon St. Basil: the largest and most important work of this kind is

the "Hexaëmeron," a treatise on the work of creation, in which natural history, so far as understood, was moralized. There is nothing strictly mystical in the work: the old Roman indifference to exact science which we find in Lucretius and Seneca reappears in a more sharply accentuated form; just as they give incompatible explanations as alternatives which are quite indifferent so long as they purge the mind from superstition or fear. St. Ambrose proclaims his indifference to the question whether the earth rests upon the waters (according to the Jewish cosmology), or is poised in the centre as the heaviest body (according to the accepted Greek physics). Neither view concerns eternity (Seneca would have said neither concerns the blessed life), the only important thing is to know that it is established by the power of God. One can hardly call this a triumph of faith over knowledge; a point had been reached at which many minds found a concrete first cause more intellectually satisfactory than a series of abstract unverified hypotheses about second causes. Naturally the new conception of omnipotence was applied unsparingly: for instance, the paradox of the "waters above the firmament" is pressed to the utmost, and the assumption of a solid sphere to mitigate the difficulty is discarded: and we hear nothing of the other way of parrying the difficulty by giving a mystical sense to the waters as symbols of pure angelic intelligences or the like. The source of the work is St. Basil, whose source was Origen, who has also been used independently, and it is not unlikely that some use was made of the "Prata" of Suetonius. St. Basil supplies the substance of three other moralizing works, Elias on fasting, Naboth the Jezreelite, and Tobias. One learns from the treatise on Naboth that the encroachments of large landholders upon small went on as vigorously as in the days of Juvenal, and from the treatise on Tobias that usury was felt as a terrible evil, probably because an increasing proportion of borrowers were compelled to borrow by downright distress.

There is the same recognition of a gloomy background to life in the four books on the complaints of Job and David, in which the old theme of the disproportion between fortune

and desert is discussed with reference to a future life, though there is still a relic of the old Stoical arguments about virtue being best tested in affliction, and the prosperity which is due to ability and prudence apart from virtue.

The most important of the strictly dogmatic works are the five books "De Verbo," addressed to Gratian, the pious emperor who fell a victim to his taste for barbarian guards and field-sports, and they are what might be expected of an argument addressed to one who did not need convincing.

It is curious that we have no funeral oration on his death as we have on that of Valentinian II. and Theodosius: the second of these is little more than a panegyric on a devout and orthodox and successful emperor; the first has more interest, as Valentinian had come to cling to the prelate who had successfully resisted his government and supported his title. Another pathetic circumstance was that the young emperor, who was anxious to be baptized, had sent for Ambrose to admit him to the Church and to mediate between him and Arbogastes, the Frank commander of his bodyguard. Before Ambrose could arrive Arbogastes had settled the dispute by killing the emperor, and Ambrose could only express his regrets and compare the baptism of desire which Valentinian and Gratian had received with the baptism of blood which availed to martyrs who had missed the baptism of water. Both are inferior to the pathetic books on the "departure of his brother Satyrus," the first of which was delivered at the burial while the body lay with open face at the foot of the pulpit: the second, which is a sermon on the Resurrection, was delivered eight days afterwards. The first contains several curious traits of the manners of the time: the family had property in Africa, of which the proceeds were embezzled by the manager. St. Ambrose and St. Marcellina wished to leave him in peace and to abide at peace themselves, while Satyrus, who did not care more than they did about the money, could not reconcile it to his conscience to connive at fraud. He succeeded in compelling restitution; but on his way back he was shipwrecked and lost the money: he attributed his own preservation to having purchased the host

from a Christian fellow-passenger (Satyrus himself was still a catechumen). As soon as he was in safety he was baptized, and died, to his brother's great distress, just after his return to Milan.

Considering the depth of personal affection in this work, it is noteworthy that there are so few confidential letters; the chief are to his sister Marcellina: of these the most important is that on the discovery of the bodies of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius, which is the first chapter of as long a history as the penance of Theodosius. As there is a prophecy of many future miracles in the butcher who said he recovered his sight by touching the bones of the martyrs, to the great edification of the Catholics who knew that he was honestly blind, and to the scandal of the Arians who asserted that he was counterfeiting, there is a survival of old imaginative conventions in St. Ambrose's assumption that the martyrs who suffered less than a hundred years before he wrote were of a stature to shame the men of his degenerate day. The most interesting of the other letters are either little treatises like the 41st, in which the writer explains that Paradise ought to be understood of the state in which the soul had the intuitive vision of archetypal ideas; or state papers like the 17th and 18th on the relation of Symmachus, or the 40th addressed to Theodosius on the synagogue of Callinicum. The bishop of the place had instigated the people to destroy it, and Theodosius insisted that the bishop should restore the synagogue out of the church funds. St. Ambrose encloses a sermon in which, without discussing the question whether a bishop is justified in procuring the destruction of a synagogue, it is victoriously maintained that to apply church funds to the restoration of a synagogue would be horrible sacrilege. Modern readers will sympathize more readily with the 51st letter on the massacre at Thessalonica, though there, too, the strong side of the emperor's case is ignored: a very large mob was guilty, it was difficult or impossible to ascertain who had been foremost in the onslaught on the imperial officers who were butchered; under the circumstances Theodosius had filled the circus with another mob (composed in great part of the same persons), and massacred the whole.

The majority of the letters bear simply upon current episcopal business: we may mention also two confidential letters, 48, 49, to Sabinus, a brother bishop, to whom he communicated his unpublished works for criticism. The commentaries on St. Luke are almost entirely dependent upon Origen, and are noticeable chiefly as showing that the author accepts the Alexandrian tendency to get rid of the difficulty of apparently irreconcilable narratives by taking each as the symbol of spiritual truths between which there is no discrepancy.

The hymns of St. Ambrose are at once among the most important and the most doubtful of his works: three are attested by St. Augustin, which begin "Deus Creator omnium," "Æterne rerum conditor," "Jam surgit hora tertia;" a fourth, "Veni redemptor gentium," is attested by St. Cælestin in 430, and also in a sermon which may not improbably be by St. Augustin. It is tolerably certain that he wrote much more, probably as largely as St. Ephraim, whom he appears to have imitated; for the churches of the Eastern parts probably point to Syria. Bede, three centuries later, knew of a large number of Ambrosian hymns, and the oldest MSS. of St. Ambrose give a large and fluctuating number of hymns; but only twelve at the utmost satisfy the metrical standard of the four authentic hymns. In these we have four stanzas of four iambic dimeters, each perfectly regular in metre, except that a short syllable is lengthened *in arsi;* they conform, too, to the rule laid down for "Ambrosian hymns" by Bede, that the sense must close with a line, in order that the choirs may answer one another without a break. The first three are for the first three hours of prayer, the fourth is for Christmas Eve, and is probably a sample of the numerous dogmatic hymns which were the chief means of training the people of Milan to a zeal for orthodoxy. They all have the character of deep spontaneous feeling, flowing in a clear, rhythmical current, and show a more genuine literary feeling than the prose works, in which the tendency to popularize, for practical purposes, rather overpowers the author's real interest in the beauties of nature and declamatory pathos.

ST. JEROME.

St. Jerome has infinitely more of the genuine spirit of a man of letters than any of his contemporaries, except Ausonius, and he has infinitely more literary power than any, except his younger contemporary St. Augustin, who in most of his works is deliberately indifferent to style. What makes this more interesting is his extraordinary ascetical and polemical fervor, which at one time made him renounce the study of secular literature altogether, and ended by leading him to concentrate his literary interest increasingly within the sphere of biblical scholarship.

In another way he is singular. He was born in Stridon, in Pannonia; Latin was his mother-tongue, but both his names (Eusebius Hieronymus) are Greek, and one is tempted to suppose that his parents were Latinized Greeks, such as are still to be found among the aristocracy of Roumania. His education was entirely Latin, and it continued very long. He was born, according to the Chronicle of Prosper, in A.D. 331, and he did not retire to the wilderness of Chalcis till 374, and this may be said to mark the date of his final conversion and of his literary activity. We hear of his studying at Rome under the celebrated Donatus, and then going for two years to Trèves, where he perhaps felt himself more at ease than at Rome, for Trèves was in those days a capital where a foreigner from the frontier would not be oppressed by the traditions of superior culture. His youth at Rome was stormy, to judge by his own letters to St. Eustochium: he threw himself vigorously into all the dissipations of the city while still a laborious student; for he acquired his library by the arduous process of copying it. At Trèves he commenced his clerical studies by copying two works of St. Hilary of Poitiers on the Psalter and the Synods (which the Semi-Arians had multiplied); from Trèves he went to Aquileia, the frontier city of Italy, and there fell into a circle of young men, of whom Rufinus was the most distinguished, who wished to anticipate on earth what they imagined of the bliss of disembodied spirits. So far as material occupation seemed necessary they found it in the study of Greek

theology, which, especially in the biblical and historical departments, was built upon the labors of Origen; and at one time St. Jerome was exceedingly intimate with Rufinus, who seems to have been three or four years younger than himself, but already had settled down to a regular course of self-discipline. From Aquileia St. Jerome sailed to Syria, intending to visit the holy places and the eminent ascetics of the East; something had arisen to make it necessary for him to leave Aquileia, and it is natural to think of some scandal, or perhaps the first of his many quarrels; at any rate, he was rapidly disgusted with his former life. The climate of Syria did not suit him or his companion; the latter died suddenly; he himself was long prostrated by a severe intermittent fever. In his intervals of ease he found the Latin classics much more refreshing reading than the existing Latin versions of the Old Testament, and consequently one night (? when unusually feverish) he had a dream, in which his spirit was brought up for judgment. He appealed for mercy upon his sins, on the ground that he was a Christian, at any rate; and was told he lied—he was a Ciceronian, not a Christian; and was finally dismissed to do penance after being severely scourged. He renounced classical studies for years, and shortly after retired from Antioch to the wilderness of Chalcis, whence he wrote some curious letters to his friends at Aquileia, in which he deplores his inferiority to his companions, who have conquered their temptations, and expresses his own unhappy state by the help of biblical metaphors. It might fairly be said that his retreat at Chalcis marks an era in the progress of asceticism. St. Chrysostom, who not so many years before had been a sojourner in the same wilderness, wrote a tract to prove that the monks were the true philosophers, and their life the true philosophy; and this was still the dominant view, though many ascetics in Egypt had already arrived at the conviction that penitence, not to say remorse, was the mainspring of asceticism. But the doctrine, as a doctrine, "Monachus non docentis sed plangentis habet officium" ("a monk's business is to be a mourner, not a teacher"), was new in the mouth of St. Jerome. It goes beyond the pessimism of Tertullian or St. Cyprian. With them

the object of austerity is to preserve the ascetic from the evil that is in the world; with St. Jerome it is to give effect to the ascetic's loathing of the evil that is in himself.

One of his austerities had very important results: he took up Hebrew as a hard and disagreeable study, under the guidance of a Jew, who he averred had been baptized, though, naturally, St. Jerome's enemies declined to believe that a Jew could be a Christian. His sojourn in the wilderness lasted five years; in the course of it he was involved in the ecclesiastical disputes of Antioch, where two rival prelates of unimpeachable orthodoxy contested the succession. He submitted his perplexities to St. Damasus, in terms which would have satisfied either a mediæval or a modern pope, and secured him an honorable recognition on his return to Rome.

In the course of his retreat he wrote two of his most brilliant works—a letter to Heliodorus, and the "Life of Paul," the first hermit. He had hoped that Heliodorus would have gone with him into the wilderness, and Heliodorus had stipulated that St. Jerome should write him a letter of invitation, and the promise was fulfilled. Throughout one is reminded of Seneca. "Affatim dives est qui cum Christo pauper est" is an epigram exactly in Seneca's style. The work deserved the success which it attained: a lady of fashion, Fabiola, learned it by heart, and repeated it long after to its author at Bethlehem.

He was driven back to the world because his controversy with the partisans of Lucifer (who had fallen into schism through his zeal against the Semi-Arians) had made him enemies in the desert, and after a short intercourse with St. Gregory of Nazianzus, then bishop of Constantinople, he returned to Rome A.D. 362, where long ago he had been baptized. Here he had the most brilliant moment of his life: he was taken up at once by the reigning pope, who made him his secretary, and by a society of noble ladies who had just entered on a life of asceticism, and were fascinated by his eloquence, his austerity, and his tenderness. He had his own favorites in the circle: he attached himself especially to Paula, a noble widow, who had five daughters all more or less in sympathy

with her tendencies. The feeling against second marriages had quite died out in Roman society: a rich widow was expected to marry again to please her family, or, if she were too old for this, to please herself; and the refusal of Eustochium, Paula's daughter, to marry or to be painted and dressed up according to her rank, was nothing short of a revolution. There were many who found his intimacy scandalous; and he was of opinion that such intimacies were scandalous, unless protected by the greatest austerity on both sides. He had a bad opinion of the Roman clergy, who seem, for the most part, to have taken up the profession as they would have taken up oratory or literature before the basilicas had been turned into churches. Naturally enough the most fervent thought he ought to be pope, and as naturally, when the time came for a new election, Rome was too hot to hold him. For one thing, it was universally believed that he had killed Blæsilla, a daughter of Paula, who was a widow like her mother, but young enough to oscillate between feverish amusement and feverish austerities; under St. Jerome's influence the latter impulse was victorious, and either the conflict or the victory was fatal. We know the story from himself: he wrote a letter to console the mother and to perpetuate the memory of the daughter. It is curiously arrogant and shameless and tender; his enemies, no doubt, said that he was canonizing his victim. It is impossible to doubt that he loved both the mother and the daughter, and that he felt for the mother's pain in the separation; but he was entirely without the natural feeling of pity for a charming woman dying with a great deal of suffering at two-and-twenty.

There is the same contrast in the letter to Eustochium on the preservation of virginity: the writer has the utmost respect, nay reverence, for his correspondent, and at the same time the want of common human feeling makes the letter read like an insult. The truth is, the letter is at once a treatise and a satire: Eustochium is warned against much that other virgins were likely to do, both in the way of dress and other imprudences; the author spares her nothing, not even the detail of his own temptation in the wilderness, his

own repugnance to Scripture, and his hankering after forbidden fruit. He probably thought that she might be in danger of having her good-will abused by the fashionable clerks whom he satirizes, and her austerities were probably severe enough to make advice necessary against over-acting her part, behaving as if she were too weak to speak above her breath, or to stand upright without support. Perhaps we might trace a criticism of Melania, another celebrated ascetic (to whom St. Jerome did not attach himself), in the warning against being ostentatiously shabby in dress.

Before leaving Rome he had written against Helvidius, the first of the reactionary writers who set themselves against the romantic asceticism of the day: he denied the perpetual virginity of St. Mary in order to depreciate virginity in general; and St. Jerome in reply deals much more in rebuke than in argument; so far as he does discuss, he discusses the merits of virginity and the authority of tradition, and is content to parry the argument from Scripture. He treats his opponent with more respect than in his subsequent polemic against Vigilantius, a Spaniard, who protested against the cultus of martyrs and the whole system of symbolical worship. Here the author rails at Vigilantius for his ignorance of letters sacred and profane, puns upon his name,[1] and, after all, extenuates rather than justifies the practices complained of. Throughout the fourth century it is obvious that theology came very short of devotion on such subjects. Another curious point is that he always assumes that Vigilantius is a personal enemy, probably because his personal enemies were disposed to take up as much of his case as they could, and the opinion of pagans was still important enough to be courted by lax Christians. A yet more formidable adversary who presented himself much later was Jovinian, of whom it would be interesting to know more. He had been through monasticism, and come out the other side: he had come to the conclusion that purely spiritual perfection is independent of austerities, which he enforced by the paradox that all who were in a state of grace were equal. This of

[1] Implying that he was no watcher, but a sleeper.

course reminds St. Jerome of Stoicism, and the doctrine that every baptized person is brought into a state of sinless perfection is obviously heretical; besides, the pompous self-complacency of a man who had finally got through his spiritual struggles was a fine field for sarcasm, and of course Jovinian was open to the charge of inconsistency, as he had once been a great ascetic.

But the most famous and interesting of all his controversies was with his old friend Rufinus of Aquileia. Rufinus had settled on Olivet, where he wrote for his monks a charming work in thirty-four chapters on what he had seen in his journey with Melania among the solitaries of the Egyptian wilderness, when Jerome settled at Bethlehem, and after a time they found quarrels spring up between their respective monasteries, and each suspected the head of the other. Still, these were passing storms, and the friendship still lasted in the eyes of the world when the patriarch of Alexandria thought it convenient to denounce the memory of Origen and excommunicate his surviving adherents.

St. Jerome, like everybody else, had up to this treated Origen as a great theologian who could not be followed in everything: he had translated his homilies on the Ephesians, leaving out what he thought objectionable; he admired the work of Didymus on the Holy Spirit so much that he re-translated it; St. Ambrose's translation was, he thought, too flowery. Unluckily, John the Bishop of Jerusalem was determined to screen Origen and his adherents, and even his doctrine so far as he could, and Rufinus was on the best of terms with John. Rufinus translated the principal speculative work of Origen on the same principle as St. Jerome had translated the homilies, leaving out all the doubtful phrases about the Trinity, on the ground that they were probably interpolated (it was a habit with Origen, who wrote much more than he could possibly remember, to complain of the interpolation of his works), and quoted St. Jerome in his preface as a precedent. The stroke was malicious, for the translator softened none of the distinctive doctrine of Origen, the pre-existence of souls, the restoration of the lost, the ab-

sorption of all things in the Most High. Still, it does not seem that Rufinus cared so much to compromise an old friend as to screen himself; he could not be expected to foresee that his friend would suddenly take the line that he always knew that Origen was a damnable heretic, and had always detested his heresy while utilizing his learning and admiring his industry.

St. Jerome burst out into the most pathetic and passionate declamation at the wrong done him in being represented as a fautor of heresy, and obviously believed his own case: he wrote letters to Pammachius and others; he acted as Latin secretary to Theophilus and St. Epiphanius, who was unaffectedly zealous against Origen's "blasphemies;" he even executed an exact translation of the "De Principiis," that every one might see how detestable it was. Of course Rufinus replied, but he was a great deal too discreet to publish: his own position was very precarious; he had paid a flying visit to Rome on his way back from the East, and had been well received by one pope, but another summoned him to give an account of his doctrines, and he did not venture to go. His replies to St. Jerome had to be circulated in confidence, but they were not the less effective or annoying. He could prove that his theological education had been more prolonged, more regular, and that his conduct had been more consistent and invariably decorous: he had not opened a grammar-school like St. Jerome at Bethlehem, where boys were taught Vergil and even Terence; and he had never had a vision of being scourged as a Ciceronian; he had never been taught by a Jew; he had never reviled the Roman clergy; he had never been disrespectful to St. Ambrose. St. Jerome could only reiterate distinctions between Origen's position as a commentator and his position as an heresiarch, and retort upon the paradoxical nature of Rufinus's regard for his relations; he could leave them for twenty years to practise asceticism in the East; he could not leave them when once he was safe back at Aquileia for the few weeks that would have been necessary to explain himself to the pope. He is very sarcastic upon the notion of calling a man

to account for a dream, and explains his later and maturer theory plausibly. He has also the great advantage of being thoroughly in earnest and unreserved: he rides on the top of the wave, whereas Rufinus was soon reduced to evasion, not to say tergiversation. The one point in controversy which to the last he asserts to be perfectly open is the pre-existence of souls: upon everything else he is forced to condemn, or seem to condemn, whatever had been imputed to Origen as heresy, only reserving the question whether it was to be found in his authentic writings. Rufinus's style is decidedly heavy and clumsy, and it is therefore the more noticeable that he is in his way a purist, and that St. Jerome, who writes a corrupt language admirably without contributing to its corruption, rallies him upon his periphrases.

Rufinus escaped better than most other adversaries of St. Jerome: he lived tranquilly at Aquileia under the protection of his bishop, occupying himself with translations[1] from the Greek, a text-book on the Apostles' Creed, and mildly mystical interpretations of Scripture, till he was frightened away by the barbarians to Sicily, where he died in peace, leaving few, if any, to share St. Jerome's exultation that "Grunnius," as he called him, was buried under Ætna like a new Enceladus.

The controversy led to another without literary interest. Pelagius, a rather self-complacent British monk, who was strongly impressed by Origen's doctrine of responsibility, blundered into heresy, having presumed to criticise a famous saying of St. Augustin, "Da quod jubes et jube quod vis." Like other Origenists, he made his last stand in Palestine, and some

[1] The most important of these were the Clementine recognitions, an Ebionite work on the missionary journeys of St. Peter and the adventures of St. Clement (which only survives in the expurgated translation of Rufinus, who seems to have thought the original a very edifying work, which in some passages was perplexing and perhaps unintelligible), and the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, which he carried down from A.D. 324 to 395. There is the same tendency to omit what might shock contemporary orthodoxy, and compared with Eusebius he is uncritical. He omits documents and inserts miracles, and in the two later books, which are entirely his own, he sacrifices the connection and proportion of events, which Eusebius preserves very well considering his materials.

of his adherents were bold enough to sack St. Jerome's monasteries, and therefore St. Jerome wrote against Pelagianism with a sense of personal injury. His dialogue on the subject is tame: his preface to the prophet Jeremiah is eloquent and passionate in its exposition of human dependence, and has much of the tumultuous dignity which belongs to some of the best works of vigorous old age.

The preface to the "Lamentations" is remarkable for a splendid and unexpected expression of awe-struck sympathy with Rome, which had just been taken by Alaric. St. Jerome had never shown any loyalty to the empire or the emperors (because he was born on the frontier which was most weakly held?), but the first humiliating blow, felt so much more keenly than the heavier blows which were to fall, made him tremble as if the world were coming to an end with Rome.

His commentaries in general are tantalizing to a modern reader; they are very hurried; they date from the time when he was physically unable to write, and had to employ an amanuensis. He was ashamed of the necessity, which he thought fatal to concentration of style, and, when he could not defend a statement, fell back upon the fact that he told the amanuensis to put down the first thing that came into his head rather than let him come to a standstill. He is most at ease in the region of exhortation, though the antiquarian and historical interest is more prominent than in any other ancient Latin writer, and such notes as he gives are intended to be real explanations, not merely to enable the reader to get over what would otherwise be puzzling. It is true that erudition is pressed into the service of mysticism: the meaning of the Hebrew proper names is valued for its own sake, and no little pains are taken to give the different interpretations correctly, but every variant is equally good to be spiritualized.

Many of the letters turn upon the same kind of topics. Side by side with a letter to Ageruchia on the raiment of the high-priest, we have one to Fabiola, the learned lady who knew the letter to Heliodorus by heart, on the forty-two stations of Israel in the wilderness, each being allegorized as a station of the pilgrim wandering in the wilderness of this

world. Another letter to the same lady is more personal: she had divorced her husband on tolerably good grounds and married her intendant, knowing apparently that what the law sanctioned and society condoned was rather at variance with ecclesiastical discipline, but hoping that St. Jerome would rule that the second marriage, if irregular, was valid. She made a feint of consulting him on account of a friend, but the feint was detected, and she received an emphatic though not unsympathetic rebuke for her constructive apostasy, for it was clearly heathenish in such a matter to appeal to the secular law. But there is hardly more ethical indignation and a good deal less sarcasm than in a letter to another widow who required to be deterred from a second marriage. Here the writer throws all his strength into the contention that a widow who marries again only does so for one reason, whatever she may say or try to believe—that her servants will not obey her without a master; that her estates require a manager; that she cannot transact business with the government or in the law courts without a husband to stand by her; or, most ridiculous of all, that her children require a father; or, if she is childless, she cannot leave her heritage to strangers.

The fact is that human prudence always repels him except in one direction: he is aware that austerities can be carried so far as to affect the mind; he had carried his own austerities so far that for the last years of his life he could not kneel without raising himself by a cord; but Rufinus thought it possible to taunt him with not being strict enough in life to please Melania, and he warned Nepotianus against the melancholy which requires medical rather than spiritual skill for its cure. But there runs through all his writing a contempt for economy, and he praises Paula for leaving nothing but heavy debts when she died; the one provision for the future which he contemplates is to feed the poor and teach the young; and in this he seems to have no sense of paradox: the alternative to alms-giving is simply selfish dissipation, or an equally selfish scramble for the largest share of a total of enjoyment which appeared to be rapidly vanishing. Recklessness was general; even consecrated virgins were invited

to enjoy themselves by their gossips, on the ground that they had no children to save for.

One of the most interesting departments of St. Jerome's work was his panegyrical letters on departed friends, and naturally that on St. Paula, the most intimate, is the best. The letter is full of tender contrasts between her rank and her humility, her blessedness and his loss, her false glory in the world, her true glory in Egypt and Bethlehem, for he has a naïve pride in the readiness of the most celebrated ascetics to admit a lady who had made greater sacrifices than most of them to the intimacy of their cells. No such stupid story is told of her as Rufinus tells of Melania, who presented a magnificent service of plate to a famous monk, and, when he sent it away to be sold for the poor, had the bad taste to tell him the weight. The letter on the death of St. Eustochium is less impressive; her character was less impulsive, and her biographer was older: he could not rally from the shock, and tells us little except the firmness with which she adhered to her vocation, her implicit obedience to her mother, and her gentle strictness with her nuns, whom she never hesitated to starve into a safe and peaceable frame of mind.

Of the formal biographies, the longest and most entertaining is that of St. Hilarion, who fled from his admirers from Palestine to Sicily and Cyprus, and was tracked everywhere by his miracles; it is a curious illustration of the difference between the real life of ascetics and the impression they made in the world. Another pretty story is that of Malchus, a monk who was carried away by the Saracens and compelled to accept a wife; he persuaded her to live with him as a sister, and at last was able to return with her to the Roman dominions, where they died in peace.

His historical works are not very characteristic. As Rufinus translated and continued the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, St. Jerome translated, enlarged, and continued his chronicle from the twentieth year of Constantine to the death of Valentinian. Of the two it may be thought that St. Jerome's work is the more meagre and capricious:[1] except that

[1] For instance, the entry for one year is that a particular grammarian

the notes upon Roman writers are taken from Suetonius its sources have not yet been ascertained. More interesting is the imitation of Suetonius, a series of biographical notes on all the writers of whom an instructed Christian did not like to be quite ignorant, composed in A.D. 392 at the request of a certain Dexter, the prætorian prefect, who frankly explained he wanted something very short. Even for this work he is very dependent on Eusebius, who, at the end of each period in his Church history, enumerates the principal writers, and St. Jerome complains he very often had to copy him because he could find no historical or biographical materials elsewhere. Out of 135 authors named, from St. Peter to himself, only one, Juvencus (who turned the Bible history into rough and sounding hexameters), is a writer in verse. Commodian, an earlier and more original, if also a more incompetent, writer, is not mentioned, nor is Athenagoras, the most eloquent of the Apologists. Again, it seems very much an accident whether St. Jerome gives a list of any author's writings or not, though as he approaches his own time we get an occasional critical hint: he tells us that he had never seen a work on the Canticles attributed to St. Hilary. Oddly enough, St. Anthony appears after his biographer St. Athanasius, and his appearance at all proves that the general title "De Viris Illustribus" is more accurate than the special one "De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis." Philo and Seneca come in, because Philo's work (if it be Philo's) on the "Therapeutæ" was taken for a description of the early Christians, and the apocryphal correspondence between St. Paul and Seneca was fully accredited when St. Jerome wrote. Neither insertion is particularly uncritical, for the Essenes have been identified with the Christians as a matter of deliberate theory, and the first expression of a recognition that Seneca had a good deal in common with St. Paul would be a tradition that St. Paul had converted Seneca.

But, after all, the most characteristic work of St. Jerome are

had a high reputation at Rome; for another, that the clergy of Aquileia were regarded as a choir of angels, for the chronicle was written before the quarrel with Rufinus.

his letters, which strike every note from invective to the tenderness of grandfather. In a letter to Læta, a daughter-in-law of St. Paula, he offers to undertake the education of her infant daughter, and obviously looks forward to nursing her, though he puts the offer on the ground that, as she is to be brought up for the cloister, she will be safer with her grandmother and her aunt than at home: it is characteristic that he does not feel that he is asking the mother for a heavy sacrifice. There are letters of all degrees of intimacy, two among the most elaborate to ladies of Gaul, who only knew him by his reputation, and were encouraged thereby to send him all their scriptural difficulties. There are lengthy though not numerous letters to St. Augustin, who had taken alarm at the new translation of the Old Testament, and narrowly escaped having a quarrel fastened upon him; for St. Jerome was jealous of his hard-won reputation, and the letters in which St. Augustin corrected him were seen by others before they reached St. Jerome, who not unnaturally inferred that a younger man was trying to rise upon his ruins. It is impossible to speak adequately of the laborious work of translating the Bible single-handed: first he revised the New Testament, and brought it into closer conformity to the Greek, while to a certain extent he improved the Latinity: the Old Testament he translated directly from the Hebrew, after revising the Psalms, or rather translating them from the Septuagint, using his knowledge of the Hebrew to explain the Greek. This version of the Psalms still keeps its place in the Breviary: the Vulgate is a revision of the other translation, which was some centuries in finally displacing its predecessors.

ST. AUGUSTIN.

During the twenty years between his visit to Rome and his quarrel with Rufinus St. Jerome had been the literary dictator of Christendom. For some five-and-twenty years afterwards this authority passed into the hands of St. Augustin, the bishop of Hippo, then the second city of Africa.

His youth had been stormier than St. Jerome's, for, as his father was a heathen till late in life, his baptism had been de-

ferred, and the conflict between his animal and ideal nature exposed him to the fascination of Manichæism, a crude form of mystical materialism, which professed to rest entirely on reason and to dispense with authority. During the greater part of the period between his manhood and his baptism he was a teacher of rhetoric, first at Carthage and then at Rome, and was decidedly successful in his profession, in spite of his persistent spiritual distractions, which became more absorbing as he approached his mother's faith. While waiting for baptism he began to write on all the subjects on which he had lectured, but in most he did not get beyond the beginning, and lost his notes, though he believed that they were still preserved in other hands. The work on grammar was finished; that on music was completed after his baptism. We have extracts from the first, probably made by a Benedictine monk with an eye to the practical. We have the whole of the second, and we have the elements of rhetoric and dialectic—nothing more was written. From the elements of rhetoric we derive much of our knowledge of the ancient text-book of Hermagoras. But the main purpose of the author is to spiritualize secular knowledge, to show how each of the seven liberal arts leads up to the highest beauty and the highest good; and the exposition and the edification do not harmonize well. The work on music is very long, and there is little to be learned from it. All the works of this series, except the dialectic, are in the form of dialogues between a master and a pupil.

Something like the same form is adopted in a more happily inspired work, "Contra Academicos," which is an imitation of Cicero's "Academics," as St. Ambrose's treatise on the "Duties of Clerks" is an imitation of Cicero's treatise on "Duties." But the work of St. Augustin is fresher and more original: it is in great measure the record of actual conversations held when he was staying with his son and brother, with his mother and an old pupil, at Cassiciacum, an estate of the pupil's father, near Milan. The dialogues have a good deal of naïve scenery: for instance, St. Augustin's mother ends one of them by calling the company to dinner. In an-

other Augustin rallies the pupil on his inattention, because all the morning he has been able to make Latin verses at leisure, while Augustin and his brother have been hard at work on business letters. The main subject is the difficulties of certainty, and the need of faith to meet them, while incidentally the irony of Socrates and the "suspense" of the New Academy are vindicated as a protest against crude sensationalism. Other works of the same period are "De Vita Beata," "De Ordine" (a rather confused series of disconnected questions), two works on the Immortality and Immateriality of the Soul (the last sets out from the question of its quantity), and two books of "Soliloquies," in which Augustin converses with Reason, on topics treated with more passion and insight in the "Confessions." An earlier work on "Beauty and Fitness" is only known from the "Retractation" and the "Confessions" (IV. xiii.): it laid down and illustrated the distinction which is elaborately confused in the Greater Hippias.

In A.D. 388 he settled in Africa, and occupied himself with literary work, commenting on Genesis, and refuting the Manichees, while maintaining himself by monastic work upon a small farm which he had dedicated to the poor: after three years of this life he visited Hippo, where he was ordained presbyter in 392, and coadjutor bishop with the right of succession in 395. In the interval he wrote the celebrated "Confessions."

There is something like justification for Macaulay's odd criticism of the "Confessions:" they are not written in the style of a field preacher, but there is an extraordinary effusiveness and absence of self-control which are strange in Latin literature; there is a redundancy of suggestion, partly due to the author's rhetorical training, and yet unlike formal rhetoric; because, though the materials are accumulated with a profusion that savors of rhetorical fertility, they are not arranged with a rhetorician's eye to effect. The author multiplies questions in a way that can only be explained by the sincere exuberant curiosity of a generation which has exhausted its possibilities of actual science. Augustin himself

was not one of the few who had still mastered the encyclopædia of the day: he does not show any knowledge of the miscellaneous information about plants and animals and minerals that formed a sort of appendage to medicine, nor was he interested in geography, and so easily took over the conceit that between the tropics the earth was uninhabitable, and that any men who lived at the antipodes could not have the same ancestors as the inhabitants of the northern temperate zone.

When he has to mention the passage from infancy to childhood he is exercised by the word "pass."[1] "Did not I in my journey hitherward come to childhood, or rather childhood came of itself to me, and took the place of infancy? And infancy did not pass, for whither did it go away? and yet it was no more. For I was not an infant without voice, but a child that could speak." And then he goes on to notice how unlike the process by which he learned to speak was the process by which he learned everything else. He is not struck by anything mysterious in the fact that children learn to speak by calling for what they want, and imitating their elders without being taught. He is much more puzzled by the consideration that the naughtiness of babies is so like the naughtiness of their elders, and yet they are never scolded for it. Again, he is puzzled at his reluctance to learn his lessons, and the laughter of his elders when he was whipped, after praying to be delivered from the consequences of his neglect to learn them. He naïvely wonders whether there are any saints so perfect as to laugh at the natural fear of the torments of criminals or martyrs as adults laugh at children's fear of the rod. He is puzzled again at his elders' anxiety that he should learn to be a rhetorician: the play for which he neglected his lessons was innocent by comparison, while the graver play of the rhetorician was mischievous as tending to vainglory; yet it was wrong to neglect the preparation for the guiltier play. He is also astonished at his reluctance to attend to anything except to poetry and to learn Greek, though Homer is a most delightful vanity. As he advanced in life

[1] "Conf." I. viii. (13).

he found more matter of astonishment in his joining in an expedition to rob a pear-tree, though neither he nor his companions wanted the pears, and in fact threw them to the pigs after just tasting them. He analyzes the absence of temptation in order to aggravate his guilt through several chapters with an emphasis rather disproportionate to the brief but bitter record of his short lapse into debauchery. This was followed by a genuine love-affair,[1] of which we are told little except the eagerness with which he prepared for it, "being in love with loving before yet he loved," and the inconveniences of love which is not meant to end in marriage. He was faithful for nine years to his mistress, and when they parted she was faithful to his memory. He reproaches himself keenly for having taken another mistress while waiting till his mother could find a suitable wife; it did not occur to her or to him that, if he were to marry, the mother of his son was the proper person. There is the same curious combination of delicacy and brutality in his lamentations over a school friend who died suddenly; life seemed unendurable after his loss, and yet he says honestly he would rather have lost his friend than died himself, and doubts if even the chance of saving his friend's life would have moved him to give up his own. So, too, after the exquisite description of his mother's holy death, after the description of his laborious self-control, and the late tears which brought relief, he not only apologizes for those tears, but boasts of the tears which accompanied his anxious prayers for the repose of her soul when he wrote.

Other curious traits are to be found in his intercourse with St. Ambrose, who spent the greater part of his scanty leisure in reading to himself. Any one might enter unannounced, but few interrupted.[2] Augustin expresses great surprise that in reading to himself St. Ambrose never read aloud, and suggests two different theories to account for such singular behavior: he may have been afraid of being interrupted to explain difficulties, or he may (which appears a simpler and more creditable hypothesis) have been simply anxious to save his voice, which

[1] "Conf." IV. ii. (2). [2] Ib. VI. iii. (3).

was always liable to be hoarse. It is curious to find that his mystical interpretation of Scripture was the principal source of his influence with St. Augustin, whose difficulties as to the conduct of Old Testament saints were removed when his attention was called from the moral anomalies of their actions to the transcendental meanings which it was possible to extract from them. His faith in Manichæism had been already shaken by the discovery that its astronomy did not agree with Greek science, the science of Ptolemy. He was aware that many orthodox Christians held the same erroneous views of physical matters, and if they made their error a part of their belief they were to blame; but, as their bad astronomy was really separable from their true belief, it did not discredit their creed. So, too, he rules that it is safer to hold that any passage of Scripture means anything and everything which is true, suggested by the words to any orthodox believer; and though he half endeavors to establish the bold proposition that the original author had present to his mind every sense for which his authority was hereafter to be rightly adduced, he falls back upon a belief that, if he only had one sense in his mind, that no doubt was the highest.

The book contains the most impressive, if not the earliest or the fullest, statement of some of the leading speculative ideas of the author, especially the most original, that in the highest subjects we always have to begin by believing an authority which somehow is able to impress us without convincing us, and that understanding in the natural course of things comes afterwards. This differs from the ordinary antithesis of faith and reason, because it does not divide the two spheres; it is not that human reason is from the first adequate to some religious truths and inadequate to others till the last, but that submission to the traditions of an institution is rewarded by growing insight into its large and coherent system of ideas. Another important notion is the essential goodness of everything so far as it has a substantial existence, and that evil only arises from the perversity of the creature's will. This leads naturally to the conception of good coming out of evil. As he puts it, God uses evil well. The dissertations on time and

eternity and memory (in books xi.–xiii.) are extremely ingenious, and the latter contributed largely to mediæval psychology; but the ingenuity runs to waste—the writer plainly prefers the unintelligible aspects of every subject, and likes to start questions rather than answer them.

The disquisitions are a natural appendix to the "Confessions," for he wishes to give the measure of his attainments in the pursuit of truth, as in the tenth book he had summed up his attainments in the pursuit of virtue. This part of the work is exceedingly naïve and interesting: we learn, for instance, that he reproached himself keenly for not completely conquering the carnal curiosity which led his contemporaries to the circus: he never went there nor wished to go; but when he met a hare with the dogs after her when he was out riding, he found that he could not help looking how the chase went, if he did not actually turn out of his way for the purpose. In the same spirit he debates whether church music tends to edification or not: sometimes he finds that the music helps him to feel the words, sometimes the pleasure of the sound distracts his attention from the sense.

Perhaps the most influential of his minor writings was the "De Doctrinâ Christianâ," though its form is quite accidental and unworthy. A Donatist grammarian, Tychonius, had written a book on the difficulties of Scripture which professed more than it promised, for its title was "On All the Difficulties of Holy Scripture." It was addressed to the large class of believers who wished to read the Bible and know something more of their religion than was contained in the baptismal formula. Tychonius thought enough was done when he had enabled this class to read the unfamiliar literature of the Old and New Law as currently as their own classics. St. Augustin's work has essentially the same object, but he intends to be, and is, more thorough in treatment. He begins by dividing the preliminary knowledge which a reader of the Bible needs into a knowledge of signs and things, and subdivides the knowledge of things into a knowledge of ends and means, or rather of things to be enjoyed for themselves and things to be used with a purpose beyond themselves. This distinction

afterwards suggested the framework of Peter Lombard's work on the Sentences, which is an introduction to the doctrine of the fathers for purposes of debate, as the "De Doctrinâ Christianâ" is an introduction to the Bible for purposes of inquiry.

The work looks like a fusion of some hand-book on the Creed with a hand-book of a very elementary character to the Bible. The first three books, upon the whole, are devoted to the knowledge of things, the last of the four is a discussion of the proper style of Christian preaching; the author condemns the free employment of rhetorical ornaments, and wishes, as a general rule, that preachers should restrict themselves to a musical arrangement of words: his own style depends increasingly upon the effect of verbal suggestions and antitheses, so that the architecture of phrases becomes superfluous. He is more indulgent to the study of heathen authors and heathen science generally. The commentaries on Genesis suffer in another way from the author's over-fertility: they are neither of them finished. The commentaries on the Psalms and the Gospel of St. John were delivered as sermons at Hippo: the strain of ingenuity is less, and when the author is ingenious he is often profound, as in the well-known passage where he raises the difficulty that John was the beloved disciple, while Peter loved the Master best, only to turn it by making Peter a figure of the life which now is, and John a figure of the life of the world to come, which is to tarry till the second advent.

The controversial works form a very large portion of his writings: those against the Arians, who still annoyed the faithful, are perhaps the least interesting; those against the Manichees the most, although the latter are to a considerable extent resumed in the "Confessions." The part which is freshest is the discussion of the moral character of the Manichees: the worst charges of child-murder or debauchery are neither affirmed nor denied, but there is a sharp criticism of their idleness, vagabondage, and gluttony; the last proceeded directly from their creed, as every one of the Perfect who ate a vegetable whose life he had not destroyed was supposed to liberate the divine element imprisoned therein. The contro-

versy with the Pelagians is interesting chiefly for the conception of freedom: according to St. Augustin the self-possession and self-control which are lost by sin are restored by grace; the question whether the will decides freely between different alternatives, which was prominent in the controversy with the Manichees, retires into the background, while the purely physiological theory of hereditary corruption is a return towards Manichæism which may be compared to Wesley's return towards High Anglicanism in his old age; though to the last the distinction that evil lay in the will, not in the nature, is reasserted with emphasis.

The controversy with the Donatists is remarkable for having produced a doggerel alphabetical psalm, on the necessary mixture of good and evil in the visible church, in accentual trochaic tetrameters which seem to rhyme a little, and for the first weighty assertion that force might be used in aid of orthodox Christianity. This question had hardly been raised in the suppression of paganism: the closing of the temples had been a measure of police, and private sacrifices had always been viewed with jealousy by the state, and any nobles or literati who cherished the old belief were free to believe in the gods, and to worship them, and risked little or nothing by offerings of wine and incense at the family shrine. The Donatists raised the question directly: their propaganda was a perpetual breach of the peace, and St. Augustin was led by experience to alter his original opinion, and admit that it might be a good thing to repress the outrages of fanatics, and even to put some pressure upon them to give a fair hearing to the Catholic case. Even then he maintained emphatically that capital punishment was out of the question; no bishop could denounce a Donatist unless assured that the heretic's life should be safe. It is noticeable that though in controversy with the Donatists he leans more upon Scripture and less on Church authority, the seat of which was the matter in dispute, than in the controversy with the Manichees, the author's own belief is fixed by the maxim, "Securus judicat orbis terrarum."

The work on the Trinity in sixteen books was written at

intervals during many years: it marks the completion of the movement, which began with the Council of Nice, towards transforming the orthodox representation of the doctrine from the shape which could be caricatured as tritheism into the shape which could be caricatured as Sabellianism. The author himself shrinks from such conceptions as Person and Substance and Hypostasis, regarding them as at the best necessary evils; his own inclination is to explain the matter so far as possible by psychological analogies, and to make the notion of being in man correspond to the Father, while thought, reason, consciousness represent the Son, and the will, which presupposes both being and thought, corresponds to the Spirit, who is the love wherewith God loves himself and the world, as the Son is the wisdom wherewith God knows himself. One of the most interesting and important of St. Augustin's ideas is the constant identification of choice with love, which is decidedly beyond the Platonic doctrine of Eros, and had an abiding influence upon the sentimental and speculative culture of the middle ages, and still colors much refined asceticism.

The correspondence of St. Augustin is mainly diplomatic, bearing on the business of a bishop who was practically the leader of the African Church: for instance, every decision of an African synod required to be accompanied by a letter of St. Augustin. Some space, too, is occupied by letters of exculpation:[1] one of the most curious is that in which he explains how he had allowed his people to force him to ordain a son of Melania presbyter rather against the will of the young man and his wife, who lived with him as a sister, because, once ordained as presbyter of the town, the canons would prevent his leaving it and carrying his alms elsewhere. The letter shows a strange want of perception of the shabbiness of the whole transaction. In the correspondence with St. Jerome about the dispute between St. Peter and St. Paul at Antioch, which resolved itself into a debate on the limits of permissible dissimulation, St. Augustin shows to more advantage, as he upheld the stricter view; and even in the correspondence on the translation of the Old Testament he hardly comes off second-

[1] "Ep." cxxvi.

best, for though his thesis, that an ecclesiastical translation ought to be based on the consecrated authority of the Septuagint, was hardly tenable against St. Jerome's appeal to the "Hebrew verity," an unlucky mistake about "Jonah's gourd" almost turned the tables. St. Jerome had found out that the plant in question was not a gourd, and as the Palma Christi, or castor-oil plant, of which the Hebrew writer was speaking, was unknown in Italy, he fell back rather capriciously upon Aquila, who had gone by the similarity of sound between κισσός and "ciceion." Consequently St. Jerome translated "ivy" instead of "gourd," and would not see that the matter was of consequence, even when informed that the Jews of Africa followed the older and more plausible mistake embodied in the Septuagint and most modern translations.

Like St. Jerome, though not to the same extent, St. Augustin had to answer the queries of correspondents who brought to him all the theological questions that their reading or reflection had suggested. The questions themselves are sufficiently naïve, such as a Sunday-school teacher has to meet, or more commonly to silence, but the treatment of them is different and freer. The author never is in a hurry to admit that a question is insoluble: if no text or fragment of ecclesiastical tradition occurs to him which may throw light upon the question, he says he does not know; but he never lays down that it is "an unrevealed mystery beyond the power of human thought." Even when he is most despondent of ever seeing the way to an answer, he always reserves the possibility that some one else may be wiser or better instructed.

His great work, the "City of God," was written in reply to the attacks of the Pagans, who held that the sack of Rome in A.D. 410 was a punishment for the suppression of the national worship, to which Rome owed her greatness. It is to be remembered that at Rome itself much of the old worship had still been kept up by the influence of the aristocracy, who were still able to fill up the old priesthoods and to maintain the Altar of Victory till after the conversion of St. Augustin. The Pagans had much more recent grievances than the conversion of Constantine. The main scheme of the book is impressive:

the first five books prove that Paganism is not a condition of temporal prosperity, the next five that, supposing temporal affairs to be subject to vicissitudes on which piety has no influence, it is useless to maintain that polytheism had the promise of the world to come. The next twelve books are constructive: the first four deal with the origin of the City of God and the City of Earth; the next four deal with the history of the two cities; and the last four deal with their ends. But the execution is unworthy of the conception: the author was nearly sixty when he began, and he was over seventy when he finished, for large treatises were interrupted both by his duties as bishop and the demands of current controversy. We expect a philosophy of history, and at first it seems as if we were to have it: the Stoical distinctions between the prudential and practical conditions of success, and the moral conditions of spiritual worth, is used vigorously and with a great deal of perspicacity; for instance, the self-complacency of the Stoics is consistently treated as another form of the self-indulgence which they condemned: much is said, and well, of the value of secular virtues in clearing the way for the establishment of true religion, and in furnishing elements to enrich religious ideals. But from the first secondary questions come in. The first book is taken up with taunting the Pagans for their ingratitude, as Alaric had respected the churches, so that such Pagans as escaped owed their escape to Christianity, and with discussing the very sore question whether a Christian woman was justified under any circumstances in killing herself to avoid dishonor. The fact that Christian women, and among them consecrated virgins, had been dishonored, was one of the most telling arguments of the Pagans. There is more point in the contrast between the standard of the moralists and statesmen of the republic and the actual prosperity of the golden days of the empire which the Pagans regretted, with endless splendor and luxury and servility, with no loyalty or discipline or dignity. The Romans themselves held that their true greatness had been founded on the ancient discipline, which luxury had undermined, and the gods had done nothing to uphold. The gods, if they could be thought

to meddle at all, would seem to meddle in the interests of evil: Marius was very "pious," very wicked, and very prosperous; Regulus was righteous and unfortunate. Yet this inference will not hold. Metellus, a most virtuous man, was prosperous, and saw his five sons consulars, and Catilina was as miserable as he was wicked. If the false gods have any power, it is only lent them in order to enforce a qualified belief in the value of earthly good. St. Augustin is not sceptical as to their power being actually exerted; he quotes all the prophecies of Sulla's success as if they were entirely trustworthy. Of course the familiar arguments about the immoralities of the gods, and the display of these at the theatrical shows held to propitiate them, recur to prove that the gods could not have promoted the virtue or the true prosperity of Rome. The belief of Cicero and Polybius, that the religious temper of the ancient Romans was the foundation of their prosperity, is never discussed, though the value of the relative good faith and honesty which, according to Cicero and Polybius, flowed from that temper is amply recognized.

The argument in the fifth book against the different forms of fatalism, astrological and logical, is well sustained, and it would be impossible anywhere to find a less incoherent statement of the doctrine that the issues of human affairs are foreseen and controlled by Providence, while human choice is not only an effective agent, but subject to responsibility in the strict sense. The next five books are divided between a criticism of current theology, as divided by Varro into civil, poetical, and physical, and a criticism of the theology of the New Platonists, with especial reference to the doctrine of demons of intermediate nature, who manage the intercourse between gods and men, and are responsible for all imperfections of the spiritual order. According to others, some demons were good on the whole, others evil. To both views St. Augustin opposes the doctrine of one God and one Mediator, and good and evil angels. There is a splendid passage on the spirituality and sublimity of the Supreme God as set forth by Platonism,[1] and a very trenchant criticism of magic, based upon Porphyry,[2] who

[1] "De Civ. Dei," I. vi. [2] Ib. X. ix. sqq.

himself is sharply handled[1] for failing to see that the admission how few have leave to attain perfect purity of heart through perfect intelligence is a confession that salvation is a matter of grace, much more freely accessible under the Christian dispensation than it could be thought to be under the Platonic.

The whole discussion is interesting and powerful, but it has little to do with the original scheme of exhibiting the contrast between Christianity and Paganism as a contrast between the two cities and their citizens: there are, besides, all manner of little digressions, as, for instance, on the difference between the Christian reverence for martyrs and the Platonic reverence for demons. The next four books are really a discussion on the creation and fall of angels and men; and, as the author was full of original views on the subject, he pursues it into all manner of side issues, such as these: Whether the blessedness in which the fallen angels were created excluded anticipation of the possibility of their fall? Whether there is anything in the knowledge of angels which corresponds to morning and evening? This last question found its way into the library of Pantagruel, so it may be well to say a few more words upon it. St. Augustin found it easiest to conceive creation as one eternal act, and therefore was disposed to understand the six days of Genesis as the successive stages by which the realization of the divine fiat was manifested to angelic intelligences. From this point of view it was a congenial and luminous theory, that at each stage it was evening when the angels contemplated the creature revealed by God, and morning when they contemplated God manifested in the creature, the work of his hands. The discussion remains throughout on this level of dignity and suggestiveness, though it is somewhat disconnected, or rather the connection is subjective: one question grows out of another, but the matter as an objective whole is not orderly presented to the reader, and can scarcely have been present to the mind of the writer.

In the next four books there is a great falling off: the substance of them is a comparative chronology of sacred and pro-

[1] "De Civ. Dei," X. xxxii.

fane history, to which all the fathers attached what we may think disproportionate importance, because it showed, as St. Justin observed, that Hebrew culture was older than Greek. And, as if this were not enough, there are dissertations on the ages of the antediluvian patriarchs, and the polygamy of Abraham, Jacob, and David. There is more interest in the question how far the conquest of Canaan or the peaceable reign of Solomon could be taken as a fulfilment of the promises, though little original is said of Messianic prophecy. The last four books have even more completely the character of a collection of questions: the two chief subjects are the resurrection and the everlasting punishment of the wicked, which was practically as great a difficulty then as now. On the former we have such puzzles as, What will become of embryos and idiots? What age will infants or decrepit dotards be in the resurrection? Does the well-known passage about "coming to a perfect man" imply that in the resurrection all the redeemed will be of exactly the same age and stature as the Redeemer? If such questions are to be started, it must be admitted that they are treated with discretion, and the last is answered in the negative. The criticism of Origen's theory, that all spirits from the highest to the lowest pass repeatedly through all stages of existence, departing from God only to return, and returning only to depart, is absolutely crushing. According to this, all spirits pass eternity "inter falsas beatitudines et veras miserias," since no blessedness could be real which was certainly sooner or later to be followed by a fall. The author does not succeed so well with the popular objections which turned upon the feeling that it was too terrible to be true, that if God had said so he would be better than his word, a comfortable belief which rested itself on a verse of a psalm—"Quam multa multitudo misericordiæ tuæ, quam abscondisti timentibus te." If the devils had sinned beyond repentance, at least all men would be saved, or, if not all men, at least all Christians; or, if not all Christians, all who remained to the end of their lives in communion with the Church; or, if not all Catholics, at least those who had given alms. Upon this last point St. Augustin is compelled to compromise: he

admits that there is a class of Christians not good enough to be saved for what they are in themselves, and not too bad to be saved by the intercessions which their alms have purchased for them. All the other views are rejected, and we can hardly say refuted, for when the author has shown the defects of the exegesis pressed into their support, he is content to exclaim at the presumption of men who would be more merciful than God.

The chapter on the Beatific Vision is pale after the rapturous colloquy with St. Monica, recorded in the ninth book of the "Confessions:" the author had outlived the passion of his eloquence, though not his hopes. The peroration, with its recurring catchwords and assonances, is certainly lofty and musical:

"Ibi vacabimus et videbimus: videbimus et amabimus, amabimus et laudabimus. Ecce quod erit in fine sine fine? Nam quis alius noster est finis, nisi pervenire ad regnum cujus nullus est finis?" The key-note is taken from a text quoted some way further back: "Ibi perficietur 'vacate, et videte quoniam ego sum Deus'"—"Be still, and know that I am God."

Quite incidentally we have a remarkable argument about miracles. After affirming the great paradox of the resurrection of the body, St. Augustin is led to reflect on the wonderful means by which belief in this wonder came about, and this again leads to a contrast between the states of mind in which the apotheosis of Romulus and the Godhead of Christ were accepted. It was the Romans' love to their founder which made them believe him a god; it was the Christian belief in Christ's Godhead which led Christendom to love Christ. And as the belief in this wonder was independent, it must have been due to divine power rather than persuasion. Then comes the question how it is that the same divine power is not continuously exerted. And here we have a twofold answer: (1) It is quite true that miracles were necessary to found such a belief, but their repetition is not necessary to sustain it. The author does not take up the position of eighteenth-century apologists: that belief always rests upon historical proof

that miracles happened long ago. Rather he maintains that the truth of the belief is proved by its power, and its power is a proof of its miraculous origin. (2) In fact miracles are as frequent and as remarkable as ever, but they make less impression, which St. Augustin thinks the fault of those who benefit by them, to be corrected by ecclesiastical diligence, of which he himself is one of the earliest and most illustrious examples. The miracles he records are of the kind familiar in processes of canonization—especially those which occurred in connection with the "memorials" to St. Stephen recently introduced into Africa, in consequence of the supposed discovery of his relics, and those of Gamaliel (who, according to the "revelation," had buried him), in Palestine. St. Augustin himself vouches for one very curious story, which he tells at great length, of a pious elderly gentleman who was operated on for fistula: the doctors left one wound to heal itself, and the patient fretted over this, feeling sure that another operation would be necessary, and that it would kill him; after some considerable delay, as the wound did not heal, they admitted that the operation would be necessary, and the patient determined to call in another surgeon to perform it. He, with proper professional feeling, did not like to interfere with a case in the hands of competent professional brethren. No doubt a new operation would be necessary, but the previous operations had been admirably performed. The operation was fixed for the next day; the patient waited in an agony of prayer; when the time for the operation came the doctors pronounced it unnecessary, as the wound was replaced by a very firm scar. The only point in this story which at first sight seems questionable is the interval between the second opinion and the day fixed for the operation, for St. Augustin is writing between thirty and forty years after the facts. On the other hand, we know only what the patient—evidently not a very reasonable patient—told his spiritual counsellor that the doctors had said: we do not know how far the doctors among themselves said the same as they were reported to say by the patient—a very religious man, who at the time was entertaining St. Augustin and Alypius, who had given up their

property to the poor and were living on charity themselves until they were ordained.

One characteristic work remains to be noticed, the "Retractations," in which the author about three years before his death went over all that he had hitherto published, in order to correct the bad effect of any inadvertences which might have escaped him in works many of which were circulated without the author's sanction. His anxiety descended to minutiæ: he thought the conjecture in the "Confessions," that his fear of death when his friend, who was one soul with him, died, might have come of an unwillingness that his friend should die altogether, savored more of the lightness of declamation than of the gravity of confession. He also holds that he was over-bold in pronouncing that the waters above the firmament were spiritual and the waters below the firmament material, as the passage is exceedingly mysterious. In the tenth book of the "City of God" he ought to have remembered that the flame from heaven which ran between the victims in Abraham's sacrifice appeared in a vision, and consequently was not strictly miraculous. In the seventeenth book he ought not to have denied that Samuel was of the sons of Aaron, because his father was not a priest; whereas the father of Samuel was a son of Aaron in the same sense as all Israelites were sons of Israel.

PART X.

LITERATURE OF THE DECLINE.

THE fifth century is a period, upon the whole, of decline, but at the beginning of it we meet two or three not unworthy survivors of better days. The earliest of these is Maropius Pontus Anicius Paulinus, whose popular reputation reached its height after he was made bishop of Nola in 409, where he distinguished himself by his devotion to the local martyr St. Felix, who he hoped might love him a little as a master loves his dog. Paulinus originally belonged to the circle of the rhetoricians of Bordeaux; he composed a panegyric on Theodosius, dwelling especially upon his piety. Fragments of this have been edited; but such of his works as have reached us are chiefly letters and poems. Most of his poems date from the period of his retirement, which seems to have been determined partly by the fact that his marriage was long childless and that his only child died prematurely, partly by the fact that he was vexed by an accusation of fratricide, which drove him from Spain, the country where his wife's property lay, as his own restlessness had driven him from Gaul. He made a great impression upon his contemporaries, as the first man of rank and breeding who had given up his secular position in the West for voluntary poverty, though he retained enough control over the property which had been his to build and decorate a basilica. His poems are chiefly remarkable for their diffuse amiability of feeling, and for the tendency, which was not uncommon, to slay the slain polytheist.

A really clever lady, Faltonia Proba, who had written upon Constantius's victory over Magnentius, afterwards amused her-

self and her children by constructing a cento from Vergil to tell the story of the creation, the fall, and the deluge and the gospel history: such things have no merit for any public but that which knows the original by heart.

A more interesting writer was Sulpicius Severus, who was born about eleven years after St. Augustin; like Paulinus, he belonged to the school of Bordeaux; like Paulinus, he made a rich marriage; and when he lost his wife early he retired, like Paulinus, from the world. His principal works are a short chronicle carried down to the consulship of Stilicho in A.D. 400, and two treatises on the "Life of St. Martin," one in the form of a history, the other in the form of a dialogue in two parts. The chronicle is very carefully and well written: the author's object is to convince the educated classes that the Old Testament history is trustworthy by a free use of synchronisms, and to conquer their prejudices against the style of the Hebrew records by as many reminiscences of the Roman classics as possible: for instance, the destruction of Jerusalem is taken from Tacitus; but even where he has no better source than Eusebius (he is not given to name his authorities) his style is more than creditable. His style shows to equal advantage, in spite of his protests that he had forgotten all his rhetorical skill, in the "Life of St. Martin" and the two supplementary dialogues. Both are remarkable for the resolute acceptance of many miracles which are not all of a character to convince posterity; and it is worth inquiring how the judgment of an intelligent and cultivated man who had been intimate with his hero came to differ so far from our own. For one thing, Sulpicius was fascinated by St. Martin's love of poverty. Sulpicius was by birth and education a gentleman, which in the judgment of several contemporary bishops St. Martin was not. People on different social levels either idealize or depreciate each other. Then it is clear from the operation on the eyes of Paulinus that St. Martin had great gifts of healing as a skilful empiric, and ascribed his gifts to the Giver; moreover, he operated upon the natives of the country parts of Gaul who had never been operated upon before, and they naturally treated such cures as miracu-

lous, and spread exaggerated stories of all kinds about the saint, which was the easier as his austerities had led to visions which seemed in that day the greatest of all wonders,[1] unless they seemed proofs of unsoundness of mind. It was natural that believers should begin by accepting every wonder upon about the same evidence as they accepted any other fact of which they heard. And in the second dialogue the author evidently thinks he has done enough to silence scepticism when he gives in the vaguest form the names, often very obscure, and the addresses, often very remote, of the persons upon whom the miracles were wrought. Besides, the works of Wesley show what curious results even a keen investigator may reach by taking the same evidence on such subjects as everybody would take upon common subjects. It is to be noticed, also, that the wonders which Sulpicius gives upon his own knowledge in the life are less grotesque than those which he gives upon the authority of a certain monk of Celtic nationality in the dialogues. They are held in the presence of Severus, who calls upon the monk to tell what he knows to an Oriental visitor, by way of proving that St. Martin in his own person surpassed all the achievements of the Oriental ascetics together. He believed in his own miraculous powers, for he felt that they were impaired after he had been induced to communicate with two bishops, at whose instigation Maximus, then emperor beyond the Alps, had put Priscillian and some of his followers to death. There is also a very lively narrative of the devotion of Maximus's wife, who insisted upon being permitted to serve the saint at table.

Sulpicius Severus was reduced to silence by the Pelagian controversy, in which he took the side which could not prevail, though Gennadius does not inform us which form of the heresy he was disposed to advocate, whether he wished to protest against the doctrine of original sin, or whether he wished to maintain the efficacy of the human will. A very discreet writer, who inclined to the same side, made a reputation out of his discretion, which has been very much exaggerated by recent writers. Vincent of Lerins was a monk of the mon-

[1] St. Augustin's caution was exceptional.

astery of Lerins (an island off the harbor of Marseilles): being an ingenious person, he was exercised by the problem what a man who travelled and came in contact with all the different theological views which were or had been current in the Roman Empire ought to think of them. He elaborated, purely as a matter of private speculation, the maxim that the one safe way was to hold fast to that which had been taught always, everywhere, and by all. In his mind this was not a negative but a positive canon: he does not question every current doctrine, but only those which seem to come into collision with his rule; and no questionable doctrine is to be admitted unless it satisfies it; which the author evidently felt that the doctrines of predestination, original corruption, and inability for good works, which he supposed St. Augustin to hold, did not. He is inclined to make capital out of the perplexity which a pious person might have experienced while the Arian, or rather semi-Arian, controversy was at its height, and out of the scandal which had arisen out of the posthumous controversy then raging about the views of Origen, to discredit what he supposes to be the private speculation either of St. Augustin or of those who misquoted him. He nowhere implies that he is republishing an ancient rule for the guidance of contemporaries: on the contrary, he is anxious to maintain that the rule to which his own meditations have led him does not hamper the progress of orthodox theology; though his own instincts lie in the direction of a rather rigid conservatism. His favorite metaphor is that the theology of a later age ought to compare with the theology of an earlier year, as the stature of a grown man compares with the stature of a boy: everything in the later stage is anticipated in the earlier stage, only upon a smaller scale. His work became celebrated in the controversies of the Reformation, and in those of our own day, rather beyond its intrinsic importance.

A more considerable writer was Cassian, who entered a monastery at Bethlehem, and apparently about A.D. 390 left it to travel for ten years among the monasteries of Egypt; thence he went to Constantinople and was ordained deacon by St. Chrysostom. When St. Chrysostom was banished he went

to Rome to advocate his cause, and about ten years later he founded two monasteries at Marseilles, one for men and one for women, and settled there and began to write, being then probably between forty and fifty. His first work treats briefly, in four books, of the elementary rules of monastic life; we learn, among other things, that the rule in Egypt was that the religious should meet for psalmody at night, while in Syria the rule was that they should meet at fixed times in the day: in Cassian's houses both practices were combined, and this is the earliest mention of the "Seven Canonical Hours." The rest of the treatise is taken up with remedies of the eight capital vices, which are the original form of the seven deadly sins. The number eight is made up by counting despondency, *tristitia*, and *acedia*, listlessness, separately. As industry is the great remedy for both, they were combined under the name of sloth by later moralists. Another curious trait in the book is the way in which implicit obedience is idealized. The reason is obvious: it was only the minority of monks who were willing to live under any rule at all; the majority, in a spirit of enthusiasm or of spleen, withdrew themselves from the discipline of civil life, and refused to submit to any other; they were simply selfish old bachelors, and the chief difference was that the weaker were simply self-indulgent and disorderly loafers, while the stronger developed into misers.

This was followed by a very interesting book entitled "Collationes Patrum," in which the author dresses up his recollections of his intercourse with the most famous ascetics of Egypt. One notices throughout a curious tone of elaborate courtesy, both in the homage of Cassian to the ascetics and in their patronage of him and his companions, which contrasts oddly with his own sincere self-distrust: he seems to have had the natural anxiety of an able man to make himself felt, and to have been distressed because this anxiety was not compatible with his idea of humility. The colloquies are twenty-four in number. In the thirteenth the author expounds his differences with St. Augustin: the particular point at which he differed from him was upon human responsibility, which he endeavored to save by a rather mechanical

distinction which corresponded to nothing in experience. He held that throughout their Christian life men needed help and received it, but that their first conversion and their final perseverance were their own acts. His opinion was afterwards condemned, but his personal position, and even his posthumous reputation, were not seriously damaged, especially as his last work was a refutation in seven books of the Nestorian heresy. A more thoroughgoing and a keener-sighted opponent of the great African doctor was Julian, whose opinions cost him the bishopric of Eclanum in Campania. We have still six books of a work to which St. Augustin replied paragraph by paragraph, not always victoriously. There is no perceptible divergence on the doctrine of grace; Julian reserves all his strength for an attack on what he considers a materialist and Manichæan theory of hereditary corruption.

The disciples of St. Augustin were as inferior to their master as the defenders of Pelagius were superior to that amiable but empty heretic. The principal of them was Orosius, a Spanish presbyter, who wrote a universal history in seven books, much esteemed in the middle ages, with the object of meeting the impression which was general after Alaric's occupation of Rome, that Christianity had brought ruin to the world. Consequently his work dwells rather disproportionately on the calamities of the Pagan world, and the narrative is complicated with an arbitrary theory of the four empires. Rome is to be the heir of Babylon, and the expulsion of the Tarquins is made to coincide with the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, so that the death of Babylon coincides with the entry of Rome on her first youth; but as Rome was not ready to enter on her heritage, Macedonia in the east and Carthage in the west were appointed her tutors. This has the disadvantage of leaving out the Persian empire altogether, though it is the intention of the author to make up the four empires of Daniel.

Prosper of Aquitaine contributed more energetically to the Pelagian controversy; he composed a dull poem in hexameters against the ingratitude of the monks of Southern Gaul, who were more conscious of the efforts they made than of the assistance they received; he also wrote a chronological work,

which with some accretions enjoyed great authority in the middle ages.

Fulgentius, bishop of Ruspe, wrote upon most of St. Augustin's topics, with an amount of heavy earnestness that almost warrants a hope that he was not the grammarian who wrote upon mythology, and invented quotations from authors he had not read, who had not always existed.

Another African writer who apparently belongs to this period is Martianus Capella, who amused himself one winter on holidays in stringing together his hand-books of the seven liberal arts, in a framework of tiresome luxuriance borrowed from Apuleius. The subject is the wedding of Mercurius and Philologia, and all the parade of mythology and fine writing is intended to exhibit the ideal aspect of the business by which the author got his bread: his profession had its shabby side; but, after all, it might be symbolized by the marriage of a god and a goddess.

At Rome there was still a great ecclesiastical writer in St. Leo, who was bishop of Rome from A.D. 440 to 461. His works consist of letters and sermons: of the former the most important is the well-known treatise on the Incarnation, which is addressed to St. Flavianus, then bishop of Constantinople; the sermons are remarkable as the earliest which were preached to a Roman audience. Until the fifth century the Roman clergy had been confined strictly to an unusually narrow share in the ritual; for they had not been allowed to celebrate the eucharist, but had communicated at the bishop's eucharist. The sermons are very vigorous and (considering the age) pure in style, but their substance is curiously rudimentary.

A later Roman man of letters was Vettius Agorius, who was a grandson of the celebrated pontiff and prefect of the city. He distinguished himself as an editor of ancient books; not a few of our MSS. are copies of those which he issued with his own corrections under the countenance of Felix, the orator (*i. e.*, the official professor of rhetoric) of the city of Rome: the emendator shows little taste or judgment.

There was a considerable activity in versifying the Bible.

Claudius Marius Victor, a rhetorician of Marseilles, who died under Valentinian III., composed a paraphrase of Genesis, down to the death of Abraham, for the edification of his son, and very consistently complained (in a letter in hexameters on the vices of the age to the Abbot Salmo) that women were as bad as men in preferring the Pagan poets. Sedulius, a poet of something the same date, bears witness to the same taste for poetry: he writes partly for his own edification, and partly because his contemporaries will not read prose attentively. His paraphrase of the Gospels is vigorous and scholarly, and more original than that of Juvencus. It is, therefore, the more curious that his work in verse was practically suppressed by an inferior work of his own in prose, where the language shows much stronger traces of the degeneracy of the times. Happily Asterius, who was consul A.D. 474, republished the "Carmen Paschale," the title of the gospel history in verse, and enabled us to compare it with the "Opus Paschale," then more largely circulated.

D. Sedulius also distinguished himself in hymnody. His alphabetical hymn in honor of Christ, of which two sections, for Christmas and Epiphany, passed into the Breviary, marks a certain progress in form, as, though quantity is still carefully observed, the conflict between the metrical and the grammatrical accent is in the way to disappear.

The interest of Dracontius in poetry is more personal: he persevered with it in spite of the Vandal conquest of Africa, and nowhere shows any contrition for treating Pagan topics. In the "Satisfactio," an elegiac poem, in the manner of the "Tristia," addressed to King Gunthamund, we see how completely the author belonged to this world: he was an advocate at Carthage, had a flourishing business and a large family, when he got himself into difficulties by dedicating some work to a foreign authority. Accordingly he writes in the most humble strain to the potentate whom most African Christians thought an Arian tyrant; this was followed by a rambling poem in three books of hexameters, each seven or eight hundred lines long, generally illustrative of the goodness and severity of God, in the hope that Gunthamund will

imitate the former as he has imitated the latter. The first book treats most of creation, and the greater part of it was circulated separately, under the title of the "Hexaëmeron:" there is a good deal of ingenuity of the kind which won a reputation for Dubartas, though Dracontius is simpler and in better taste; besides, he is really musical, though the music is monotonous and suits the cloying sweetness of the descriptions, which are overloaded with epithets, and never get beyond the obvious aspects of nature, and yet show a certain freshness of perception. The second book treats of the work of Christ, and has a relatively brilliant passage on the descent into hell. The third treats, as far as it can be said to have a subject, of our duty of gratitude and repentance, and the reward we may expect if we fulfil it. Incidentally Dracontius declares that he and his contemporaries are a perverse generation, and he is their chief something beyond a sinner. His secular poems, which include versified declamations, and epithalamia and compendious little epics, had disappeared completely from the knowledge of men within some half-century of their composition, together with the greater part of the poem on God. The "Hexaëmeron" and the "Satisfactio" were separately edited, and the rest forgotten.

Avitus, a contemporary of Dracontius, wrote, besides episcopal letters and homilies, a poem in five books on the events of spiritual history. The first three treat of the same subject as "Paradise Lost," and anticipate several of the points of Milton: the last treat of the deluge and the passage of the Red Sea, each of which in a different way is a type of baptism; besides which, it was desirable on typical grounds to have five books on subjects taken from the Pentateuch. He also wrote a quaint poem to his sister, who had been dedicated in her cradle to a single life, partly in praise of her state and partly in mitigation of its hardships. It is a naïvely original commentary on the venerable saying, "She is happier if she so abide," dwelling alternately upon the privileges of maidenhood, and upon the practical inconveniences of marriage, in a strain that found frequent echoes through the middle ages. It is curious that reticence and decorum had so completely

died out in some of the highest circles of Gaul, for Avitus became bishop of Vienne in A.D. 490 by something like hereditary succession, and held his post forty-five years, during which he had the satisfaction of passing from the dominion of the Arian Burgundians to that of the Catholic Franks, and of knowing that his influence both with Clovis and the Christian provincials had counted for much in the transfer. Another peculiarity in the case is that it was settled so quickly that parents had a right to bind their children who might perhaps object to be bound.

There is nothing of this crudity in another great noble of Gaul, whose promotion came eighteen years earlier, Caius Sollius Apollinaris Sidonius, who became a bishop in middle life, almost as he might have become an augur, except that in becoming an augur he would not have felt called to renounce poetry. He never did quite renounce it: besides religious verses and inscriptions, he occasionally improvised a compliment to a friend, which was preserved among his letters. His poems are for the most part an empty echo of Claudian and the "Sylvæ" of Statius: so far as he aims at originality he aims at it by metrical tricks, ending one elegiac couplet with the hemistich with which another began, and the like. But they are, for the age, correct, and written with a genuine enjoyment; their weakness is not that they are dull, but that they are diffuse; the subject disappears for the most part under its illustrations. And there was no check upon such faults, as they were produced not for a public but for a coterie, who flattered and interested one another. Even in the poems there is every here and there a certain fresh perception of the new circumstances. These are brought out much more vividly in the letters, which are composed in imitation of Symmachus: there is the same extravagant politeness, but there is a great deal more material information. No one would think of treating the letters of Symmachus, except his official correspondence with the emperor, as important historical documents; but Sidonius's letters give a complete and curious picture of the condition of southern and central Gaul during the period which preceded the Frankish conquest.

The indomitable good-humor of the man is as remarkable as his readiness to admire others and ask their admiration; he makes the best of his critical position on the frontier between the Romans and the Goths, who had settled at Toulouse after the death of Alaric; the author had seen an attempt of the men of Auvergne to set up an emperor of their own in the person of his uncle, he had seen him dethroned by Majorian, and had managed to keep in high favor with both. When the fall of Majorian left the Goths decidedly the strongest power in Gaul, he was the favored guest of Theodoric. His letters give a curious picture of the court, which copied that of Rome, and later on they are full of ecclesiastical politics, telling how, for instance, in two watches of the night he composed a speech to the people of Bourges, who were excited about the election of a bishop, and he and several neighboring bishops had come to restore peace; finally it was settled that the bishops should appoint, and that Sidonius should announce the appointment.

Most of Sidonius's friends were poets, and two of them were philosophers — Faustus, the bishop of Riez, and Mamertus Claudianus, a presbyter of Vienne. The bishop, who was one of the last leaders of the semi-Pelagian party, oddly enough had enunciated materialistic views about the soul, and Claudian answered him about four years before his death, about two years before Sidonius became a bishop. The work is decidedly ingenious, fencing with distinctions that, though the soul was not everywhere at once, it was whole at every point in the body, and, though there was so much of it and no more, this did not prove that it was material, but simply that it was a finite spirit, and all the "authorities" of Scripture, Plato, and the poets are happily harmonized.

Sidonius singles out as the special distinction of Claudian that he was as patient and forbearing as he was wise: this is hardly a praise for Salvian, an eloquent presbyter of Marseilles, who wrote two vehement denunciations of the age, one in his own name and the other in the name of Timotheus, before the final downfall of the Roman power in Gaul. The latter was written earlier, and is an attack upon avarice. The

writer feels that all wealth ought to be in the hands of the Church: the best thing is that it should be given in life; failing this, it ought to be bequeathed at death; for the one good use to which it was possible in such times to put money was the relief of distress. The failing vitality of the age only inspires his contemporaries with an incidental complaint or an incidental rebuke; but with Salvian it is the main burden of his thought. He dilates upon the vices of his age with an energy which approaches inspiration. His work, in eight books, on the "Present Judgment of God" goes much further and deeper in this direction than the great work of St. Augustin: he is not content with contrasting the final ruin of the world with the final triumph of the Church; he insists that the ruin of the Christianized empire is no argument against Providence, but tells strongly the other way. The Christians of his day are inferior in virtue both to their pagan ancestors and to their barbarian conquerors. They have all the vices of the pagan barbarians, and others of their own. They lack the great virtue of chastity, which is common to all the heretical barbarians. Their vices are the one thing which they retain out of the prosperous past: prosperity engendered their vices, and adversity only made them cling to them the closer. The picture of the vices is colored a little by the writer's asceticism; the eagerness for public shows is denounced with the severity which the Church inherited from the Porch, though there is something in the feeling that the frivolity which pursued pleasure seriously in such times was ruinous. But he could hardly be too severe upon the sensuality, the indolence, the envy, the treachery, the anti-social temper which characterize in ever-increasing measure the unvenerable old age of an effete civilization. There is nowhere a sign of hope: in looking to the future the author does not imagine that either the monks or the barbarians are to regenerate the world; his only aspiration is to save himself and his house from a crooked and perverse generation. Of all his miscellaneous works, which were numerous, as we learn from Gennadius, there is nothing left but nine letters, of which the most interesting is written to the parents of his wife, who were shocked at his separation from

her, though she appears to have been quite as willing to live single as he, and anxious that their daughter should live single all her life. In his style Salvian is one of the best writers of his age: his passion excuses his redundancy, and when, as in the above letter, he writes simply, he does not miss being pathetic.

With Salvian we may take leave of the provincial literature of the fifth century, and turn to Italy, where, under the rule of the Ostrogoths, there was still a sort of Indian summer of literature, associated with the names of two Italians and a refugee from Gaul.

PART XI.

LITERATURE OF ITALY UNDER THE OSTROGOTHS.

CHAPTER I.

BOETHIUS.

One is surprised to find an unmistakable improvement after the final downfall of the last successors of Honorius, especially as the connection between orthodoxy and obscurantism had already been established. There can be no doubt that Boethius comes nearer to the feeling and tone of the writers of the first century of our era than any of his predecessors after the younger Pliny, or any of his successors until we come to Petrarch. His position is as singular as his achievements. He was born four years after the senate had sent back the imperial ornaments of Augustulus to Zeno; he was put to death in prison, at the age of forty-five. Apparently he was something like a professional man of letters and science; he had the intention of translating the whole works of Aristotle and Plato, and demonstrating their harmony. He mastered the tradition of arithmetic and music, of astronomy and mechanics, and undertook to transmit it all to posterity. And all this was quite disinterested: he was not in the position of a Frontinus, who, when he was appointed to an office, read up the subject, and then set himself to test his knowledge by writing before he had to test it in practice. On the contrary, it was his speculative reputation which led to his being consulted when practical occasion arose, when the king of the Ostrogoths wished to astonish his Burgundian namesake with an ingenious combination of a water-clock and sundial, or to edify the

king of the Franks with a well-selected company of lyric artists. One must suppose that the aristocracy was a good deal impoverished when one of its most conspicuous members could find nothing so interesting as study; for Seneca made his reputation as a philosopher long before he made his fortune. Boethius was a member of the most illustrious family of the later empire, the great house of Anicius, whose founder had seen the war of Hannibal, and whose representatives in the fourth century had acquired the right to display the images of all the great families of the Republic. He himself was successful in public life: though an orphan, he married the daughter of his kinsman, Q. Aurelius Anicius Symmachus, and, like him, attained consular rank, and after flourishing for some dozen years fell a victim to the growing suspicions of Theodoric.

That ruler had established himself in Italy with the sympathies of the court of Constantinople, which had often tried after the death of Honorius to have their own emperor at Ravenna, and, failing this, were not indisposed to have their own barbarian; but as his rule consolidated itself there was a feeling both at Rome and Constantinople that he was using the people who had intended to use him. He, on his part, became suspicious: and Albinus, one of the most conspicuous senators, was accused of corresponding with Constantinople when such correspondence had become treasonable. Boethius, who, among his other gifts, was a rhetorician, undertook the defence of Albinus, and declared with perilous courage that, if Albinus were guilty, he and the whole senate were guilty too. No doubt they all wished to keep up the fiction that Theodoric was the king of a nation in alliance with the Roman state, who held a general's commission in the Roman army under the emperor of the East. But the senate was always servile; and, as Boethius could hardly be condemned upon the ground of treason, they were ready to condemn him upon the ground of magic. His scientific studies were the indispensable conditions of such a crime, and it is unlikely that any astronomer of the period could have refrained from casting the nativity of the reigning sovereign, even if he had no evil intention towards him. Boethius was imprisoned, tortured, and executed A.D. 525. During

his imprisonment he wrote the "Consolations of Philosophy," which King Alfred translated into English.

Of his other works the most important were the writings on logic, especially the elaborate commentaries on the "Isagoge" of Porphyry, and the treatise on "Interpretation" from the "Organon." The first occupied five books, and he had already written two books of dialogues on the version of Victorinus. In the same way he wrote twice on the "Interpretation" for beginners and more advanced students. He commented, too, upon Cicero's "Topics," and translated Aristotle's, and also his "Categories." He marks a distinct stage in the preparation of the great problem of the earlier middle ages, the nature of universals, which grew out of the endeavor to reconcile the metaphysical difference between Aristotle's and Plato's doctrine of ideas by transferring it to logical ground. It is true that Aristotle's logic got much confused in the process, although Boethius's own translations of Aristotle were not colored by his misapprehension of the subject. His treatise on music in five books was the classical text-book of the middle ages: his treatise on arithmetic was a paraphrase, as he tells us himself, of Nicomachus. A work on geometry fathered upon him can hardly be the translation of Euclid on which Cassiodorus congratulates him, and his translation of Ptolemy's Astronomy has been certainly lost. It is probable that his reputation as a Christian martyr (due to the accident that Theodoric persecuted the pope just after upon theological grounds) favored the disposition to father theological works upon him. There is no contemporary evidence that he wrote upon such subjects, and the style of his alleged theological works does not agree well with that of his secular ones, though the treatise on the Trinity is quite worthy of his reputation for universal knowledge.

In his great work, the "Consolations of Philosophy," the starting-point is not exactly Christian: the author moves within the limits traced by the intersecting circles of Pagan and Christian edification. Even when he hints that men may rise to gods and sink to beasts he does not Platonize beyond the measure of Origen, hardly beyond the measure of St.

Gregory Nazianzen, who formally in one of his poems holds out the prospect of becoming a god in the shining train of the greatest of gods, as the one thing which could satisfy the desire of his soul. On the other hand, there is nothing of the sense of sin which we find even in Seneca, nothing either of the rivalry between the sage and the gods which is so wearisome in Seneca and Epicurus. On the contrary, God is the supreme good to which mortals have to aspire, and they deceive themselves when they look for any other in wealth or power or pleasure.

The beginning is not promising. Boethius is in exile, and spinning elegiacs about his misery and the constancy of the muses who have followed him into banishment, when Philosophy appears, in the figure of a woman with very keen eyes, who sometimes seems to be of human stature, and sometimes lifts her head into heaven out of sight; and she wears a dress of her own spinning, with Π at the bottom and Θ at the top (for practical and theoretical philosophy), and pieces are torn out of her dress (which is dim like a statue that is left in the smoke and never dusted) by those who desired to clutch the whole for themselves. (This sounds like an echo of the orthodox complaints that heretics rend the "Seamless Robe.") She scolds away the muses of poetry. So far neither the invention nor the style is of a kind to do credit to a pupil of Apuleius; but when Philosophy has Boethius to herself matters mend; we feel that for the style we are in the hands of a pupil of Cicero, though the vocabulary is not scrupulously purified. The verses are quite worthy of Seneca at his best, and sometimes remind us of Horace at his dullest.

Such as they are, they are plentifully distributed and abruptly introduced, in the fashion of Petronius, and no doubt other more respectable writers now lost. We are told expressly that Philosophy sings her first song on the falling away of Boethius; and further on Boethius, when he concludes his protestation of integrity with a denunciation of the inequalities of fortune and the prosperity of the wicked, marks the beginning and end of his tirade in the narrative; but the narrative breaks into verse without notice, when Philosophy

folds up her dress to dry his eyes, and he recovers sight; and so, too, Philosophy breaks into verse at the end of her speech on those who have suffered in her cause, and then subsides into dialogue, with no more notice of the change than an inquiry whether her song is thrown away upon him like music on an ass.

The first book carries us no further than the statement of the problem. Boethius thinks that everything is well ordered in the world except the lot of men, and Philosophy explains that he is too excited to hear reason on the subject at once, though he is sure to recover himself sooner or later, since he knows that the world comes from God, and is ruled by God, though he does not yet know or remember by what means or to what end.

In the second book we have a discussion, deliberately limited to rhetorical ground, of the question whether Boethius can be considered unhappy in his exile, and his peril of execution, seeing that his life has been prosperous as a whole, and that his family have shared his prosperity, and have not yet shared his misfortunes. Fortune is brought in to plead her own cause against the unreasonable complaints of a fortunate man, and her pleading reminds us of Seneca—there are the same crisp suggestions of syllogisms, something of the same neatness of antithesis; but there is not the same eagerness of conviction. The Stoics and Epicureans had only "torn away the utmost skirts of Philosophy's vesture to wrap themselves in." Another contrast is that Seneca finds blessedness independent of fortune in this life, while Boethius looks for it beyond (not without a periphrastic allusion to the martyrs), since it is always in the power of Fortune to end our earthly life.

After a poem in which we are warned to build, not on the tempest-stricken mountain or on the shifting sand, but on the lowly rock, the argument goes deeper. The question is now whether what Fortune can give and take away is really to be thought a good; the main point is that all such things are uncertain, trivial if one considers the magnitude of the universe, and within the reach of the worst; which is really de-

cisive, since to possess true good would make the possessor good, just as the possession of an art makes the possessor an artist. This is clenched with a poem on the turpitude of Nero. Boethius, who has said little hitherto since Philosophy began her course of instruction, now vindicates his ambition, since it is unworthy to "let virtue wear away in silence." Philosophy's reply shows how far thought had travelled since the days of Pliny the Younger: it is not only that astronomy is called in to dwarf all things terrestrial, but there is a clear feeling how small a part of earth fame can fill, how small a part of time it can last. These arguments are better set forth in verse than in prose: the poem, written in trimeter and dimeter iambics, has something more than an echo of Horace, and an unmistakable anticipation of the mediæval sentiment which is summed up in Villon's ballad with the burden, "Where are the snows of yester year?" Horace had said long ago that high and low must die alike, but he never said Death tramples high renown: he had said we are dust and shadow when we have gone down to Tullus and Ancus, but he never asked, "Where do the bones of the incorruptible Fabricius lie now? What is Brutus or the unbending Cato? Their fame lives on to seal up an empty name in very few letters." He thought that his name would live while Pontiff and Vestal went up the Capitol to pray, and therefore he could not die wholly. Boethius, or rather Philosophy, maintains that, if a man's name outlives him, he only dies twice, when that is forgotten too. The book concludes with a short defence of Fortune, or rather of Misfortune, who, when she shows herself in her true colors as everlastingly uncertain, shows us who are our real friends; and then follows a panegyric on Love, which "binds in one this frame of things governing earth and sea, and bearing rule in heaven." "How happy mankind would be if the love, whereby heaven is ruled, could rule their minds!"

The third book does not carry the argument much further. Boethius is now fit to listen to serious arguments, but the greater part of the book is devoted to an abstract proof that no external goods are intrinsically desirable: each is an iso-

lated, and therefore a misleading, reflection of some one aspect of the one true good which is blessedness, which in itself contains by its definition the satisfaction of all our desires. The illustration of the shortcomings of different worldly goods is copious, and the experience of actual life is combined, not unhappily, with an imitation of Platonic dialectic. In the second part of the book, which is ushered in by a prayer of Philosophy in hexameters, that the Father of light will enable her to instruct Boethius, the argument turns for the present upon God as the one perfect, simple Being, who is the Ruler and First Principle of all things: being good he is the Chief Good, and blessed because he is Blessedness. The tone of thought throughout is elevated, but the catechetical form becomes rather tedious. All things seek Good, therefore he is the end of all: evil vanishes into nothing, since it is contrary to the nature of the One Almighty Good; and the book ends with a pretty poem on Orpheus and Eurydice, applied to all "who seek to lead their mind to upper day:" they will lose their understanding as Orpheus lost his wife, if they suffer their eyes to turn back to the lower world.

In the fourth book Boethius renews his complaint of the prosperity of the wicked, and Philosophy proves that it is impossible they should really prosper, or the good be really afflicted, with a superabundance of abstract dialectic; and Boethius is rewarded for his docility by a shower of paradoxical corollaries like this, that the wicked are less wretched when they are punished, even if they are not reformed, because it is a good thing (being just) that they should be punished, and any real good must make their case less wretched, so that their apparent and short-lived impunity is really the severest part of their punishment. Still Boethius insists that no wise man would choose banishment or calumny for his own portion, or object to high office and uncontested applause, and it is a matter of fact that evil men obtain what the wise would not refuse, and that good men encounter what the wise would not desire.

The answer is really an appeal to our ignorance: there is a complicated and settled order, which we ought not to wish

to see disturbed: whether it depends on the ministry of certain divine spirits, or whether the soul or the whole of nature is pressed into service, or whether it is the motion of the stars in heaven, or the virtue of the angels, or the manifold cunning of demons, or none of these or all, whereby the destined course of the world is woven, it is clear, at any rate, that Providence is the unchangeable and simple model of what shall come to pass, while Fate is the changeable bond and temporal order of what the simplicity of the Godhead appointed to come to pass. This leads up to a "demonstration" that whatever is is right, whatever we may naturally be disposed to think. "The gods approved the cause which won, Cato the cause which lost: and who can boast of being wiser than Cato?" And then the whole inexhaustible doctrine of "discipline" and "compensation" is unrolled. The book closes with a song, whose last words are "to conquer earth wins heaven."

In the fifth book the speculative interest predominates for the first time. The discussions on chance, free-will, the subordination of fate to Providence, the relation of freedom to foreknowledge, have no reference to the personal situation, and for this reason we see more of the writer's real acuteness. The exact conception of chance is clearly explained from Aristotle by the familiar example of treasure-trove: it is always possible to give the reason why the finder was digging there, or why the original owner buried his treasure there: the inexplicable and important point is just the coincidence, and this is referred to Providence and illustrated by the case of the Tigris and Euphrates, which flow from one fountain (as all chains of causation depend upon the First Cause), and meet again lower down by following each their appointed course.

So, too, there is considerable acuteness in the criticism of the crude sensationalism of the Stoics, who thought that "images" given off from objects impressed themselves upon our passive organs, and the necessity for recognizing the spontaneous activity of the mind in perception is set forth in clear and ringing verse. This comes in as part of the argument for the existence of free-will, which is inseparable, ac-

cording to Boethius, from the idea of a reasonable being. The difficulty how anything can be certainly foreseen unless it is predetermined is discussed thoroughly, without stopping short at the familiar evasion that the foresight of an action does not necessitate it. At last the author takes refuge in the transcendent nature of the divine foreknowledge to which all things are present. It is possible for us to see clearly what is going on without there being any need to suppose that some necessary cause determines it, and if we imagine that the divine omniscience is entirely independent of time, it follows that actions may be entirely free and yet their issues certain. The discussion is purely metaphysical, and nothing is said of the empirical arguments in favor of scientific prevision and determinism. The author is more concerned to prove that the divine foreknowledge is unlimited by contingency or human mutability. "What, then, you will say? Shall God's knowledge be changed at my disposal, so that when I will, now this, now that, it too should seem to shift its knowing about by turns? Not so. For whatever shall be is prevented by the insight of God drawing and recalling it to the perpetual present of his own knowledge. It does not take it, as you deem, turn and turn about to foreknow now this, now that, but at one stroke, abiding unmoved, prevents and comprehends your changes. This present comprehension and vision of all things comes to God, not of the course of future things, but of his own simplicity. And here is the resolution of the hard saying you laid down but now, that it is unworthy of God if we are to say that our future acts supply God's knowledge with its cause. For the power of this knowledge, since it embraces all things in a present intelligence, rather settles of itself the measure of all things than owes anything to what comes after." Here the writer has almost betrayed himself into contradicting his doctrine of free-will: so he hastens to reassert it, and then concludes his treatise with an eloquent peroration on the moral value of a belief in responsibility and prayer.

The interest of the work lies rather in the separate discussions than in the march of the argument as a whole. Boethius

seems to be stringing together the favorite topics of his happier days by the machinery of dialogue, and this explains the repeated allusions to the doctrine of "reminiscence." Boethius is only learning over again what he has forgotten twice —once when he fell into a fleshly body, and once when he fell into despondency.

CHAPTER II.

ENNODIUS.

THE superiority of Boethius to his contemporaries is as marked as his superiority to his predecessors, though in their own day two of them, at any rate, had a very considerable reputation, and the reputation of one lasted far into the middle ages. Ennodius, bishop of Pavia, is even a completer type than Sidonius Apollinaris of the man of letters turned bishop by the force of circumstances. His full name was Magnus Felix Ennodius. He was practically a refugee from southern Gaul. He managed to marry an Italian heiress, and when through bad luck he could no longer count upon her heritage, he entered the clergy and she retired to a convent. The natural interest of Ennodius lay in the direction of puzzle poetry, but the greater part of his poetical works appear to have perished, because neither he nor others thought them worth preserving. We have two books of his poems, of which the first is made up of complimentary copies of verses, to which some editors add a dozen tame hymns; the second consists of 151 epigrams, partly inscriptions of no interest, partly the latest echo of Martial's uncleanly jests. The poems of the first book correspond in range with those of Ausonius: it is noteworthy that in a poem on the thirtieth anniversary of the consecration of his predecessor he quotes the example of Orpheus with as little embarrassment as earlier artists had represented it upon the walls of the catacombs.

The most curious part of his works are those which he composed in the way of business as a rhetorician: oddly enough, he did not think it necessary to destroy them upon his conversion, though he felt it necessary to renounce poetry and apparently to destroy his poems. There are regular school de-

bates on the old stories of stepmothers and tyrannicides and brave men, and the gods are invoked, but one sees the decay of the art in the comparative prominence given to its easiest branch, in which the speaker had not even to give advice, but simply to express the feelings of a real or imaginary speaker in a traditional situation. A still stronger proof of decadence is the panegyric on Theodoric, which is as far below the panegyrists of the fourth century as they are below Pliny, or the "Eucharisticum de Vita sua" below the "Confessions" of St. Augustin. It is true that the falling-off in the "Eucharisticum" is largely due to the poverty of material. Ennodius has nothing to tell but his thankfulness for having been led from a secular to a spiritual life. Besides, we have a bulky collection of letters, which occupies nine books, and tells us little or nothing of contemporary life compared with Sidonius Apollinaris, or even Symmachus. There are also lives of St. Epiphanius, who distinguished himself by his endeavors to keep the peace between the Goths at Toulouse and Italy, and Antonius, a Pannonian of good family, who had settled in a hermitage near the Lake of Como, and when pilgrims refused to leave him in peace retreated to Lerins to live as a common monk. There is also a treatise on education, addressed to young men, in which there is a curious medley of Christian ethics and pagan rhetoric: rhetoric is the crown of the sciences and the mother of the arts, and is able to make white black and black white.

CASSIODORUS.

Cassiodorus, like Ennodius, was loyal to the Gothic dynasty; and though he survived its fall he never appears to have done homage to Justinian; indeed, he spent the last thirty years of his life on his estate of Bruttium, where he founded a monastery, which he intended to be a university. He would have liked to see a high-school of Christian studies established by public authority at Rome as the existing high-school for classical studies had been, and, like Bacon, he was reduced to attempt to carry out by himself a work which was too extensive for any private person. The greater part of his works were

written during his retreat, and have something of the prolixity of old age, for he tells us himself he lived to be ninety-three, and went on writing to the last.

He was in the official service of the Gothic kings for something over thirty years, and under Theodoric his action as private secretary gave him a real influence in politics. He continued to draft official documents as late as the reign of Witiges; he was once consul, in 514, four years after Boethius, and thrice prætorian prefect, but he lost part of his influence after the death of Amalasuntha, Theodoric's daughter, who carried her father's policy of conciliating the Romans further than he had done, and was put to death because she showed an intention of bringing up her son as a Roman. Like every one else, he commenced his career as a rhetorician, and some fragments of his panegyrics have been recovered and edited at Turin. But the most important work of his official life was the twelve books of letters, mostly official in character, which, after Cicero's, are the most instructive that have come down from antiquity, though they are about the low-water mark both for sense and taste, being often so clumsy and pompous as to be barely intelligible: their general style is like the worst parts of Ammianus Marcellinus.

Besides the letters he wrote a history of the Goths in twelve books, which was completed about A.D. 533, and is now, unfortunately, lost, having been superseded by an epitome compiled less than twenty years later by a Goth of the name of Jornandes, or Jordanes. We derive some information about it from a letter which Cassiodorus wrote in his own honor in the name of Athalaric in 533. Athalaric speaks of the surprise of the Goths that a Roman should have read what the oldest of them could hardly remember, and is delighted that the royal descent of his own family, the Amals, is established for seventeen generations. He tells us that Cassiodorus had brought together what had hitherto been scattered over the wide fields of books. This compilation was not altogether well inspired. It is clear from Jordanes that Cassiodorus identified the Goths with the Getæ, and with all, or almost all, the tribes who had occupied the same territories; and the information about them

and about the Amazons and the Scythians of Herodotus is mixed up in Jordanes, at any rate, with the national traditions of the Goths, in a very confusing manner. The history ends with the death of Athalaric in 534, and was probably published the following year. An earlier work was a chronicle from the creation of the world to the consulate of Eutharic in 519, covering a space, according to the author's reckoning, of 5271 years. It is only for the last sixty-four that Cassiodorus tells us anything that is not better said elsewhere; it is only for the last twenty-four that he appears to write from his own knowledge, though during the whole of the period during which the Goths were in contact with Rome it is noticed that he seems careful to mention everything to their credit, and to pass over everything that tells against them. Up to the first consuls he follows the Chronicle of Eusebius as enlarged by St. Jerome. For the rest he follows Livy in an epitome down to 9 B.C., and then Aufidius Bassus for forty years, after which he returns to purely Christian sources: from A.D. 455 to 495 he follows the Chronicle of Ravenna, which he gives in its full form; from 495 he seems to be an independent writer. The early part of the work is astonishingly capricious: for instance, the third Punic war is not mentioned, and the institution of state mines in Macedonia (ten years after the overthrow of Perseus) is: so, too, the Decemvirate is set down as having lasted forty years, because the compiler does not care to mention the military tribunes.

The same inattention to system appears in the commentary on the Psalter, which was the first work to which he applied himself after his "conversion," *i. e.*, his retirement from the world, though the "De Anima" was finished sooner, just after the publication of the letters. This work is arranged in twelve chapters, because twelve is a sacred number, and this kind of arithmetical mysticism has great attractions for Cassiodorus: in substance it is taken from Claudianus Mamertus and St. Augustin, and is rather a collection of excerpts than an original work; the most characteristic part of it is the tenth and eleventh chapters, which treat of the signs whereby the good and evil are to be known. Practically the evil man

is a place-hunter, whose looks betray him, whatever care he takes of his body, because he is always anxious and cross ; and the good man is an ascetic, who is always crying, and always cheerful, and the like. The passage seems to be modelled upon the description of the apostles in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, while the philosophers are included among the evil, quite mechanically, because St. Augustin had set the fashion. In spite of St. Augustin's authority, the soul is identified with light, though the doctrine that it has no special shape is maintained on the principles of Mamertus, the notion being that its principal seat is in the brain, but that it extends throughout the body — which might be a description of the nervous system.

The commentary on the Psalter is based upon St. Augustin, but makes a certain show of independent criticism. According to the preface the commentary ought to fall into six divisions, explaining (1) the title; (2) the divisions of each Psalm ; (3) its historical, mystical, or spiritual sense—these last are not clearly distinguished ; (4) the special virtue which it teaches ; (5) the significance of its number ; (6) a summary, and a polemic against heretics: as a matter of fact, the fourth and fifth heads are commonly mentioned, when they are mentioned at all, under the third.

Before the Psalter was finished, the author had written several other treatises, especially two on education. One is an introduction to sacred literature, divided into thirty-three sections, in honor of the years of the Lord's life, and is comparatively original, the object being not so much to give a summary of the writer's knowledge as a guide for independent study, everything being brought to bear upon the Bible, which Cassiodorus assumes to have been the source of everything valuable in Greek or Oriental culture. We get incidental information on the translations of Josephus and the three Greek ecclesiastical historians, Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodoret, which Cassiodorus had procured to be made. The second part of the treatise gives an outline of the seven liberal arts, and is intended to save monks the trouble of learning them in the old fashion: accordingly we have little but a tire-

some compendium of compendiums. There are numerous concessions throughout to intellectual laziness: it is taken for granted that it is always pleasanter to read a foreign book in a translation than to learn the language. Extracts from St. Augustin, compiled by Eugippius, are recommended as a substitute for the original. The aspirations of monastic culture do not rise above those of the secular culture of the time. The remarkable thing is the very ideal of a monastic society carrying on the whole of what still passed for respectable in the heritage of ancient civilization. It is quite true that what seems most precious to us in ancient civilization is left in the shade; art is nowhere, poetry is only represented by Vergil. It is also true that ancient philosophy sacrificed art and poetry very much as Cassiodorus sacrificed philosophy: it was a moral relief to be rid of the one, it was an intellectual relief to be rid of the other. But it was still a great thing that the copying of MSS. should be considered the highest and most meritorious form of manual labor; higher even than the agriculture which enabled the community to give alms, and was itself considered in Egypt an unsuitable employment for monks. The summary commentaries upon different books of Scripture are even less interesting than the commentary on the Psalter, and they were very little used in the middle ages, during which the commentary on the Psalter was exceedingly popular. The Epistle to the Romans was treated more fully: the author was anxious to combat the Pelagian heresy still raging in Dalmatia. The latest work of which we have any knowledge is a set of excerpts from twelve books of seven writers on orthography, and in the preface to this he enumerates his other works.

A little more ought to be said of the collection of letters, which give a very curious picture of the actual state of society and of culture. One point which comes out very clearly is that the different parts of Italy were as much "provinces," compared with Rome, as they had been before all Italy was admitted to Roman citizenship: the Gothic monarchy was conceived by the analogy of the Roman empire; Lucania and Liguria took the place of Africa and Gaul. Another curious

point is the position of the senate, which practically was expected to petition in favor of every appointment the government intended to make in the old official hierarchy: often the candidate himself wrote to the senate asking them to petition because they knew that his promotion was intended for the public service. Both the old branches of the official hierarchy were retained: the distinction between the offices instituted by the emperors and those which had descended from the republic was not effaced; but side by side with these the organization of the Goths among themselves persisted, and was applied in the regulation of the relations between the new dynasty and the old society. The Saius, or Saio (it seems that in the nominative the title ran in the second declension, and in other cases in the third), or king's messenger, is one of the most important personages of the day: he figures more than once or twice in the two books of "formulas" which are one of the most characteristic parts of the correspondence of Cassiodorus. It is astonishing how low he descends, and how copious he is: he provides a complimentary letter for the appointment or discharge of the functionary whose business it was to seal the king's letters, and also for the functionary who had the key of his desk; to say nothing of letters for the bestowal of every dignity, from the consulate downwards, which had been recognized or invented by Constantine. Another interesting feature of the collection is the diligence with which the author labors to conciliate Justinian, under the reigns of Theodahad (who put his wife, the daughter of Theodoric, to death) and Witiges, who lived to be led in triumph through Constantinople. In writing to the senate of Rome under the same kings Cassiodorus always makes his master for the time being take the language of an independent sovereign, but in writing to Constantinople he makes his masters and mistresses take the tone of vassals, who are always appealing to the "clemency" of the emperor and empress; for the queen of the Goths as well as the king had to write to Constantinople after the reconquest of Africa. But this does not imply that Cassiodorus at any time identified himself with the Roman party. One of his most enthusiastic letters is written in the

name of Theodoric, to congratulate the senate on the promotion of Cyprian, whom Boethius denounces as a *delator*, whom it was one of his own chief merits to have opposed at all costs. It is the more noticeable that the kings flatter the senate by reminding them of the old routine which made admission to the senate a promotion to all who had entered the imperial service. "Hoc tamen curiæ felicius provenit, quod nobis et impolitus tiro militat, illa vero non recipit nisi qui jam dignus honoribus potuerit inveniri." In the same spirit, when Tulus, a Goth, was to be made a patrician, Athalaric writes to the senate (viii. x.) asking to be thanked for the appointment he announces. Apparently it was still as difficult as ever for a civilian to enter the military service, for we find in a decree of Theodahad (xi. xlii.): "Atque ideo edictali programmate definimus ut quicunque contra violentas insidias propter ineluctabiles necessitates suas mereri desiderat fortem Saionem officii nostri pœnali se vinculo cautionis astringat ut in præcepta tristia jussionis immissione plectibili Saius quem meretur excesserit."

The meaning appears to be that it is very objectionable for a civilian to serve as a "gallant henchman," but that it is to be permitted when the applicant is really forced to the step; provided always that he gives the most ample security against abusing the office. Phrases like "edictali programmate," for edict, and "immissione plectibili," for penal process, make these parts of Cassiodorus very difficult to understand, though he appears to have thought them due to the majesty of the king of the Ostrogoths. Cassiodorus valued himself upon his ability to adapt his style to the person speaking and to the person spoken to; he takes pains to rise, as he thinks, with the occasion; and when the occasion is not too solemn he even aims at levity: for instance, the second letter of the first book is addressed to Thriscus, who had charge of the royal purple, which was not very satisfactory; and, after Thriscus has been bantered upon the consequences to which he has exposed himself, the letter goes off into a little history of the origin of the dye. It is no part of Cassiodorus's creed that familiarity breeds contempt: he makes the king pay the most

elaborate compliments to his nominees, and naturally some of the choicest are for himself; for instance, on occasion of one of his appointments as prætorian prefect we read, "Auspicatus es militem cum implere potueris cognitorem," which reveals a fine confusion of metaphors and ideas. Cassiodorus was able to fill (the place or the person of) a judge, and yet he began (only Cassiodorus cannot reconcile himself to making a king say "began," so he makes him say "auspicated") as a soldier, meaning an advocate, for the warfare of the forum was a familiar metaphor, and a tolerable one if it had been fully expressed by itself. Cassiodorus is almost as solemn in a citation to one Brandila, whose wife was gravely suspected of having beaten the wife of Patsen: it is implied that the simplest and most proper course would have been for Brandila to beat his wife; but as he apparently objected to do so he was to bring her up to the king's court for judgment, putting away every pretext of delay, and is gravely assured that whatever the decision may be he ought to be satisfied with it. Apparently it was in his favor, for in the next letter Patsen's wife figures, very much to her disadvantage, in connection with the upset of a boat, and compels the king to exclaim at the impudence of women.

After these there are letters on still more trivial themes. Theodoric commissions Boethius to see to a water-organ which is to astonish the weak mind of a Frankish king, or grants a dispensation to enable two cousins to marry. When Cassiodorus writes in his own person he fully deserves the compliments which he makes Witiges pay him upon his disinterestedness and good temper. There is not the least trace of discontent or depression in any of his writings, either before his retreat or after: he wishes his monks to profit by the works on agriculture in their library, in order to keep up the old Roman husbandry for the benefit of merchants and pilgrims, and enforces his wish with a description of a famous fair in Lucania, then held in honor of St. Cyprian, at a fountain formerly sacred to Leucothea, which gave occasion to a good deal of brigandage. But Cassiodorus has less to say about the brigandage than about the fountain, which he tells us al-

ways sprang up at Easter, in readiness for baptisms, whence we may infer that it was fed by the melting of the winter snow in the Abruzzi. There is not a touch of sentiment at St. Cyprian's superseding Leucothea ; nothing of the feeling which is so strong in Boethius, that nothing earthly lasts.

MAXIMIANUS.

Cassiodorus's tranquil reliance on the stability of what was left of the old world is even surpassed by Maximianus, a noble of Etruria, who in his old age composed half a dozen elegies, which have a certain mawkish pathos and sweetness: the best of them is the first, which is full of his regrets for his lost youth, in which he felt himself possessed of all the talents and all the virtues of all the heroes and all the sages ; he found himself hardy, and thought himself a Stoic. The rest of the poems are consecrated to a very outspoken narrative of his amours, in most of which he played the part of dupe: in the first we are a little surprised to find that he had conscientious scruples, as he did not contemplate marriage, and more than surprised to find that they were removed by the authority of Boethius. One can hardly imagine Cicero giving such counsel to Cælius or Curio ; one cannot imagine Seneca giving such counsel to any pupil but Nero.

The cynicism of a declining race is too strong for the unmistakable progress in religious ideas, and the undeniable progress in speculative ideas, which is not disproved by a falling-off in speculative power. It was time that Latin Literature should retire into the cloister, that Latin civilization should become a memory.

INDEX TO VOL. II.

Accia Variola, speech of Pliny for, 163.
Acholius, 312, *n.*
Ælian, 176, 385.
Ælius Lampridius, 307, 314.
Ælius Marcianus, 240.
Ælius Spartianus, 306, 307; his style, 315.
African school, 243; Christian rhetoricians of, 329.
Ageruchia, correspondent of St. Jerome, 414.
Agnes, St., legend of, in Prudentius, 366; St. Ambrose, oldest authority for, 399.
Agricola, Julius, 179, 184; Tacitus, Life of, 188–190, 206.
Agrippa the Younger, 215.
Agrippina, Seneca recalled by, 3; memoirs of the Younger, 212.
Amateur writers of Statius's day, 61, 77.
Ambrose, St., Hymns of, 397, 405; penance of Theodosius, 398; work on Paradise, 398; follows Philo, 398, 399; "Good of Death," 399; "De Officiis Ministrorum," 399, 419; ethical standard of, 400; on celibacy, 401; "Hexaëmeron," 402; on Naboth and Tobias, against encroachments and usury, 402; five books "De Verbo," 403; on his brother's death, 404; Letters, 404.
Ammianus Marcellinus, 339; continues Tacitus, 340; specimen of his style, 341, 342; dread of imperial favorites, 343; religious opinions, 344; respect for omens, 345; on betrayal of Vadomarius, 346; edited by Erfurdt, 347; geography of, untrustworthy, 347; mention of barbarians in office, 349; defeat of Valens, 349.
Ancient art, history of, Pliny's contributions to, 160.
Anicius, house of, 450.
Annæi, 50, 103.
Antimachus, 49, 55.
Antonius Primus, 203.
Aper, M., 185.
Apicata, wife of Sejanus, 212.
Apollonius Rhodius, 68; his Medea, 70.
Apuleius, L., 100; date and family, 248; popular lecturer, 249; accused of vanity, 250; of magic, 251; harangue on the God of Socrates, 252; on Plato, 253; "Metamorphoses," 254–258; worship of Isis, 255, 256; Cupid and Psyche, 256, 257; "Florida," 259; compilations and paraphrases, 260.
Aqua Alsietina, 177; Claudia, 177.
Aqueducts, Martial's petition for leave to use, 106; such rights jealously limited, 177; Frontinus in charge of Roman, 176; his work on, 177, 178.
"Aratea," translated by Cicero, Germanicus, and Avienus, 353.
Aristocracy, contempt of, fatal to Otho and Vitellius, 197; treachery of, 198.
Aristophanes, compared to Juvenal, 127.
Aristotle, followed by Seneca, 15–17.
Arnobius, 317; the "Christian Cicero," 322; St. Jerome on, 328.

Arruntius, L., 181.
Asclepiades, 329.
Asclepiodotus, 309.
Asinius Pollio, 12, 222.
Asterius, Rufus Turcius, 443.
Athanasius, St., 344.
Athenodorus, followed by Seneca, 10.
Ateina, 65.
Attalus, 2.
Aufidius Bassus, continued by Pliny, 144.
Augustan Histories, 304; five or six authors of, 308; contributions assigned to Ælius Spartianus, Ælius Lampridius, Vulcacius Gallicanus, Julius Capitolinus, Trebellius Pollio, and Vopiscus, 306–314; judgment on different emperors, and *traits de mœurs*, 315.
Augustin, St., on the religion of the nursery, 279; Romans a chosen people, 321; resemblance to Prudentius, 364; on St. Ambrose, 400; St. Jerome's letters to, 417, 418; his youth, 418; "Contra Academicos," 419; "De Vitâ Beatâ," "De Ordine," and Soliloquies, 420; Confessions, 420–423; intercourse with St. Ambrose, 422; "De Doctrinâ Christianâ," 424; Commentaries, 425; controversies with the Arians, Manichees, Pelagians, and Donatists, 425, 426; on the Trinity, 426; correspondence, 427; "City of God," 428–433;" antifatalism, 430; New Platonists, 430; comparative chronology, 431; Beatific Vision, 433; miracles, 433; retractations, 435.
Avidius Cassius, 120; life of, 314.
Avienus, Rufus Festus, author of translations, abridgments, and paraphrases, 353.
Avienus, Flavius, a fabulist, 381.
Avis incendiaria, 153.
Avitus, Alfius, 298.
Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, 444.
Aulus Gellius, 264; "Attic Nights," 265; popularity of, 266; on grammatical points, 267; Socratic dialogue, 268; Favorinus, 268, 269; literary judgments of, 270; style and vocabulary, 271; followed by Macrobius, 394.
Aurelian, Life of, by Vopiscus, 306, 309–313; civil administration of, 309; food supply and fortifications of Rome by, 310, 311.
Ausonius, Decimus Magnus, 335, *n.*; Epigrams, 354; Play of the Seven Sages, 355; poem on employments of the day, 356; Idyll on the Moselle, 357, 358; on a painting at Trèves, 359.
Autun, public schools of, 330; endowed by Eumenius; taxation of, reduced, 332.

Barbarians, consulship opened to, 349.
Barea, Servilius Barea Servius, 218.
Barth, 62.
Basil, St., 401, 402.
Bassus, Julius, governor of Bithynia, 164.
Baths, right to water supply, 178.
Bede, Ambrosian hymns known to, 405.
Berosus, 22.
Bestius, 84.
Blæsus, 236.
Bocchoris, legendary expulsion of the Jews by, 199.
Boethius, 449; his defence of Albinus, 450; writings on logic, music, and geometry, 451; "Consolations of Philosophy," 451–458.
Bookseller, Martial refers to his, 107.
Bona Mens, Seneca's favorite conception of, 15.
Britain, Seneca's investments in, 5.
Britannicus, 212.
Buddhists, Pliny's humanitarianism forestalled by, 147.
Burrus, 3.

Caballus, Juvenal's use of, 139.
Cæcilius, Sex. Cæcilius Africanus, 238.
Cæsar, unique style of, 180.
Calenus, 139.
Caligula, remarks on Seneca, 2.
Callicrates, 313.
Callistratus, 239.
Callistus, St., 285.
Calpurnius, 35.

Calvus, 249.
Capella, Martianus, 442.
Capito, Ateius, 236, 237.
Capito, a Lycian, 339.
Carlyle, 179.
"Carmen Apologeticum," of Commodian, 298.
Carthage, 242.
Cassian, St., 366.
Cassian, 439; on monastic life, and "Collationes Patrum," 440.
Cassiodorus, 460; his letters, 461, 464–467; History of the Goths, 461, 462; Chronicle, sources of, 462; Commentary on the Psalter, 462, 463.
Cassius, Q. Longinus, founder of Cassian school of jurisprudence, 237.
Castra Vetera, topography of, in Tacitus, 191.
Cato, 12; speech of, in Lucan, 42; fable attributed to the Elder, 139.
Cato, Dionysius, moral aphorisms of, 302, 303.
Catullus, 128, 133.
Causidicus, orator, degenerates into, 172.
Celerinus, 294.
Celsus, 172.
Censorship, revival of, 390.
Centurions, oppression by, 184.
Cerealis, 190.
Cernulare, a coinage of Seneca's, 32, 33.
Chaldæans, 166; Favorinus on, 268.
Charisius, a grammarian, 387.
Chorographia Pliniana, 297.
Chrysostom, St., on monasticism, 407.
Cicero, Marcus Tullius, "De Naturâ Deorum," 17; estates of, owned by Silius, 63; undervalued by Petronius, 101; Quinctilian on delivery of, 174; language contrasted with Tacitus, 190; defence of, by Suetonius, 231; latest writer admired by Fronto, 245; Republic of, known through Macrobius, 394; "De Officiis," 399.
Cicero, Marcus Q., drinking exploits of, 157.
Ciceronian oratory, criticised by Tacitus, 187, 188.
Civilis, revolt of, 198, 208.
Civil law, three books on, by Sabinus, 237.
Claudian. *See* Claudius Claudianus.
Claudian period, poetry of, 35; books of, intended for recitation, 142.
Claudianus Mamertus, 446.
Claudius, progressive innovations of, 205; alleged assassination of, 213; Suetonius's Life of, 226.
Claudius Claudianus, of Alexandria, 367, 368; mythological poems, 368, 369; historical poems, 370; attacks on Rufinus and Eutropius, 371, 372; Roman feeling of, 373; war of Gildo, 373; religion of, 375; versification of, 375.
Claudius Eusthenius, 307.
Claudius Maximus, proconsul in Apuleius's time, 249.
Claudius Quadrigarius, 270.
Claudius Tryphoninus, 239.
Comitatus, Tacitus's account of German, 192.
Commodianus, 297; two poems by, 298.
Compilations of 4th century, 337.
Compitalia, 377.
"Conjectanea," Capito's great work, 236.
Conjuratos, or liegemen of a Roman general, 312.
Conington, Professor, on Persius's imitations, 84.
Consulship of Olybrius and Probinus, poem on, 368, 369.
Consulship of Mallius Theodorus, 370.
Cooks, unsalable books bought by, 76.
Corbulo, 184, 211.
Corinthian bronzes, 13; Trimalchio on, 95; perfume of, 109.
Cornelia, Lucan's, 46.
Cornelius Bocchus, 297.
Cornelius (St.), 294.
Cornutus, edits Persius's Satires, 78; his master, 81, 85.
Corporations, Roman, 88.
Corruption in the provinces, 164.
Corvinus, 128.
Cotta Messalinus, Tiberius's letter on prosecution of, 208.
Credo quia impossibile, correct version of Tertullian's, 287.

Crispinus, Juvenal's denunciation of, 132.
Cupid and Psyche, story of, 256, 257.
Curiatius Maternus, 28.
Curtius, Quintus, 304.
Cyprian of Antioch, 290.
Cyprian (St.), of Carthage, 289; Letter to Donatus, 290; reply to Demetrius, 291; treatise on the Plague, 292; on Patience, Zeal, and Envy, Exhortation to Martyrdom, 293; place in ecclesiastical history, 293; controversy with the confessors, 294; work on the unity of the Church, 295; against the Jews, 295; "De Opere et Eleemosynis," 366, *n.*; commemorated by Prudentius, 366.

Damasus, St., on Lactantius, 329; elected pope, 344; hymns of, 353; St. Jerome's submission to, 408.
"De Agrorum Qualitate," "De Controversiis," "De Limitibus," "De Controversiis Aquarum," fragments of Frontinus, 176.
Declamations, system ridiculed by Petronius, 100.
Decline of eloquence, Tacitus's dialogue on, 48, 171, 187, 188.
"De Excusationibus," Ulpian's work, 239.
Deidamia, 59.
Delatores, universal reprobation of, 132; greatest rage of, under Domitian, 194.
Demetrianus (or Demetrius), 291.
Demetrianus, a friend of Lactantius, 329.
Dialogue on the decline of eloquence, ascribed to Quinctilian, 171.
Dialogue on oratory of Tacitus, 179.
Dictys and Dares, apocryphal histories of, 385.
Digests, 238, 239.
Dio, 224.
Diogenes Laertius, 261.
Diomedes, grammarian, 387.
Dioscorides, 300.
Diviners, 136.
Dolabella, Cornelius, 136, *n.*
Domitian, occupied with poetry, 67; Suetonius's view of his administration, 230.
Domitius, follower of Pompeius, 46, 47.
Domitius, grammarian, 267.
Donatus, a confessor, 221; Lactantius's work addressed to, 325, 328.
Donatus, Ælius, grammarian, 317; Grammar and Commentaries, etc., of, 387; St. Jerome studies under, 406.
Donatus, Tiberius Claudius, the Younger, 389.
Dracontius, 443; "Hexaëmeron" and "Satisfactio," 444.
Dream of Scipio, commented by Macrobius, 394.
Drepanius, Latinus Pacatus, 334; praise of Theodosius, 335.
Druids turned professors, 355.
Druidesses, prophecy of, 309.
Drusus, 143, 213.

Ebert, 273, 364.
"Ecclesiastical writers," by St. Jerome, 231.
Economic condition of different classes, according to Martial, 106; to Juvenal, 123; to Pliny, 167.
Edict of the curule ædiles, commented on by Sabinus, 237; by Ulpian, 239; by Julius Paulus, 239.
Edict, prætor's, superseded by *edictum perpetuum*, 242.
Education, Pliny's foundation at Comum for, 168; of children intrusted to Greek dependents, 188.
Elections, contested, in the Church, 344, 391, 397, 408.
Electricity, importance to Roman ideas, 17.
Emerson, 92.
Endowments, 168, 242; charitable, of the age of Trajan, 327; religious, spared by Constantine, 391.
Ennodius, author of puzzles and epigrams, 459; Panegyricon Theodoric, "Eucharisticum," Letters and Lives of St. Epiphanius and Antonius, 460.
Epicurus quoted by Seneca, 14.
Epigrams, Seneca's, on natural phenomena, 19; on his exile, 23; of Ovid and Lucan, 42; of Tacitus, 48; Martial's, to Flaccus, 67, *n.*;

virtual demands for blackmail, 107; on Zoilus, 123; bitterness of Tacitus, 193, 200, 205; on Marcus Aurelius, 344; of Ausonius, 354; Claudian's, on General Jacob, 375; of St. Jerome, 408.
Epitaph, Martial's, on Erotion, 117.
Equestrian Fortune, temple of, 215.
Erfurdt's edition of Ammianus Marcellinus, 347.
Erudition, frivolous, of Aulus Gellius's contemporaries, 265, 266.
Etruscus, his baths advertised by Martial, 107.
Etymologicon Magnum, 231.
Euanthius, 387.
Eugenius, 391.
Eugippius, 464.
Eulalia, St., hymns on, 367.
Eumenius, 331, 332.
Eunapius, 347.
Eusebius, his history continued by Rufinus, 413, *n.*
Eustochium, St., St. Jerome's Letter to, 406, 409.
Eutropius, historical compendium of, 338, 339.

Fabianus, 20.
Fabiola, 408, 414.
Fabius Mela, 236.
Fabius Rusticus, 215.
Fabius Valens, 198.
Faltonia Proba, 436, 437.
Favorinus, friend of Aulus Gellius, 267.
Florus, L. (? Julius) Annæus, date of, 233; epitome, 234; authorities and style, 235.
Fonteius, 36.
Forgery, Annals of Tacitus supposed to be a, 217.
Freedmen, rich, of Campania, 88, 92.
Frontinus, Sextus Julius, 176; wrote on tactics, 176; on aqueducts, 177; estimate of Domitian, style, 178; lost work by, 317.
Fronto, M. Cornelius, 102; head of a literary period, 241; tutor of Marcus Aurelius, 243; linguistic criticisms, 244; literary criticisms, 245; correspondence and speeches, 246.
Fulgentius, theologian, 442.
Fulgentius, grammarian, 442.
Fulvius, L., 238.
Fuscus, Cornelius, 203.

Gaius, 239.
Galba, 194–196; Suetonius's Life of, 228.
Gallic empire proclaimed, 198.
Gallio, 103.
Game, definitions of, in the third century, 299.
Gastronomical refinements, according to Persius, 85; to Petronius, 89, 91.
Gaul, pagan rhetoricians of, 329.
Gaume, Abbé, on Lucan, 38.
Gellius. *See* Aulus.
Gennadius, 438, 447.
Georgics, 300.
German army, revolt of, 201, 202.
Germanicus, second campaign of, 211; death of, 213; Suetonius on, 225.
"Germany," of Tacitus, 191–193.
Glabrios, father and son, 133.
Glass, inventor of flexible, 96.
Gnostics, Tertullian against, 283.
Gnosticism, of Arnobius, 318.
Gordian, "Antoninias" of the elder, 298.
Gracchus, 134.
Grammaticomastix, of Ausonius, 355.
Gratius, 299.
Greek, language of fashionable conversation, 241; histories compiled in, 306.
Gregory, St., of Nazianzus, 408.
Gromatic, works on land-surveying, 176.
Grunnius, Jerome's name for Rufinus, 413.

Hadrian's decree, or unanimity of jurisconsults, 238.
Hannibal, view of, in Silius Italicus, 64.
Helvidius Priscus, 206.
Helvidius, opponent of St. Jerome, 410.
Hercules Epitrapezius, of Statius and Martial, 76.
Herennius Modestinus, 240.
Herodes Atticus, 270.

Herodian, 314, 339.
Hilary, St., of Poitiers, 395; treatise on the Faith, attack on Constantius, and Hymns, 396; on the Psalter and the Synods, copied by St. Jerome, 406.
Hippolytus, St., legend of, 366.
Horace, Suetonius's Life of, 231; Metres of, by Servius, 389.
Hordeonius Flaccus, 199, 201.
Hortalus, 210.
Husbandry, Pliny on, 155.
Hyperides, 101.

Icelus, 198.
Idmon, 69.
Immussulus, the bird, 153.
Imperial Commentaries, 182.
Indian mastiffs, legend of, in Pliny, 152.
Institutes, of Gaius, 239; of Ulpian and Ælius Marcianus, 239, 240.
"Instructiones" of Commodian, 298.
Irenæus, St., 283.
Isis, many names for, in Apuleius, 256.

Jahn, 134.
Javolenus Priscus, 167, 236, 237.
Jerome, St. (Eusebius Hieronymus), finds Persius obscure, 75, *n.*; his reference to Tacitus's Annals, 216; to Suetonius's Lives of Men of Letters, 231; on Victorinus, 386; on St. Ambrose, 400, 401; his birth and studies, 406; a "Ciceronian not a Christian," 407; Hebrew studies, Letter to Helvidius, and Life of Paul (the Hermit), 408; relations with noble ladies, 408, 409, 418; polemic against Helvidius, Vigilantius, and Jovinian, 410; translation of Origen and Didymus, 411; controversy with Rufinus, 411, 412; preface to Lamentations, 414; Commentaries, 414; Letters, 414–418; Life of St. Hilarion, of St. Malchus, historical works, 416; writers mentioned by, 417; translation of the Scriptures, 418.
Jewish war, 195; origin of Jewish nation, 199.
John Foster, 38.
John, Bishop of Jerusalem, 411.
John of Salisbury, 216.
Jornandes, 461.
Josephus, 195, 215.
Jovinian, St. Jerome's controversy with, 410.
Jowett, Professor, 320.
Juba, followed by Victorinus, 386.
Judicia Publica, work on, by Mæcianus, 239.
Julia, daughter of Germanica, 3.
Julian, 334.
Julian law, 122.
Julius Cæsar, Suetonius's Life of, 221, 223.
Julius Canus, 11.
Julius Capitolinus, 306.
Julius Martialis, Tacitus's phrase about, 200.
Julius Obsequens, 385.
Julius Solinus. *See* Solinus.
Junius Cordus, 305.
Junius Mauricianus, 238.
Juvenal, 77; perhaps the same as Martial's friend, 118; alternative dates of 1st and 15th Satires, 118; of the 7th and 8th, 119; of the 12th, 13th, and 14th, 120; of the earlier ones, 121; misogyny of, 122; irreligion of, 124; *laudator temporis acti*, 125; 13th Satire, 127; 15th Satire, 128; 12th and 14th, 128, 129; 10th and 11th, 129; council of the turbot, 133; 6th Satire, 134; cruelty and superstition of Roman ladies, 135, 136; composed slowly, 138; oratorical reforms referred to by, 188; Suetonius's Life of, 231.
Juvencus Vettius Aquilinus, paraphrase of the Gospels by, 351; of the Old Testament ascribed to, 352; mentioned by St. Jerome, 417.
Juventius Celsus, 237.

Labeo, Ateius, 36.
Labeo, M. Antistius, 236, 237.
Lactantius, L. Cælius Lactantius Flamianus, 233; pupil of Arnobius, 323; "Symposium," "Grammaticus," 323; "De Opificio Dei," "De Ira Dei," 324; "De Mortibus Persecutorum" ascribed to, 325;

historical authority of, 328; criticisms of philosophy in, 326, 327; books of letters, 329.
Laurence, St., hymn for, 367.
Leges Julia et Papia Poppæa, 238.
Leo, St., 395; Sermons and Letters on the Incarnation, 442.
Lepidus, M. Æmilius, 206.
Letters of Aurelian to Zenobia, 311; of Ausonius, 349; of Cassiodorus, 464, 467; of Cicero, 245; of Fronto to Marcus Aurelius, 244, 247; to Appian, Verus, and the elder Antoninus, 246; of Longinus, 312; of Lactantius, 329; of Pliny, 142, 165, 169, 392; of Sextus Pomponius, 238; of St. Ambrose, 404; of St. Cyprian to Donatus, 290; of St. Jerome, 406, 409, 414, 416, 418; of Symmachus, 392; of Tertullian to the martyrs, 278; of Valerian on Vopiscus, 312.
Libanius, 340.
Libellatics, St. Cyprian's treatment of, 293.
Liberius, St., 344.
Libo, 225.
Libraries, Trimalchio's three, 95.
Linguistic refinements of Fronto, 244; in Aulus Gellius, 267, 271.
Linguistic degeneracy, signs of, in Minucius Felix, 274; in Commodian, 297; Nemesianus, 299; Augustan histories, 316; Juvencus, 351.
Literary activity of the fourth century, 317.
Literature, in Seneca's day, 5; Nero's death an epoch in Latin, 141; Quinctilian's review of Roman, 173.
Livia, 213.
Locusta, 212.
Lucan's "Pharsalia," 35, 39–46, 174; rejection of mythology in, 37; mediæval popularity of, 38; early death, 38; pessimism, 47; reputation, 48; *Salticæ fabulæ* by, 50; Statius's ode to his widow, 58; Suetonius's Life of, 231.
Lucilius compared with Persius, 75.
Lucilius, Fornix of, 319.
Lucilius, Junior, poem on Ætna, 28.
Lucretius, referred to by Seneca, 10, 16; painstaking scientific explanations of, 19.
Lyons, games at, referred to by Juvenal, 330.

Macaulay's "Lays," 64; criticism on St. Augustin's "Confessions," 420.
Macer, 36.
Macleane, 130.
Macrobius, Ambrosius Theodosius, on Prætextatus, 393; his "Saturnalia," 394; dream of Scipio, 394.
Magic, Pliny on, 159; St. Augustin, 430.
Mamertinus, speeches to Maximian, 330; Mamertinus to Julian, 334, 335.
Manilius, 19, 299.
Marcellina, St., sister of St. Ambrose, 401.
Marcellinus, friend of Seneca, 14.
Marcellus Eprius, 186, 198.
Marcion, 282.
Marcus Aurelius, legal education of, 239; pupil of Fronto, 241; epigram on, 344.
Marius Maximus, continuator of Suetonius, 304.
Marius, proconsul of Africa, 164; prosecuted by Tacitus, 179.
Market laws, 93; case concerning a private market, 169.
Maroboduus, 211.
Marriage of heiresses, emperor's traffic in, 335.
Marsus, continuator of Ovid, 36.
Martial, Julius Martialis, 114.
Martial, M. Valerius Martialis, on Lucan, 49; praise of his contemporaries, 76; privileges conferred on, 103; return to Bilbilis, 103; epigrams, 104; petition to Domitian, 106; on gifts of wine, etc., 108; Mamurra, 109; epigrams for patrons, 110, 111; consolatory poems, 112; gallantry, 113; lines to Julius, 114; to Titullus, 115; lack of passion, 116; accepts money from Pliny, 167.
Marus, 65.
Maternus, Curiatius, his "Cato,"

184; appears in Tacitus's "Dialogue on Oratory," 185, 186.
Maternus, Firmicus, (*a*) writes on astrology, 383; (*b*) writes against idolatry, 384.
Maximianus, 468.
Maximus, misgovernment of, 335.
Medea, of Seneca, 24; of Apollonius Rhodius, Valerius Flaccus, 69–71.
Melania, 415.
Menippean Satire, 99.
Merobaudis, Flavius, panegyric on Aetius, 378, 379; elegiac poems, 380.
Messalla, in "Tacitus," 203.
Metre, of Seneca's choruses, 28; of Statius's lyrics, 57; of Petronius, 100; of Prudentius, 362; of Ambrosian hymns, 405.
Michael, Hugo, 340, *n.*
Minucius, M. Minucius Felix, date of, uncertain, 272; his "Octavius," 272–274; followed by Tertullian, 281.
Mommsen, edition of Julius Solinus by, 297.
Money-lending, of Seneca, 5; of Trimalchio, 88; of usurers in St. Ambrose's day, 402; money-making impossible in liberal professions, 105.
Montanus Curtius, 133.
Mopsus, Valerius, on prophecy of, 69.
Mucianus, 196, 198, 202, 203.
Mucius, enacted by a criminal, 111.
Mucius, P. Mucius Scævola, the Augur, 153.

Nasidienus, 97.
Nazarius of Bordeaux, 333, 334.
Nemesianus, M. Aurelius Olympius, treatise on hunting, etc., 299.
Neratius, 237.
"Nero," tragedy of Curiatius Maternus, 185; Suetonius's Life of, 227.
Nerva, M. Cocceius, 237.
Nerva restores water rents to the State, 178.
Nevitta, 334.
Nigidius Figulus, 17.
Note-books published under various names, 264.
Novatian, 295.
Novellius Torquatus, 156.
Numatian, Claudius Rutilius Numatianus, denunciation of monks and Jews, 376; Roman patriotism of, 377.
Numerian, 299.

Octavian, Life of, by Suetonius, 223.
"Octavius" of Minucius Felix, 272.
Olenus Calenus, 158.
Omens recorded by Tacitus, 207; Ammianus Marcellinus's regard for, 345.
Optatianus, Publilius Porphyrius, metrical trifling of, 351.
Origen, translated by St. Jerome and Rufinus, 411.
Orosius, disciple of Augustin, 441.
Otho, soldiers' grievance redressed by, 183; Tacitus's estimate of, 195; "Suetonius," 228.
Ovid, 35.

Pænula, habit of speaking in, 188.
Panætius, 399.
Panegyric on Piso, 33, 131; Pliny's on Trajan, 162.
Papinian, Æmilius Papinianus, 239, 296.
Papirius Justus, 239.
Paris, 121.
Parrhasius, 152.
Parthenius, 110, 112.
Parthian pretenders, supported by Rome, 212; Tacitus's account of, 215.
Passienus, 167.
Paula, friend of St. Jerome, 408, 409; letter on her death, 415.
Paulinus (Maropius Pontus Anicius Paulinus), Bp. of Nola, author of letters and poems, 436; correspondent of Ausonius, 359.
Paullus, Martial's patron, 64, 65, 110.
Paulus, a jurist, 237, 239.
Paulus, a correspondent of Ausonius, 359.
Pegasus, founder of Pegasian school, 133.
Pelagius, 413.
Pentadius, 350.
Penus, dialogue on meaning of, 268.
Peridorus, 154.
Periegesis, 353.

Persians described by Ammianus Marcellinus, 348.
Persius, 36, 75; early writings, 78; reproduces Horace's philosophy, 80; his Stoicism, 82; ideas of wealth, 83; indifference to the country, 84; humor, 84; imitativeness, 85.
Pervigilium Veneris, 262.
Peter's edition of Augustan histories, 306.
Petronius Arbiter, Governor of Bithynia, novel by, 87; supper of Trimalchio, 88–96; adventures of the *literati* at Crotona, 98; style, 99; verses on the fall of Troy and the civil war, 99; metres, classicism of, 100.
"Pharsalia," Lucan's, 35, 37, 39, 41.
Philemon, 261.
Pholus, 129.
Piso, C. Calpurnius, Seneca compromised by, 5; panegyric on, 33.
Piso, L. Calpurnius, 206, 226.
Piso, L. Calpurnius, the annalist, 270.
Piso, Cn., accused of poisoning Germanicus, 213.
Plancina, 213.
Plancus, 153.
Plato, Apuleius's work on his doctrines, 254.
Plautus, morality of, compared with the mimes, 102.
Pleaders resort to Africa, 242.
Pliny, the Elder (C. Plinius Secundus), his vast compilation, 142; "German Wars," 3 books of "Studies," 143; 8 books on points of style, 144; 31 in continuation of Aufidius Bassus, Natural History, and rolls of extracts, 144; uncritical, 145; splenetic, 146; his denunciation of idolatry, 147; astronomy, 148; physical geography, 149; ethnology and physiological marvels, 150; 4 books of zoology, 151; werewolves, farm and domestic animals, 152; birds, 133, 154; eggs, insects, and plants, 155; on wine, 156; on woods and medicine, 157; the mandrake, timely death, enchantments and prodigies, 158; magic, mineralogy, and gems, 159, 160; on gesture, 174; Suetonius's Life of, 231; Aulus Gellius on, 270; Natural History used by later writers, 297, 300.
Pliny, the Younger, on Seneca, 23; programme of historical poem followed by Lucan, 42; on Silius, 63; correspondence with Trajan, 120, 164; his real success as a letter writer, 142; quotation from, 161, 162; his speeches, 162; panegyric on Trajan, 163; 9 books of private letters, 165; presents to Martial and Quinctilian, 167, 171; school for free-born children endowed by, 168; letters to Tacitus, 169; estimate of his oratory, 179; self-respect, 336; dislike of Javolenus Priscus, 237.
Poggio Bracciolini, 216.
Polla, wife of Lucan, 58.
Pollio, 187.
Πολυπραγμοσύνη, 271.
Pomerium, enlargement of, 215.
Pompeius, 133.
Pompeius Trogus, 304.
Pomponius Mela, geography of, 297.
Pomponius Sabinus, 62.
Pomponius Secundus, 28; his tragedies, 185.
Pomponius, Sextus, 237, 238.
Pomponius, "Marsyas" of, 319.
Pontia, 137.
Pontius, biographer of St. Cyprian, 290.
Poppæus Sabinus, 190.
Porphyry, translated by Victorinus, 386; criticism on magic, 430.
Posidonius, 399.
Prætextatus, Vettius Agorius, a learned Pagan, 393.
Prætor's edict, Salvius Julianus on, 238; superseded, 242.
Praxeas, Tertullian against, 287.
Presents, given by Romans at the Saturnalia, 107, 108; acknowledged by Martial, 110.
Priscillianists, 335.
Primipilus, perquisites of, 119.
Prize poems of Nemesianus, 299.
Probabilia, of Capito, 236.
Prosecutions, official records of, un-

trustworthy, 182; State prosecutions under the empire, 204.
Prosper, of Aquitaine, 441.
Provinces, favor shown to, by Tiberius and Claudius, 205.
Prudentius, Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, hymn on St. Eulalia and Cathemerinon, 360; metres of, 362; "Peristephanon" and "Hamartigenia," 361–363, 366; Apotheosis, controversial hexameters, 363; 2 books against Symmachus, 364; Psychomachia, 364, 365.
Publius, 133.
Publius Syrus, 102.
"Punica" of Silius, 63, 142.
Purple dyes of Laconia and Tarentum, 108, *n.*
Pythagoras, 261.

Quadrigarius, Claudius, 270.
"Questions" of Papinian and Callistratus, 239.
Quinctilian, M. Fabius Quinctillanus, on Seneca, 1, 28, 173; "Medea" quoted by, 24; on Lucan, 40, 174; on Valerius Flaccus, 67; on Cicero, Horace, and Vergil, 173; on Julius Secundus, on Pomponius Secundus, 185; on Maternus, 185; referred to, 102, 124, 142, 167; his birth, 171; 12 books on training of an orator, 171, 396; views on grammar and rhetoric, 172; on etiquette, 174.

Recitations, practice of, 77, 142.
Regenerare, Pliny's use of, 157.
Regulus, the "Punica" on, 65.
Regulus, M. Aquilius, contemporary of Martial, 76, 132; a rival of Pliny, 165.
Rents, high in Rome, 123; returns of, made by Pliny, 164.
Reposianus, 350.
Responsa of Sabinus, 237; of Ulpian, Papinian, and Julius Paulus, 239.
Ribbeck, 120, 134, 387.
Roman education criticised by Petronius, 101.
Roman law, axiom of, 269; elaboration of ends, 296.
Romanus, St., hymn for, 367.
Rome, the city, conversion of, 367.
Rufinus, associate of St. Jerome, 406; controversy with, 410–412; translates Origen, 411; other translations, death, 413.
Rufus, Instantius, 110.
Rural parts of the empire, state of, 258, 330.
Rutilius. *See* Numatian.

Sabellus, 106.
Sabinus, Bishop, contemporary of St. Ambrose, 404.
Sabinus Cælius, 237.
Sabinus, Masurius, author of "Answers," 237.
Saleius Bassus, 33, 131, 186.
Sallust, contrasted with Tacitus, 207; latest writer approved by Fronto, 245.
Salmasius, 308.
Salvian, 395, 447; "On the present judgment of God," 447.
Salvius Julianus, 236, 238.
Sammonicus, Serenus, poem on medical recipes, 300–302.
Samos, Apuleius's description of, 261.
Sanqualis, the bird, 153.
Satire, increasing importance in Flavian and Claudian ages, 75.
Saturnalia, presents for, 107.
Scæva, 41.
Scævola, Q. Cervidius, 239.
Scantinian law, 122.
Scapula, Tertullian's memorial to, 284.
Sedulius, paraphrast, 443.
Sejanus, 212–214.
Sempronius Proculus, 237.
Seneca, born in Spain, 1; early work on anger, 2, 6; intercourse with Roman ladies, banishment, 3; apology for Nero, 4; enormous wealth of, 4, 141, 142; treatise on benefits, on clemency, letters to Lucilius, 6, 13; de Otio Sapientis, 7; on mental tranquillity, 8, 9; on shortness of life, 12; 7 books of natural questions, 16; ignorance of physical science, 16; on comets, 18; description of a deluge, 19–22; satire on the death of Claudian, 23; plays ascribed

to, Agamemnon, 25; Medea, 24–26; Octavia, Œdipus, 25, 26, 28; Hercules Œtæus, 25; Troades, 25, 26; Thyestes, 26, 27; Hippolytus, 27, 28; asceticism of, 85.
Sentius Augurinus, 170, *n.*
Septimius, translation of Dictys by, 385.
Serenus, Septimius, 298.
Serranus, 84.
Servius, Honoratus, 317; commentary on Vergil, 388; on Donatus, 388; Centimeter, 388; followed by Macrobius, 394.
Servius Probus, 231.
Severus Cassius, 173.
Sevir Augustalis, 88.
Sextus Rufus abridged Eutropius, 339.
Shows, 94.
Sidonius, Caius Sollius Apollinaris, 121, 163, 165; letters and poems, 445, 446.
Silius Italicus, clearer than Lucan, 41; politician and patron, 63; "Punica," 63, 298, 299; mythology of, 66.
Slaves, fashion of sorting by age and color, 13; Seneca's treatment of, 15; labor of, universal, 131; slave crucified by Trimalchio, 89; pet boys, 90, 94; Martial's lines on a little girl, 112, 113.
Socrates, 11; Apuleius on the God of, 252; favorite line of, 266.
Sodales in Martial, 105.
"Soldier's Crown," Tertullian on the, 276.
Solinus, Julius (Polyhistor), on memorable things, 296, 297; abridges Pliny, 297.
Sostratus, 126.
Statius, stanzas of, 28; estimate of Lucan, 48; his "Thebaid," 48, 49, 56; his family, 49; first known as an *improvisatore*, 50; imitation of Vergil, 52; political insight shown by, 54; female characters the more life-like, 56.
Stephen, St., 295.
Stilicho, death of, 368.
Stoical sages, abstinence from public affairs of, 6.
Stoicism, Seneca's leaning to, 208; Tacitus's attitude towards, 206; Aulus Gellius's attitude towards, 269.
Strategematon of Frontinus, 176.
Suetonius, C. Suetonius Tranquillus, Caligula's criticism on Seneca preserved by, 2; secretary to Trajan and Hadrian, 220; Lives of the Cæsars, 220–230; Lives of men of letters, 231; works on grammarians and rhetoricians, "Prata," "Ludicra," on Greek and Roman games, defence of Cicero and dictionary of abuse, 231.
Suetonius Optatianus, Life of Tacitus by, 313.
Suetonius Paulinus, 190, 228.
Suicide, fashion of, 131; Pliny's enthusiasm for, 168; Quinctilian's declamation on, 174.
Suidas, 231, 338.
Sulla, 151.
Sulpicia, Martial on, 115; surviving work of, 139.
Sulpicius Severus, Tacitus quoted by, 195, 216; Life of St. Martin by, 437; Pelagian leanings of, 438.
Sumptuary laws of Aurelian, 310.
Sibyl, quoted by Lactantius, 325.
Sibylline books, Valerius Flaccus a keeper of, 67; Prætextatus, a keeper of, 393; consulted by Aurelian, 312; destruction of, 377.
Symmachus, Q. Aurelius, 329; correspondent of Ausonius, 359; his father, 389; mentioned by Libanius, 390; memoir to the younger Valentinian, 391; letters, official and private, 391, 392.

Tacitus, 130; letter from Pliny to, 162, 169; mannerism of, 179; Dialogue on Oratory, 179, 184; Annals and Histories, 180; a continuator of other historians, 181; tradition of good society embodied in, 182; state in danger of bankruptcy, 183; importance given to personalities in, 184; imitation of Cicero, 185; Agricola, 189, 190; style of, 190; "Germania," 191–193; ethnology of, 191; on customs and institutions, 192; lost books, 194; histories, 195–204;

illiberal, 205; superstitions of, 207; fatalism, 208; reign of Tiberius, 208–211; imperial intrigues, 212, 213; projected histories, inaccuracies, 214, 215; style, 218.
Tacitus, the Emperor, 217, 311, 313.
Talking birds, in Pliny, 154.
Taxes, obscure account of, in Tacitus, 183; remitted by Julian, 335; kept down by Valentinian and Valens, 343.
Terence, Life of, by Suetonius, 231.
Terentianus Maurus, 298.
Terentius Clemens, 238.
Tertullian, Q. Septimius Florens Tertullianus, 174, 231, 272; his style, 275; date, 276; treatise on the "Soldier's Crown," on prayer, baptism, penitence, to the martyrs, and to his wife, 276, 278; pessimism of, 279; charges against Christians, 280; "Testimony of the Soul," 281; against the Gnostics, Valentinians, and Hermogenes, 282; De Præscriptione Hereticorum, Revelations of the Paraclete, Tract on Spectacles, 283, 284; Memorial to Scapula, 284; on chastity, on women's dress, 285; on the veiling of virgins, 286; St. Cyprian's dependence on, 289.
"Thebaid" of Statius, 49–56, 142.
Theoclius, 311.
Theon, 359.
Théophile Gautier, 246.
Theophrastus used by Pliny, 145.
Thrasea, 132.
Tiberianus, 306.
Tiberius, financial crisis in the reign of, 183, 226; letter of, 208; Tacitus's account of, 209, *sqq.*; memoirs of, 212; Suetonius's Life of, 224.
Tigellinus, 87.
Titus, 203.
Tragedy of Seneca compared with Sophocles and Euripides, 25.
Trajan, Pliny's letters to, 120, 164; children included in public largesses by, 168.
Trebellius Pollio, fragmentary Life of Valerian by, 314; on thirty tyrants, 314.
Trimalchio, supper of. *See* Petronius.
Twelve Tables, work on, by Gaius, 239.
Tzetzes, 231.

Ulpian, Domitius Ulpianus, 237, 239, 296.
Ulpius Crinitus, 312.
Ulpius, Marcellus, 239.
Urseius Ferox, 238.

Vadomarius, 346.
Valens, Alburnius, 238.
Valerius Flaccus, Setinus, 67, 68; native of Patavium, 67; "Argonautica," 68–71; most observant of Roman poets, 73; development of Scythian episode, 73.
Valerius Maximus, 130; followed by Frontinus, 177.
Valerius Probus, followed by Diomedes, 388.
Varius, 42.
Varro, 64, 279, 297, 430.
Vegetarianism, the ideal of Prudentius, 361.
Vegetius, 176, 317.
Veiento, 133.
Velleda, 200.
Venuleius Saturninus, 238.
Vergil, estates of, owned by Silius, 63; life of, by younger Donatus, 389.
Verginius, collision with Vindex, 195; popularity of, 201.
Verrius Flaccus, 267, 297.
Verus, M. Vindius, 238.
Vespasian, 197, 198; frugality of, 202, 214, 230; Suetonius's Life of, 229, 230.
Vestal, executed by Domitian, 168.
Vettius Agorius, 442.
Vibius Crispus, 133, 186.
Vibius Sequester, 389.
Victor of Africa, late work by, 338.
Victor, Sextus Aurelius, 337; de Viris Illustribus, 338.
Victorianus, deputy of Ausonius, 355.
Victorinus, a converted rhetorician, 387.
Vigilantius, 410.
Vincent of Lerins, 438; quoted in Reformation controversies, 439.
Vincent, St., 367.

Vindex, rising of, in Tacitus, 195.
Vinius, 198.
Virro, 97.
Vitellius, Tacitus's account of, 195–198; Suetonius's account of, 228.
Volusius, L. Volusius Mæcianus, 239.
Vopiscus, 151.
Vopiscus, Flavius, 306, 308, 310.
Vulcacius Gallicanus, 306, 314.

Werewolves, Pliny on, 152.
Whale, sperm, of the Indian Ocean, largest animal known to Pliny, 153.
Wines, Martial on, 107, 108; Pliny on, 156.
Women, Tacitus on German, 192.

Zeno, syllogism of, controverted by Seneca, 13; beauty of, 249.
Zodiac, Trimalchio's lecture on, 92.
Zoroaster, 159.
Zosimus, 347.

THE END.

VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORKS

FOR

PUBLIC & PRIVATE LIBRARIES,

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *For a full List of Books suitable for Libraries published by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *see* HARPER'S CATALOGUE, *which may be had gratuitously on application to the publishers personally, or by letter enclosing Nine Cents in Postage stamps.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send their publications by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price.*

MACAULAY'S ENGLAND. The History of England from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. New Edition, from new Electrotype Plates. 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, 5 vols. in a Box, $10 00 per set. Sold only in Sets. Cheap Edition, 5 vols. in a Box, 12mo, Cloth, $2 50; Sheep, $3 75.

MACAULAY'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS. The Miscellaneous Works of Lord Macaulay. From New Electrotype Plates. In Five Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, in a Box, $10 00. Sold only in Sets.

HUME'S ENGLAND. The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By DAVID HUME. New and Elegant Library Edition, from new Electrotype Plates. 6 vols. in a Box, 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. Sold only in Sets. Popular Edition, 6 vols. in a Box, 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Sheep, $4 50.

GIBBON'S ROME. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By EDWARD GIBBON. With Notes by Dean MILMAN, M. GUIZOT, and Dr. WILLIAM SMITH. New Edition, from new Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. Sold only in Sets. Popular Edition, 6 vols. in a Box, 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Sheep, $4 50.

GEDDES'S JOHN DE WITT. History of the Administration of John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland. By JAMES GEDDES. Vol. I.—1623–1654. With a Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

HILDRETH'S UNITED STATES. History of the United States. First Series: From the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. Second Series: From the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. Popular Edition, 6 vols. in a Box, 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. Sold only in Sets.

MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC. The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L. With a Portrait of William of Orange. Cheap Edition, 3 vols. in a Box, 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00. Sold only in Sets. Original Library Edition, 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 50; Sheep, $12 00; Half Calf, $17 25.

MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS. History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce—1584–1609. With a full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L. Portraits. Cheap Edition, 4 vols. in a Box, 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. Sold only in Sets. Original Library Edition, 4 volumes, 8vo, Cloth, $14 00; Sheep, $16 00; Half Calf, $23 00.

MOTLEY'S JOHN OF BARNEVELD. The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland: with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of "The Thirty Years' War." By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L. Illustrated. Cheap Edition, 2 vols. in a Box, 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $4 00. Sold only in Sets. Original Library Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $7 00; Sheep, $8 00; Half Calf, $11 50.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS. The Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. From new Electrotype Plates. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. Uniform with the New Library Editions of Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, Motley, and Hildreth.

HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By Frederic Hudson. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 25.

SYMONDS'S SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN SOUTHERN EUROPE. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. In Two Volumes. Post 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

SYMONDS'S GREEK POETS. Studies of the Greek Poets. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. 2 vols., Square 16mo, Cloth, $3 50.

TREVELYAN'S LIFE OF MACAULAY. The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his Nephew, G. OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. With Portrait on Steel. Complete in 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 50. Popular Edition, two vols. in one, 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

TREVELYAN'S LIFE OF FOX. The Early History of Charles James Fox. By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $2 50; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

MÜLLER'S POLITICAL HISTORY OF RECENT TIMES. Political History of Recent Times (1816–1875). With Special Reference to Germany. By WILLIAM MÜLLER. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. Translated, with an Appendix covering the Period from 1876 to 1881, by the Rev. JOHN P. PETERS, Ph.D. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

LOSSING'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNITED STATES HISTORY. Popular Cyclopædia of United States History. From the Aboriginal Period to 1876. By B. J. LOSSING, LL.D. Illustrated by 2 Steel Portraits and over 1000 Engravings. 2 vols., Royal 8vo, Cloth, $12 00. (*Sold by Subscription only.*)

LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution; or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $14 00; Sheep or Roan, $15 00; Half Calf, $18 00.

LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812. Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812; or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the last War for American Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. With several hundred Engravings on Wood by Lossing and Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. 1088 pages, 8vo, Cloth, $7 00; Sheep, $8 50; Roan, $9 00; Half Calf, $10 00.

PARTON'S CARICATURE. Caricature and Other Comic Art, in All Times and Many Lands. By JAMES PARTON. 203 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 25.

MAHAFFY'S GREEK LITERATURE. A History of Classical Greek Literature. By J. P. MAHAFFY. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $4 00; Half Calf, $7 50.

DU CHAILLU'S LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. Summer and Winter Journeys in Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, and Northern Finland. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $7 50.

DU CHAILLU'S EQUATORIAL AFRICA. Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa: with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By P. B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25.

DU CHAILLU'S ASHANGO LAND. A Journey to Ashango Land, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By P. B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25.

DEXTER'S CONGREGATIONALISM. The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years, as Seen in its Literature: with Special Reference to certain Recondite, Neglected, or Disputed Passages. With a Bibliographical Appendix. By H. M. DEXTER. Large 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

STANLEY'S THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT. Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. 149 Illustrations and 10 Maps. By H. M. STANLEY. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $12 00; Half Morocco, $15 00.

BARTLETT'S FROM EGYPT TO PALESTINE. From Egypt to Palestine: Through Sinai, the Wilderness, and the South Country. Observations of a Journey made with Special Reference to the History of the Israelites. By S. C. BARTLETT, D.D., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF DEAN SWIFT. The Early Life of Jonathan Swift (1667–1711). By JOHN FORSTER. With Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $2 50.

GREEN'S ENGLISH PEOPLE. History of the English People. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Four Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50 per volume.

GREEN'S MAKING OF ENGLAND. The Making of England. By J. R. GREEN, LL.D. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

SHORT'S NORTH AMERICANS OF ANTIQUITY. The North Americans of Antiquity. Their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization Considered. By JOHN T. SHORT. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

SQUIER'S PERU. Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. GEORGE SQUIER, M.A., F.S.A., late U. S. Commissioner to Peru. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

BENJAMIN'S CONTEMPORARY ART. Contemporary Art in Europe. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

BENJAMIN'S ART IN AMERICA. Art in America. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

REBER'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART. History of Ancient Art. By Dr. FRANZ VON REBER. Revised by the Author. Translated and Augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. With 310 Illustrations and a Glossary of Technical Terms. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

ADAMS'S MANUAL OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE. A Manual of Historical Literature. Comprising Brief Descriptions of the Most Important Histories in English, French, and German. By Professor C. K. ADAMS. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Four Volumes now ready. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per vol.

MAURY'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA. The Physical Geography of the Sea, and its Meteorology. By M. F. MAURY, LL.D. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. The following volumes are now ready. Others will follow:

JOHNSON. By L. Stephen.—GIBBON. By J. C. Morison.—SCOTT. By R. H. Hutton.—SHELLEY. By J. A. Symonds.—GOLDSMITH. By W. Black.—HUME. By Professor Huxley.—DEFOE. By W. Minto.—BURNS. By Principal Shairp.—SPENSER. By R. W. Church.—THACKERAY. By A. Trollope.—BURKE. By J. Morley.—MILTON. By M. Pattison.—SOUTHEY. By E. Dowden.—CHAUCER. By A. W. Ward.—BUNYAN. By J. A. Froude.—COWPER. By G. Smith.—POPE. By L. Stephen.—BYRON. By J. Nichols.—LOCKE. By T. Fowler.—WORDSWORTH. By F. W. H. Myers.—HAWTHORNE. By Henry James, Jr.—DRYDEN. By G. Saintsbury.—LANDOR. By S. Colvin.—DE QUINCEY. By D. Masson.—LAMB. By A. Ainger.—BENTLEY. By R. C. Jebb.—DICKENS. By A. W. Ward.—GRAY. By E. W. Gosse.—SWIFT. By L. Stephen.—STERNE. By H. D. Traill.—MACAULAY. By J. C. Morison. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume.

HALLAM'S LITERATURE. Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By HENRY HALLAM. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00.

HALLAM'S MIDDLE AGES. View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By H. HALLAM. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Sheep, $2 50.

HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. By HENRY HALLAM. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Sheep, $2 50.

NEWCOMB'S ASTRONOMY. Popular Astronomy. By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D. With One Hundred and Twelve Engravings, and five Maps of the Stars. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50: School Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 30.

PRIME'S POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. Pottery and Porcelain of All Times and Nations. With Tables of Factory and Artists' Marks, for the Use of Collectors. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, LL.D. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $7 00; Half Calf, $9 25. (In a Box.)

LIVINGSTONE'S SOUTH AFRICA. Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa: including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda, on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $4 50; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $6 75.

LIVINGSTONE'S ZAMBESI. Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858–1864. By DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS. The Last Journals of David Livingstone, in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death. Continued by a Narrative of his Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his Faithful Servants Chuma and Susi. By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Calf, $7 25. Cheap Popular Edition, 8vo, Cloth, with Map and Illustrations, $2 50.

BLAIKIE'S LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. Dr. Livingstone: Memoir of his Personal Life, from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence. By W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. With Portrait and Map. 8vo, Cloth, $2 25.

NORDHOFF'S COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES. The Communistic Societies of the United States, from Personal Visit and Observation; including Detailed Accounts of the Economists, Zoarites, Shakers, the Amana, Oneida, Bethel, Aurora, Icarian, and other existing Societies. With Particulars of their Religious Creeds and Practices, their Social Theories and Life, Numbers, Industries, and Present Condition. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

NORDHOFF'S CALIFORNIA. California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travellers and Settlers. New Edition, thoroughly revised. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE. 12 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $18 00; Sheep, $22 80; Half Calf, $39 00.

SHAKSPEARE. The Dramatic Works of Shakspeare. With Corrections and Notes. Engravings. 6 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $9 00. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00. In one vol., 8vo, Sheep, $4 00.

BAKER'S ISMAILÏA. Ismailïa: a Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave-trade, organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir Samuel White Baker, Pasha, F.R.S., F.R.G.S. With Maps, Portraits, and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 25.

GRIFFIS'S JAPAN. The Mikado's Empire: Book I. History of Japan, from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D. Book II. Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870–1874. By W. E. Griffis. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 25.

SMILES'S HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS. The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By Samuel Smiles. With an Appendix relating to the Huguenots in America. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

SMILES'S HUGUENOTS AFTER THE REVOCATION. The Huguenots in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; with a Visit to the Country of the Vaudois. By Samuel Smiles. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

SMILES'S LIFE OF THE STEPHENSONS. The Life of George Stephenson, and of his Son, Robert Stephenson; comprising, also, a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway Locomotive. By Samuel Smiles. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

RAWLINSON'S MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY. A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. Comprising the History of Chaldæa, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Lydia, Phœnicia, Syria, Judæa, Egypt, Carthage, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, Parthia, and Rome. By George Rawlinson, M.A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

SCHWEINFURTH'S HEART OF AFRICA. The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa—from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. With an Introduction by W. Winwood Reade. Illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $8 00.

SCHLIEMANN'S ILIOS. Ilios, the City and Country of the Trojans. A Narrative of the Most Recent Discoveries and Researches made on the Plain of Troy. By Dr. HENRY SCHLIEMANN. Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. Imperial 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $12 00; Half Morocco, $15 00.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE. FIRST SERIES: From the Commencement of the French Revolution, in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. [In addition to the Notes on Chapter LXXVI., which correct the errors of the original work concerning the United States, a copious Analytical Index has been appended to this American Edition.] SECOND SERIES: From the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852. 8 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $16 00; Sheep, $20 00; Half Calf, $34 00.

NORTON'S STUDIES OF CHURCH-BUILDING. Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages. Venice, Siena, Florence. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON. The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL. Edited by J. W. CROKER, LL.D., F.R.S. With a Portrait of Boswell. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

ADDISON'S COMPLETE WORKS. The Works of Joseph Addison, embracing the whole of the *Spectator*. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $6 00; Sheep, $7 50; Half Calf, $12 75.

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT HISTORY. From the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Roman Empire, A.D. 476. Embracing the Egyptians, Chaldæans, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Phœnicians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. Designed for Private Reading and as a Manual of Instruction. By P. V. N. MYERS, A.M., President of Farmers' College, Ohio. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

JOHNSON'S COMPLETE WORKS. The Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. With an Essay on his Life and Genius, by A. MURPHY. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "CHALLENGER." The Atlantic: an Account of the General Results of the Voyage during 1873, and the Early Part of 1876. By Sir Wyville Thomson, K.C.B., F.R.S. Illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $12 00.

BLUNT'S BEDOUIN TRIBES OF THE EUPHRATES. Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates. By Lady Anne Blunt. Edited, with a Preface and some Account of the Arabs and their Horses, by W. S. B. Map and Sketches by the Author. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham. Written by Himself. 3 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $6 00.

THOMPSON'S PAPACY AND THE CIVIL POWER. The Papacy and the Civil Power. By the Hon. R. W. Thompson. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

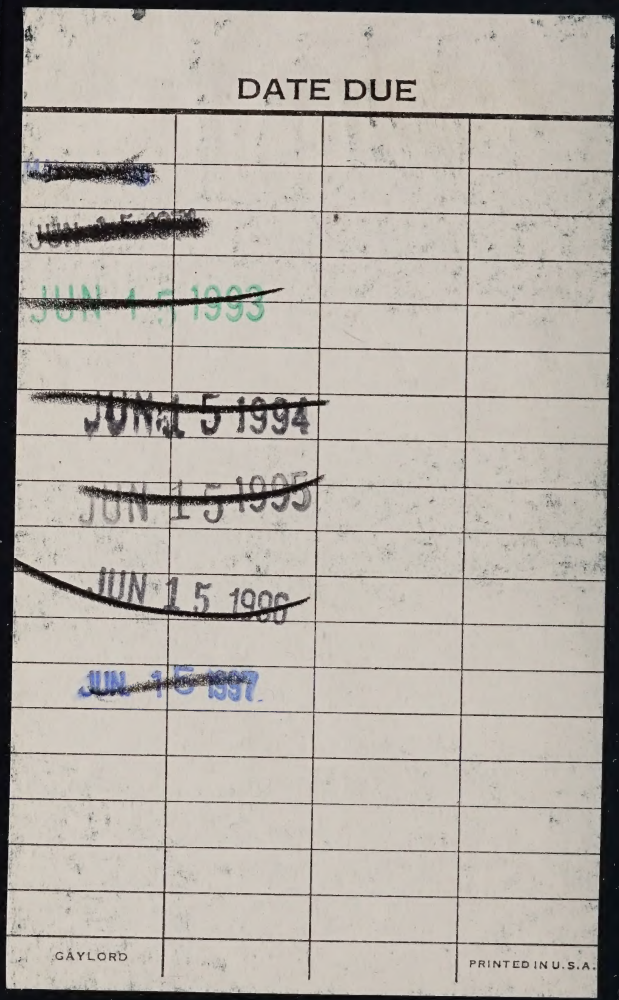
ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE. Four Centuries of English Letters. Selections from the Correspondence of One Hundred and Fifty Writers from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Day. Edited by W. Baptiste Scoones. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND: From the Earliest to the Present Time. Comprising Characteristic Selections from the Works of the more Noteworthy Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By James Grant Wilson. With Portraits on Steel. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $12 00; Half Calf, $14 50; Full Morocco, $18 00.

THE STUDENT'S SERIES. Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth.

France.—Gibbon.—Greece.—Rome (by Liddell).—Old Testament History.—New Testament History.—Strickland's Queens of England (Abridged).—Ancient History of the East.—Hallam's Middle Ages.—Hallam's Constitutional History of England.—Lyell's Elements of Geology.—Merivale's General History of Rome.—Cox's General History of Greece.—Classical Dictionary. $1 25 per volume.

Lewis's History of Germany.—Ecclesiastical History.—Hume's England. $1 50 per volume.


DATE DUE
JUN 15 1993
JUN 15 1994
JUN 15 1995
JUN 15 1996
JUN 15 1997
GAYLORD
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PA6003 .S58 v.2
A history of Latin literature from
Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 00005 6368